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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

VOL. VI.

THE

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OF

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VOL. IV.

THE

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SHAKESPEARE.

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OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

CORIOLANUS.	ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.
JULIUS CÆSAR.	CYMBELINE.

LONDON:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH,
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CORIOLANUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CAIUS Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble* Roman, *hated by the common People.*
Titus Lartius, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians, *and*
Cominius, } *Friends to* Coriolanus.
Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People, and enemies*
Junius Brutus, } *to* Coriolanus.
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volſcians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Young Marcius, *Son to* Coriolanus.
Conſpirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.
Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.
Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is partly in* Rome; *and partly in the Territories of the* Volſcians, *and* Antiates.

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Street in* Rome.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with ſtaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *CITIZEN.*

EFORE we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Marcius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians, good: what Authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it

were wholeſome, we might gueſs, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes: for the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Marcius?*

All. Againſt him firſt: he's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you, what ſervices he has done for his Country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end; though ſoft-conſcienc'd Men can be content to ſay, it was for his Country; he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are thoſe? the other ſide o'th' City is riſen; why ſtay we prating here? To the Capitol —

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft — who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; 'would, all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What Work's, my Countrymen, in hand? where go you With

With bats and clubs? the matter —— Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds: they ſay, poor Suiters have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know, we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why, Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt Neighbours,
Will you undo your ſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you: For your wants,
Your ſufferings in this Dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* State; whoſe Courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand Curbs
Of more ſtrong Links aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your Impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your Knees to them (not Arms) muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you ſlander
The Helms o'th' State, who care for you, like Fathers,
When you curſe them as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us! —— true, indeed! — they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their Storehouſes cramm'd with Grain: make Edicts for Uſury, to ſupport Uſurers; repeal daily any wholeſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the Rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily to chain up and reſtrain the Poor. If the Wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs your ſelves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty Tale, (it may be, you have heard it;)
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture

(1) To ſtale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
I'll hear it, Sir —— yet you muſt not think
To fob off our diſgraces with a Tale:
But, and't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it;——
That only, like a Gulf, it did remain
I'th' midſt o'th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where th'other inſtruments

(1) *To* ſcale'*t a little more.*] Thus all the Editions, but without any Manner of Senſe, that I can find out. The Poet muſt have wrote, as I have corrected the Text: and then the Meaning will be plainly this. "Perhaps, you may have heard my Tale already, but for all That, I'll "venture to make it more *ſtale* and familiar to You, by telling it over "again." And nothing is more common than the Verb in this Senſe, with our three Capital *Dramatic* Poets. To begin, with our own Author. Anth. *and* Cleop.

Age cannot wither her, nor Cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite Variety.

Jul. Cæſ.

Were I a common Laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale *with ordinary Oaths my Love* &c.

And, again,

——— *and Imitations,*
Which out of Uſe, and ſtaled *by other Men,*
Begin his Faſhion.

So *B. Jonſon*, in his *Every Man* in his *Humour.*

——— ——— *and not content*
To ſtale *himſelf in all Societies,*
He makes my Houſe here common as a Mart.

Cynthia's *Revels.*

I'll go tell all the Argument of his Play aforehand, and ſo ſtale *his Invention to the Auditory, before it come forth.*

And ſo *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Beggar's Buſh.*

But I ſhould loſe my ſelf to ſpeak him further,
And ſtale, *in my Relation, the much Good*
You may be witneſs of.

Queen *of* Corinth.

——— ——— *I'll not* ſtale *'em,*
By giving up their Characters; but leave You
To make your own Diſcov'ries.

Wit *at* ſeveral Weapons.

You ſhall not be ſeen yet, we'll ſtale *your Friend firſt,*
So pleaſe but him to ſtand for th' Anti maſk.

Did

Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd——
2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the belly?
Men. (2) Sir, I ſhall tell you.—— With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak) it tauntingly reply'd
To th' diſcontented Members, th' mutinous Parts,
That envied his receit; even ſo moſt fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you——
2 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer—what!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they——
Men. What then?—'Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks.
What then? what then?
2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the Sink o'th' body,——
Men. Well,—what then?
2 *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's anſwer.
2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good Friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh, like his accuſers; and thus anſwer'd;
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he,

(2) *Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kind of Smile,*
Which ne'er came from the Lungs,] Thus all the Editors, moſt ſtupidly, hitherto; as if *Menenius* were to ſmile in telling his Story, tho' the Lines, which immediately follow, make it evident that the Belly was meant to ſmile.

That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the Court, the Heart; to th' ſeat o'th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good Friends, (this ſays the belly) mark me—
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?
2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer; — how apply you this?
Men. The Senators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous Members; for examine
Their Counſels, and their Cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o'th' Common; you ſhall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from your ſelves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this Aſſembly! —
2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why, the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o'th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou raſcal, that are worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome vantage. —
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battel:
(3) The one ſide muſt have Bale.

Enter

(3) *The one Side muſt have* Bail.] It muſt be the vanquiſht Side, ſure, that could want it; and who were likely to be their *Bail?* But it is endleſs to queſtion with Negligence and Stupidity. The Poet, undoubtedly wrote, as I have reſtor'd;

The one Side muſt have Bale.

i. e. Sorrow, Misfortune, muſt have the worſt of it, be diſcomfited. I have

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble *Marcius!*

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make your ſelves ſcabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He, that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye Curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geeſe: You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the Sun. Your virtue is,

have reſtor'd this Word in ſome other Paſſages of our Author; and we meet with it in a Play, attributed to him, call'd *Locrine:*

—— *Yea, with theſe Eyes thou haſt ſeen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy* Bale.

Mr. *Rowe*, indeed, in his Editions of our Poet, has erroneouſly printed *Bail* too in this Paſſage; but in the old *Quarto* which I have of *Locrine*, printed in 1595, we find the Word ſpelt as it ought. And it was a Term familiar both with Authors prior in Time, and Contemporaries with *Shakeſpeare.*

—— *and eke her Fingirs long and ſmale*
She wrong full oft, and bade God on her rue,
And with the Death to doe bote on her Bale: &c.
Chaucer's *Troil.* and *Creſeide.* Book IV. verſe 738.

And the black Holme, that loves the wat'ry Vale,
And the ſweet Cypreſs, ſign of deadly Bale.
Spenſer's *Tranſlation of* Virgil's *Gnat.*

And again,

Said He, what have I Wretch deſerv'd, that thus
Into this bitter Bale *I am out-caſt.*
Idem *ibid.*

Thus greateſt Bliſs is prone to greateſt Bale.
Firſt Chorus *of* Hercules Oetæus *from* Seneca; printed in 1581.

And leaſt my Foe, falſe Promos *here,*
Do interrupt my Tale;
Grant, gracious King, that, uncontroul'd,
I may report my Bale.
Promos *and* Caſſandra, (*a Play,*) *printed in* 1578.

To

To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice, did it. Who deſerves Greatneſs,
Deſerves your Hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt That
Which would increaſe his evil. He, that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye—truſt ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the City
You cry againſt the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another? what's their Seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they ſay,
The City is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they ſay!——
They'll ſit by th' fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to riſe;
Who thrives, and who declines: ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling Such, as ſtand not in their Liking,
Below their cobbled ſhooes. They ſay, there's Grain enough!
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd Slaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded;
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd; hang 'em,
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Proverbs;
That *hunger broke ſtone walls*—that *dogs muſt eat*,—
That *meat was made for mouths*—that *the Gods ſent not Corn for the rich men only*—With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings: which being anſwer'd,

And

And a Petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the heart of Generoſity,
And make bold Power look pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'th' Moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—— s'death,
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the City,
Ere ſo prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon Power, and throw forth greater themes
For Inſurrection's arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's *Caius Marcius?*

Mar. Here—— what's the matter?

Meſ. The news is, Sir, the *Volſcians* are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't, then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity. See, our beſt Elders!——

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *with other Senators.*

1 *Sen.* *Marcius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volſcians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wiſh me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my Party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion,
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then worthy *Marcius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe wars.

Com. It is your former promiſe.

Mar.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus'* face.
What, art thou ſtiff? ſtand'ſt out?

Tit. No, *Caius Marcius*,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other;
Ere ſtay behind this buſineſs.

Men. O true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol; where, I know,
Our greateſt Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on;
Follow, *Cominius*; we muſt follow you;
Right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble *Lartius!* ——

1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes —— be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The *Volſcians* have much Corn: take theſe rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. Worſhipful Mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow. ——
[*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens ſteal away. Manent* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man ſo proud, as is this *Marcius?*

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were choſen Tribunes for the People —

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods ——

Sic. Be-mock the modeſt Moon, ——

Bru. (4) The preſent Wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.

(4) *The preſent Wars devour him; he is grown*
Too proud to be ſo valiant.] This is very obſcurely expreſs'd; but the Poet's Meaning muſt certainly be This, *Marcius* is ſo conſcious of, and ſo elate upon, the Notion of his own Valour, that he is eaten up with Pride; devour'd with the Apprehenſions of That Glory which he promiſes himſelf from the enſueing War. A Sentiment, like This, occurs again in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

He, that is proud, eats up himſelf. *Pride is his own Glaſs, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the Deed,* devours *the Deed in the Praiſe.*

Sic.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder,
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius*.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A Place below the firſt; for what miſcarries
Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Marcius:* oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſs —

Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on *Marcius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come,
Half all *Cominius'* Honours are to *Marcius*,
Though *Marcius* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Marcius* ſhall be honours, though, indeed,
In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Senators of* Corioli.

1 *Sen.* SO, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counſels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence — theſe are the words — I think,

I have the letter here; yes — here it is;
" They have preſt a Power, but it is not known
[*Reading.*
" Whether for Eaſt or Weſt; the Dearth is great,
" The People mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
" *Cominius*, *Marcius* your old enemy,
" (Who is of *Rome* worſe hated than of you)
" And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant *Roman*,
" Theſe three lead on this preparation
" Whither 'tis bent — moſt likely, 'tis for you:
" Conſider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our Army's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To anſwer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to *Rome*. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhortned in our aim, which was
To take in many Towns, ere (almoſt) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.
2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*;
If they ſet down before's, for the Remove
Bring up your Army: but, I think, you'll find,
They've not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not That,
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If We and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more,
All. The Gods aſſiſt you!
Auf. And keep your Honours ſafe!
1 *Sen.* Farewel.
2 *Sen.* Farewel.
All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Caius Marcius's *House in* Rome.

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia; *they sit down on two low stools, and sow.*

Vol. I Pray you, Daughter, sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: if my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comelineſs plucked all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings' entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek Danger where he was like to find Fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oak. I tell thee, Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good Report should have been my Son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen Sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Marcius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their Country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire my self.

Vol. Indeed, thou shalt not:
Methinks, I hither hear your Husband's Drum:
I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:
(As children from a bear) the *Volsci* shunning him:
Methinks,

Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus — and call thus ——
Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harveſt man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! oh, *Jupiter*, no blood! —

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than Gilt his trophy. The breaſt of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At *Grecian* ſwords contending; tell *Valeria*,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heav'ns bleſs my Lord from fell *Aufidius!*

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius*' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria *with an Uſher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My Ladies Both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam ——

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip —

Val. How do you Both? you are manifeſt houſekeepers. What are you ſowing here? a fine ſpot, in good faith. How does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Ladyſhip: well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchoolmaſter.

Val. O' my word, the Father's Son: I'll ſwear, 'tis a very pretty Boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' *Wedneſday* half an hour together —— h'as ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; and caught it again; or whether his Fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and did tear it, oh, I warrant, how he mammockt it!

Vol. One of's Father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble Child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val.

Val. Come, lay aſide your Stitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threſhold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your ſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they ſay, all the yarn, ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes*'s abſence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam—

Val. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a Senator ſpeak it. Thus it is—— the *Volſcians* have an army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* Power. Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are ſet down before their City *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, ſhe would: fare you well, then. Come, good ſweet Lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*,

turn thy Solemnneſs out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Walls of* Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, *with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Meſſenger.*

Mar. YOnder comes news: a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Meſ. They lye in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: lend him you, I will,
For half an hundred years: Summon the Town.

Mar. How far off lye theſe armies?

Meſ. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then ſhall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded Friends! Come, blow thy blaſt.

They ſound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little: hark, our Drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our Youth: we'll break our Walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up; our Gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off
[*Alarum far off.*
There

There is *Aufidius*. Liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.
Mar. Oh, they are at it! ——
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volſcians.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their City.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields. Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts;
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volſcian*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.
[*Alarum*; *the* Romans *beat back to their Trenches.*

Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. (5) All the Contagion of the South light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*, you! — herds of boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile! — you ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and Hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale,
With flight, and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;

(5) *All the Contagion of the South light on You,*
You Shames of Rome; *you Herds*; *of Boils and Plagues*
Plaiſter you o'er, &c.] Thus miſerably did the old Editors give us this Paſſage mangled, by bad Pointing; and Mr. *Pope* would not *indulge his private Senſe*, by any Alteration to make it intelligible. The meaneſt Judges of *Engliſh* muſt be aware, that no Member of any Sentence can begin with a *Genitive* Caſe, and a preceding *Nominative* be wanting to govern *That* and the *Verb*. Where, therefore, is the Nominative to, —— *of Boils and Plagues plaiſter you o'er?* Or what Senſe or Syntax is there in the Paſſage, as it here ſtands? I reform'd the Pointing in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſafed to embrace my Correction in his laſt Edition.

If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum, and Marcius *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good ſeconds;
'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is ſhut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Marcius?*

All. Slain, Sir, doubtleſs.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the ſudden,
Clapt to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the City.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!
Who, ſenſible, out-does his ſenſeleſs ſword, (6)
And when it bows, ſtands up: thou art left, *Marcius*—
A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier (7)
Even

(6) *Who* ſenſibly outdares *his ſenſeleſs Sword,*
And when it bows, ſtands up.]
The fine and eaſy Emendation of this Paſſage, which I have inſerted in the Text, is owing to the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby.*

(7) *Thou waſt a Soldier*
Even to Calvus' *Wiſh*;]
T. Lartius is here ſumming up his Friend's Character, as a Warrior that was terrible in his Strokes, in the Tone of his Voice, and the Grimneſs of his Countenance. But who was this *Calvus,* that wiſh'd theſe three Characteriſticks in a Soldier? I'm afraid, *Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtory will be at a Loſs to account for ſuch a Man and ſuch Circumſtances join'd to ſignalize him. I formerly amended the Paſſage, and prov'd that the Poet muſt have wrote,

Even to Cato's *Wiſh*; ———

The Error probably aroſe from the Similitude in the Manuſcript of *to* to *lv*: and ſo this unknown Wight *Calvus* ſprung up. I come now to the Authorities for my Emendation. *Plutarch,* in the Life of *Coriolanus*

Even to *Cato*'s wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feaverous, and did tremble.

Enter Marcius *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.——
Lart. O, 'tis *Marcius.*
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans *with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome.*
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for ſilver.
[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter Marcius *and* Titus Lartius, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here theſe Movers, that do prize their honours
At a crack'd drachm: cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe ſlaves,

riolanus, ſpeaking of this *Hero*, ſays; *He was a Man* (*that which* CATO *requir'd in a Warrior*) *not only* dreadful *to meet with in the Field, by reaſon of his* Hand *and* Stroke; *but inſupportable to an Enemy, for the very* Tone *and* Accent *of his* Voice; *and the ſole* Terror *of his* Aſpect.—— This again is confirm'd by the Hiſtorian, in the Life of *Marcus* CATO the Cenſor. *In Engagements* (ſays He;) *he would uſe to* ſtrike luſtily, *with a* fierce Countenance *ſtare upon his Enemies, and with a* harſh threatning Voice *accoſt them. Nor was he out in his Opinion, whilſt* he taught, *that ſuch rugged kind of Behaviour ſometimes does ſtrike the Enemy more than the Sword it ſelf.* Mr. *Pope* owns, I have clearly prov'd this Point: but he ſeems inclin'd to think, the Blunder ſhould rather have continued, than I ſhould have diſcover'd the Author guilty of ſuch a terrible *Anachroniſm.* But is Mr. *Pope* conſcious of no other Anachroniſm committed by our Poet in this Play? *Menenius* in one Paſſage talks of *Alexander* the Great; tho' that Prince was not born till 130 Years after *Coriolanus*'s Death; nay, and in another He mentions *Galen*, whoſe Birth was above 420 Years later than That of *Alexander.* And there are certain other Anachroniſms, that lie blended together, which I ſhall have Occaſion to inform Mr. *Pope* of, before I have done with the 2d Act of this Tragedy.

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noiſe the General makes! — to him;--
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our *Romans*: then, valiant *Titus*, take
Convenient numbers to make good the City;
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent
For a ſecond courſe of fight.

Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood, I drop, is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me.
T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair Goddeſs Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers ſwords! bold gentleman!
Proſperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! ſo, farewel.

Lart. Thou worthieſt *Marcius*,
Go ſound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Roman *Camp.*

Enter Cominius *retreating, with Soldiers.*

Com. BReathe you, my friends; well fought; we are come off
Like *Romans*, neither fooliſh in our Stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The Charges of our friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own;
That both our Powers, with ſmiling fronts encountring,
May give you thankful ſacrifice! Thy news?

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The citizens of *Corioli* have iſſued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcius* battel.
I ſaw our Party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks, thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?

Meſ. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly, we heard their drums.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news ſo late?

Meſ. Spies of the *Volſcians*
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O Gods!
He has the ſtamp of *Marcius*, and I have
Before time ſeen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor, (8)
More than I know the ſound of *Marcius'* tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

(8) *The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Tabor,*
More than I know the Sound of Marcius' *Tongue*
From ev'ry meaner Man.]
This has the Air of an Imitation, whether *Shakeſpeare* really borrow'd it, or no, from the Original: I mean, what *Ulyſſes* ſays in the *Greek* Poet of being able to diſtinguiſh *Minerva*'s Voice, tho' he did not ſee her.

Ὡς ἐυμαθὴς Σου, κἂν ἄποπτος ἦς, ὅμως
Φώνημ' ἀκούω, κ᾽ ξυναρπάζω φρενὶ
Χαλκοσόμυς κώδωνος ὡς Τυρσηνικῆς.

Sophoc. *in* Ajace.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye (9)
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius?*
Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees;
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threatning th' other;
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that ſlave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but, for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o'th' field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Marcius*, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their battel? know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſs, *Marcius*,
Their bands i'th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battels wherein we have fought,

(9) *Oh! let me clip ye*
In Arms as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;]
Dr. *Thirlby* adviſed the different Regulation in the Pointing of this Paſſage; which I have embraced, as I think it much improves the Senſe and Spirit, and conveys too the Poet's Thought, that *Marcius* was as ſound in Limb, as when he went a Wooing; and as merry in Heart, as when going to Bed to his Bride.

By

By th' blood w'ave ſhed together, by the vows
W'ave made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
And that you not delay the preſent, but
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour. ——
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of thoſe,
That beſt can aid your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they,
That moſt are willing; If any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this Painting,
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſs for his perſon than an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his Country's dearer than himſelf,
Let him, alone, (or many, if ſo minded)
Wave thus, t'expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow *Marcius*.
[*They all ſhout, and wave their ſwords, take him up in their arms, and caſt up their caps.*
Oh! me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volſcians?* none of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great *Aufidius*
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd; pleaſe you to march,
And four ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* CORIOLI.

Titus Lartius *having ſet a guard upon* Corioli, *going with drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius; *Enter with a lieutenant, other ſoldiers, and a ſcout.*

Lart. SO, let the Ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centries to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding; if we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.
Lart. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon's:
Our guider, come! to th' *Roman* Camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Roman *Camp.*

Alarum, as in battel. Enter Marcius *and* Aufidius, *at ſeveral doors.*

Mar. I'LL fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not *Africk* owns a ſerpent I abhor
More than thy Fame, and envy; fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the Gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, *Marcius*,
Hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſee'ſt me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' higheſt.
Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,

That

That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not 'ſcape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain* Volſcians *come to the aid of* Aufidius. Marcius *fights, 'till they be driven in breathleſs.*

Officious, and not valiant! — you have ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A retreat is ſounded. Enter at one door, Cominius *with the* Romans; *at another door,* Marcius, *with his arm in a ſcarf.*

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great Patricians ſhall attend and ſhrug;
I'th' end, admire; where ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, — We thank the Gods,
Our *Rome* hath ſuch a Soldier! ——
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius *with his Power, from the purſuit.*

Lart. O General,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld ——

Mar. Pray now, no more: my Mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been; that's, for my Country;
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You ſhall not be
The Grave of your Deſerving: *Rome* muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your Doings; and to ſilence that,

Which,

Which, to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: therefore, I beſeech you,
In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart,
To hear themſelves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death: Of all the horſes,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore, of all
The treaſure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuſe it,
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flouriſh. They all cry,* Marcius! Marcius! *caſt up their caps and launces:* Cominius *and* Lartius *ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you profane, (10)

Never

(10) *May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you profane,*
Never ſound more: when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th' field prove Flatterers, let Courts and *Cities*
Be made all *of falſe-faced ſoothing.*
When Steel grows ſoft, as the Paraſite's Silk,
Let him *be made an Overture for th' Wars:*
No more I ſay; for that I have not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foil'd ſome debile Wretch,
Which without Note here's Many elſe have done,
You ſhout me forth in Acclamations hyperbolical, &c.]

Many of the Verſes in this truly fine Paſſage are diſmounted, unnumerous, and imperfect: and the Laſt is no leſs than two foot and a half too long. For this Reaſon I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe them to their Meaſure; And the Senſe, 'tis plain, has been no leſs maim'd than the Numbers. To remedy This Part, I have had the Aſſiſtance of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*; and with the Benefit of his happy Conjectures, which I have inſerted in the Text, the Whole, I hope, is reſtor'd to that Purity, which was quite loſt in the Corruptions. I

ſhall

Never ſound more! when drums and trumpets ſhall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When Steel grows
Soft, as the paraſite's ſilk, let Hymns be made
An overture for th' wars! — No more, I ſay;
For that I have not waſh'd my Noſe that bled,
Or foil'd ſome debile wretch, which, without note
Here's many elſe have done; you ſhout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes, ſauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt your ſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one, that means his proper harm) in manacles;
Then reaſon ſafely with you: therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcius*
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the Camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applauſe and clamour of the Hoſt,

ſhall now ſubjoin his Comment, in Proof of the Emendations. " The " Meaning, that Senſe requires in the Antitheſis evidently deſign'd " here, is This. If One change its uſual Nature to a Thing moſt " oppoſite, then let the Other do ſo too. But *Courts* and *Cities*, being " made all of *ſmooth-fac'd Soothing*, remain in their proper Na- " ture. In the ſecond Part of the Sentence, the Antitheſis between " *Steel* and the *Paraſite's Silk* does not indeed labour with this Ab- " ſurdity: but it labours with another equally bad, and That is, Non- " ſenſe in the Expreſſion. The Poet's whole Thought ſeems to be " This. *If* Drums *and* Trumpets *change their Nature prepoſterouſly*, " *let* Camps *do ſo too:* And in the latter part of the Sentence, the E- " mendation ſeems to give a particular Beauty to the Expreſſion. He " had ſaid before, *If* Drums *and* Trumpets *prove* Flatterers; now here, " alluding to the ſame Thought, he ſays, *Then let* Hymns, *ſoft* " *Muſick deſtin'd to the praiſes of Gods and Heroes, be an* Overture *for* " *the Wars:* Where the *Overture* is uſed with great technical Pro- " priety. ——— I ſhould obſerve one Thing, that the Members of " theſe two *Antitheſes* are confounded One with Another, which is a " Practice common with the beſt Authors: and it is a Figure the " Rhetoricians have found a Name for.

Caius

Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear th' Addition nobly ever.

[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound and drums.*

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Mar. I will go waſh:
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your Steed, and at all time
To undercreſt your good Addition,
To th' fairneſs of my Power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To *Rome* of our ſucceſs: you, *Titus Lartius*,
Muſt to *Corioli* back; ſend us to *Rome*
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I ſhall, my lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me:
I, that but now refus'd moſt princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my lord General.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Corioli*,
At a poor man's houſe: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him priſoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor Hoſt freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus.*

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot: —
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;
The blood upon your viſage dries; 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Camp of the* Volſci.

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius *bloody, with two or three ſoldiers.*

Auf. THE town is ta'en.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!
I would, I were a *Roman*; for I cannot,
Being a *Volſcian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a Treaty find
I'th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Marcius*,
I have fought with thee, ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' Elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
True Sword to Sword; I'll potch at him ſome way,
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not ſo ſubtle: my valour (poiſon'd,
With only ſuffering ſtain by him) for him
Shall flie out of it ſelf: not ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarkments all of fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Marcius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Againſt the hoſpitable Canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that muſt
Be hoſtages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs grove. I pray you,
('Tis South the city-mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

Sol. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *ROME.*

Enter Menenius, *with* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

MENENIUS.

THE Augur tells me, we ſhall have news to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Marcius*.

Sic. Nature teaches Beaſts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry *Plebeians* would the noble *Marcius*.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir; ——

Men. In what enormity is *Marcius* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now; do you two know how you are cenſur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right hand file, do you?

Bru. Why, —— how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience:

tience: —— give your diſpoſitions the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo: ——— you blame *Marcius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride —— oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! Oh that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, *alias* fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty and tinderlike, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you *Lycurguſſes*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adverſly, I make a crooked face at it. I can't ſay, your Worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables; and tho' I muſt be content to bear with thoſe, that ſay, you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you, you have good faces; if you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? (11) what harm can your biſſon Conſpectuities

(11) *What harm can your* beſom *Conſpectuities glean out of this Character*, &c.]. If the Editors have form'd any Conſtruction to themſelves, of this Epithet *beſom*, that can be *à propos* to the Senſe of the Context; — Davus *ſum, non* Oedipus: it is too hard a Riddle for Me to expound.

ſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your ſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a Cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller, and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience. ——— When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter gyber for the Table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a Grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, *Marcius* is proud;

expound. *Menenius*, 'tis plain, is abuſing the Tribunes, and bantering them Ironically. By *Conſpectuities* he muſt mean, their *Sagacity*, *Clearſightedneſs*; and that they may not think he's Complimenting them, he tacks an Epithet to it, which quite undoes that Character; i. e. *biſſon*, blind, bleer-ey'd. *Skinner*, in his *Etymologicon*, explains this Word, *Cæcus*; vox agro *Lincoln.* uſitatiſſima. *Ray* concurs, in his North and South Country Words. And our Author gives us this Term again in his *Hamlet*, where the Senſe exactly correſponds with this Interpretation.

Run barefoot up and down, threatning the Flames,
With biſſon *Rheum.*

i. e. blinding. It is ſpoken of *Hecuba*, whoſe Eyes o'erflow and are blinded, both with Tears, and the Rheums of Age.

who,

who, in a cheap eſtimation, (12) is worth all your predeceſſors ſince *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worſhips; more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus *and* Sicinius *ſtand aſide.*

As Menenius *is going out,* *Enter* Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Valeria.

How now my (as fair as noble) ladies, and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcius* approaches; for the love of *Juno*, let's go.

Men. Ha! *Marcius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee — hoo, *Marcius* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very houſe reel to night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I ſaw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an eſtate of ſeven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the phyſician; the moſt ſovereign preſcription in *Galen* is but Emperic, and to this preſervative of no better re-

(12) ——— *who, in a cheap Eſtimation, is worth all your Predeceſſors ſince* Deucalion, *tho' peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were* hereditary Hangmen.] I won't pretend to affirm, this is an Imitation of the Cloſe of *Juvenal*'s 8th Satire; though it has very much the ſame Caſt, only exceeds it, I think, in Humour, and Poignancy of Satire.

Et tamen ut longè repetas, longéq; revolvas
Nomen, *ab infami Gentem deducis Aſylo:*
Majorum primus *quisquis fuit ille tuorum,*
Aut Paſtor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

port than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings a'victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he diſciplin'd *Aufidius* ſoundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been ſo *fidius'd* for all the cheſts in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw.——

Men. True? I'll be ſworn, they are true. Where is he wounded? God ſave your good Worſhips;—*Marcius* is coming home; he has more cauſe to be proud:—where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*

Vol. I'th' ſhoulder, and i'th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to ſhew the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeven hurts i'th' body. (13)

(13) *He receiv'd, in the Repulſe of* Tarquin, Seven *Hurts i'th' body.* Men. One *i'th' Neck, and* two *i'th' Thigh*: *there's* Nine, *that I know.*] Seven, — one, — and two, and theſe make but nine? Surely, we may with Safety aſſiſt *Menenius* in his Arithmetick. This is a ſtupid Blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable Reaſon for the Cauſe of it, That directs the Emendation. Here it was eaſy for a negligent Tranſcriber to omit the ſecond *One* as a needleſs Repetition of the firſt, and to make a Numeral word of *too*.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Men.

Men. One i'th' neck, and one too i'th' thigh; there's nine, that I know.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men Now 'tis twenty ſeven; every gaſh was an enemy's Grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A ſhout and flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of *Marcius*; before him he carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy arm doth lye;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius *the General, and* Titus Lartius; *between them* Coriolanus, *crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and ſoldiers, and a herald.*

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Marcius* did fight
Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Caius Marcius*.
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus!*

[*Sound. Flouriſh.*

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus!*

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother, ——

Cor. Oh!
You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good ſoldier, up:
My gentle *Marcius*, worthy *Caius*, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy wife ——

Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? ah, my Dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my ſweet Lady, pardon.
[*To* Valeria.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy; — welcome!
A curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee. — You are three,
That *Rome* ſhould dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Welcome, Warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited;
(14) From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,
But, with them, Charge of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing

(14) *From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,*
But, with them, Change *of Honours.*] *Change* of Honours is a very poor Expreſſion, and communicates but a very poor Idea. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute, *Charge*; i. e. a freſh Charge or Commiſſion. Theſe Words are frequently miſtaken for each other. So, afterwards, in this Play;

To tear with Thunder the wide Cheeks o'th' Air,
And yet to change *thy Sulphur with a Bolt,*
That ſhould but rive an Oak.

For here we muſt likewiſe correct, *Charge*;
And ſo in *Anth.* and *Cleopat.*

Oh, that I knew this Husband, which, you ſay, muſt change *his Horns with Garlands!*

Here likewiſe we muſt read, *Charge*, i. e. put Garlands upon his Horns. In the *Maid's Tragedy*, (by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*) *Charge* is *vice verſâ* printed in all the Editions inſtead of *Change.*

For we were wont to charge *our Souls in Talk.*

This, 'tis evident, is Nonſenſe; but Friends, by the Communication of their Thoughts to each other, are finely ſaid to *exchange Souls* in Talk.

Is wanting, which, I doubt not, but our *Rome*
Will caſt upon thee.
Cor. Know, good Mother, I
Had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flouriſh. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

Brutus, *and* Sicinius, *come forward.*

Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the walls to eye him; ſtalls, bulks, windows,
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexiǒns; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown *Flamins*
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus'* burning kiſſes; ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever God, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.
Sic. On the ſudden,
I warrant him Conſul.
Bru. Then our Office may,
During his Power, go ſleep.
Sic. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his honours,
From where he ſhould begin and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.
Bru. In That there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs Veſture of Humility;
Nor ſhewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their ſtinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o'th' Gentry,
And the deſire o'th' Nobles.

Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like, he will.

Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills,
A ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic. (15) This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall reach the people, (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

(15) ——————— This, *as you ſay, ſuggeſted*
At ſome time, when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall teach *the People*, which, *(time ſhall not want,*
If he be put upon't, and That's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogs on Sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry Stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.] As Nominatives are ſometimes wanting

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſ. You're ſent for to the Capitol: 'tis thought,
That *Marcius* ſhall be Conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak; the Matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and Maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd; the Nobles bended
As to *Jove*'s Statue, and the Commons made
A ſhower and thunder with their caps and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

ing to the Verb, ſo, on the other hand, as This Paſſage has been all along pointed, we have a Redundance: for two relative Pronouns, *this* and *which*, ſtand as Nominatives to *will be*. ——— There is, beſides, one Word ſtill in this Sentence, which, notwithſtanding the Concurrence of the printed Copies, I ſuſpect to have admitted a ſmall Corruption. Why ſhould it be imputed as a Crime to *Coriolanus*, that he was prompt to *teach* the People? Or how was it any ſoaring Inſolence in a *Patrician* to attempt this? The Poet muſt certainly have wrote.

——— *When his ſoaring Inſolence*
Shall reach *the People*;

i. e. When it ſhall extend to impeach the Conduct, or touch the Character of the People. A like Miſtake, upon this Word, has poſſeſs'd the *Maid's Tragedy* in all the Copies.

If thy hot Soul had Subſtance with thy Blood,
I would kill That too; *which, being paſt my Steel,*
My Tongue ſhall teach.

For here too we muſt correct, *reach*. I regulated and amended this Paſſage in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has reform'd it, with Me, in his laſt Edition.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cuſhions.

1 *Off.* COME, come, they are almoſt here; how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay; but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common People.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great Men that have flatter'd the People, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; ſo that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition, and out of his noble careleſsneſs lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleaſure of the People, is as bad as That, which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his Country: and his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who have been ſupple and courteous to the People; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe, were a malice, that, giving it ſelf the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy Man: make way, they are coming.

Enter

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius *the Conſul:* Sicinius *and* Brutus *take their places by themſelves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volſcians*, and
To ſend for *Titus Lartius*, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his Country. Therefore, pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave Elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſul, and laſt General,
In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Work perform'd
By *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*; whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius:*
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our State's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out. Maſters o'th' People,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what paſſes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleaſing Treaty; (16) and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The Theam of our Aſſembly.

(16) ——— *and have Hearts*
Inclinable to honour and advance
The Theam of our *Aſſembly.*] Without Doubt it would have been more proper for the *Tribune*, who is here addreſſing himſelf to the Senate, to have ſaid;
The Theme of your *Aſſembly.*
But *Shakeſpeare*, contrary to the Truth of Hiſtory, makes the *Tribunes* ſit in the *Senate*, as Part of that Body. For 'till the *Lex Attinia* (which *Attinius* is ſuppos'd by *Sigonius*, *De Vetere* Italiæ *Jure*, to have been contemporary with *Quintus Metellus Macedonicus*;) the *Tribunes* had not the Priviledge of entring the *Senate*, but had Seats placed for them, near the Door, on the Outſide of the Houſe. Mr. *Warburton.*

Bru.

Bru. Which the rather
We ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the People, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off: ——
I would, you rather had been ſilent: pleaſe you
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak?
Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your People,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow:
Worthy *Cominius*, ſpeak.
[Coriolanus *riſes and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
1 *Sen.* Sit, *Coriolanus*; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your Honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay, how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words diſ-bench'd you not?
Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh,——
Men. Pray now, ſit down.
Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my Nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* Coriolanus.
Men. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
That's thouſand to one good one? when you ſee,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius*.
Com. I ſhall lack voice: the Deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the Haver: if it be,
The Man, I ſpeak of, cannot in the world

Be ſingly counter-pois'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i'th' Conſul's view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd beſt Man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea;
(17) And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battels ſince,
He lurcht all ſwords o'th' garland. For this laſt,
Before, and in *Corioli*, let me ſay,

(17) *And in the Brunt of* ſev'nteen Battles *ſince.*] I cannot help making a Remark upon this Circumſtance of our Author's Conduct, whether caſual or deſignedly. It is ſaid, and the Fact is true, that he has follow'd *Plutarch* very cloſely in this Story; but he deviates from him in one Point, by which he ſeems to decline a ſtrange Abſurdity in the Calculation of Time. *Shakeſpeare* tells us, that, at ſixteen Years old, *Coriolanus* began his Soldierſhip, when *Tarquin* made Head to regain his Kingdom; and that in *ſeventeen Battles* he diſtinguiſh'd himſelf with exemplary Bravery and Succeſs. *Plutarch* likewiſe ſays, that our Hero ſet out in Arms a Youth, that his firſt Expedition was when *Tarquin* made this Puſh, and that he ſignaliz'd himſelf in War for ſeventeen Years ſucceſſively. Now it happens a little unluckily for *Plutarch*'s Account that this Attempt of *Tarquin* was made *Anno* U. C. 258, and *Coriolanus* was baniſh'd, nay and kill'd within the Period of eight Years after his firſt Campaign, *Anno* U. C. 266.—— There is ſomething again lies croſs on the other Side, that if *Coriolanus* was ſo young when he commenced Soldier, and if the Interval was ſo ſhort betwixt That and his Baniſhment, he was too young to have been admitted a Candidate for the Conſulſhip. The Compliment of that Office ſo early to any Man was a Proſtitution of Dignity, that, I think, was never made 'till the Times of the Emperours, when Servitude had debaſed the very Spirits of the *Romans*. 'Tis certain, there is ſome Miſtake in the Computation of this Great Man's Years. I ſhould conjecture (were there any Proofs to ſecond it) that he ſtarted into Notice as a Soldier, when *Tarquin* was expell'd *Rome*, *Anno* U. C. 245; and allowing him only to be eighteen Years of Age then, at the time of his own Baniſhment (U. C. 264) we ſhall find him 37 Years old; a Period of Life, at which the City could ſcarcely have refus'd One of his extraordinary Merit the *Conſulſhip*. ——— But This is no more than an Attempt to reconcile Improbabilities by Gueſs.

I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into ſport. As waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo Men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword, (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal Gate o'th' City, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtreight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battel came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and 'till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy Man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honours,
Which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'th' world: he covets leſs
Than Miſery itſelf would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To ſpend his time to end it.

Men. He's right noble,
Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Conſul.

Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.

Men.

Men. It then remains
That you do ſpeak to th' People.
Cor. I beſeech you,
Let me o'er-leap that Cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the Gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrages:
Pleaſe you, that I may paſs this doing.
Sic. Sir, the People muſt have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't: pray, fit you to the Cuſtom,
And take t'ye, as your Predeceſſors have,
Your Honour with your form.
Cor. It is a Part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the People.
Bru. Mark you That?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, — and thus, —
Shew them th' unaking ſcars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only ——
Men. Do not ſtand upon't: —
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpoſe to them, and to our noble Conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.
Sen. (18) To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!
[*Flouriſh Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. You ſee, how he intends to uſe the People.
Sic. May they perceive's intent! he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.
Bru. (19) Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

(18) Sic. *To* Coriolanus *come all Joy and Honour!*] How Mr. *Pope* came to put this kindly Wiſh in the Mouth of the Tribune, I can't ſay. We will ſuppoſe it to be *Chance-medley*. I have reſtor'd it to the Body of the Senate, with all the preceding Editions.

(19) *Come, we'll inform them*
Of our Proceedings here on th' Market place,
I know they do attend us.] But the *Tribunes* were not now on the *Market-*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum.

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* (20) ONCE, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have Power in our ſelves to do it, but it is a Power that we have no Power to do; for if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them: ſo, if he tells us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being Members, ſhould bring our ſelves to be monſtrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once when We ſtood up about the Corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Market place, but in the *Capitol*. The Pointing only wants to be rectified, and we ſhall know what this Magiſtrate would ſay; *viz.* Come, I know, the People attend us in the *Forum*; we'll go and inform them what Proceedings have been here in the *Senate*.

(20) Oons! *if he do require our Voices, we ought not to deny him.*] What more Anachroniſms, and more than ever the Poet either deſign'd or ſlipt into! But this, like the boil'd Pig and Colliflower in the *Farce*, is of 'Squire *Somebody*'s own beſpeaking; and 'twill be but kind to let him have the Diſh to himſelf. Mr. *Pope*, I preſume, hardly thinks that *Blood* and *Wounds* ever came into an Oath, 'till after the Crucifixion of our Saviour. But, to ſet that Queſtion apart, our Citizens here are no ſuch bluſtering Blades. They ſay honeſtly, in all the other Editions, no more than This: —— Once, *if he do require our Voices*, &c. i. e. In a word, once for all, I've ſaid it once and I'll ſtand to it.

So in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*.

'Tis once, *thou lov'ſt:*

So in *Anthonio* and *Cleopatra*.

Men. *Wilt thou be Lord of all the World?*
Pomp. *What ſay'ſt Thou?*
Men. *Wilt thou be Lord of all the World? that's* twice.

And in a number more of Inſtances.

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſcull, they would fly Eaſt, Weſt, North, South; and their conſent of one direct way would be at once to all Points o'th' Compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe it ſelf in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks —— you may, you may ——

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier Man.

Enter Coriolanus *in a Gown, with* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility, mark his behaviour: we are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known,
The worthieſt Men have done't?

Cor. What muſt I ſay?
I pray, Sir, — plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace! Look, Sir, — my wounds —
I got them in my Country's ſervice, when

Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From noiſe of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that; you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.
(21) I would they would forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines loſe by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: pray you, ſpeak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholſome manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them waſh their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace:
You know the cauſe, Sirs, of my ſtanding here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own deſire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own deſire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my deſire yet to trouble the Poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'th' Conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be yours in private: your good voice, Sir; what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again:—but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt.*

(21) *I would they would forget me, like the Virtues*
Which our Divines loſe by them.] i. e. I wiſh they would forget me, as they do thoſe virtuous Precepts, which the Divines preach up to them; and loſe by them, as it were, by their neglecting the Practice.

Two

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Conſul, I have here the cuſtomary Gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerved nobly of your Country, and you have not deſerved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma. —

1 *Cit.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common People.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love; I will, Sir, flatter my ſworn Brother, the People, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly: that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular Man, and give it bountifully to the Deſirers: therefore, beſeech you, I may be Conſul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our Friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your Country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily! [*Exe.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices ———
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire, which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh Gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needleſs Voucher? Cuſtom calls me to't ———
What Cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lye unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer.——Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honour go

To one that would do thus. — I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
Your voices — for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battels thrice ſix
I've ſeen, and heard of: for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more: —— your voices: ——
Indeed, I would be Conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul, the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the People.

All. Amen, amen. God ſave thee, noble Conſul.

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You've ſtood your limitation: and the Tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Cuſtom of Requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the Senate-houſe?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cor. May I change theſe garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do: and knowing my ſelf again,
Repair to th' Senate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Men.
He has it now, and by his looks, methinks,

'Tis

'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble Weeds: will you diſmiſs the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my maſters, have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deſerve your loves!

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave your ſelf, but ſays,
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's Country.

Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no man ſaw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He ſaid, he'd wounds, which he could ſhew in private;
And with his cap, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be Conſul, ſays he: aged Cuſtom,
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was —— I thank you for your voices —— thank you ——
Your moſt ſweet voices —— now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd; when he had no Power,
But was a petty ſervant to the State,
He was your enemy; ſtill ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and charters that you bear

I'th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and ſway o'th' State,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
Be curſes to your ſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious Nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice tow'rds you, into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature;
Which eaſily endures not article,
Tying him to ought; ſo, putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſollicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think,
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? why had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again
On him that did not ask, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* I, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They've choſe a Conſul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,

As

As therefore kept to do ſo.
Sic. Let them aſſemble;
And on a ſafer Judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his Pride,
And his old hate to you: beſides, forget not,
With what contempt he wore the humble Weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance;
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.
Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you muſt caſt your election on him.
Sic. Say, you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather muſt do, than what you ſhould do,
Made you againſt the grain to voice him Conſul.
Lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, ſpare us not: ſay, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his Country,
How long continued; and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble Houſe of *Marcius*; from whence came
That *Ancus Marcius*, *Numa*'s daughter's ſon,
Who, after great *Hoſtilius*, here was King:
Of the ſame houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were, (22)
That

(22) *Of the ſame houſe* Publius —] I have taken notice, in the Courſe of theſe Notes, of many *Anachroniſms* knowingly committed by our Author: I cannot help obſerving, that He is guilty of more than One here, thro' an Inadvertence, and Deſire of copying *Plutarch* at all Hazards. This Paſſage, as Mr. *Pope* rightly informs us, is directly tranſlated from that *Greek* Biographer: but I'll tell Mr. *Pope* a piece of Hiſtory, which, I dare ſay, he was no more aware of than our Author was. *Plutarch*, in the Entrance of *Coriolanus*'s Life, tracing the Origin of the *Marcian* Family, blends his Account not only with the *Anceſtors*, but the *Deſcendants* of that Great Man: and *Shakeſpeare* in his haſte, (or perhaps, his Inacquaintance with this particular Point;) not attending to *Plutarch*'s Drift; but taking all the Perſons named

That our beſt water brought by conduits hither.
And *Cenſorinus*, darling of the people,
(And nobly nam'd ſo for twice being Cenſor)
Was his great Anceſtor.

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his preſent Bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on;
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will ſo; almoſt all repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay paſt doubt for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage

named to be *Coriolanus*'s Anceſtors; has ſtrangely tripp'd in Time, and made his Tribune talk of Perſons and Things not then in Being. For Inſtance, he is made to talk of *Cenſors*: Now *Coriolanus* was kill'd in the Year, after *Rome* built, 266: But no Cenſors were ever created at *Rome* 'till 46 Years after that Period, in the Year 312. Again; here is Mention not only of a *Cenſor*, but of *Cenſorinus*. Now *Caius Marcius Rutilus*, when he came a ſecond time to that Office, on Account of the known Law propounded by him, was dignified with that additional Name, in the Year 487. But This was not till 220 Years after *Coriolanus*'s Death. And then, again, here is mention of the *Marcian* Waters being brought into *Rome*. But we have the poſitive Teſtimony of *Julius Frontinus*, that they had no *Aquæducts* at *Rome* till the Year 441; and that the *Marcian* Water was not introduced till the Year 613: So that the Tribunes are made to talk of a Fact 347 Years later in Time than the Period of *Coriolanus*. I would not be ſuppoſed to found any Merit on this Diſcovery; much leſs, to be deſirous of convicting my Author of ſuch Miſtakes; but I thought it proper to decline a Charge of Ignorance, that might have been laid at my Door, had I paſs'd this Affair over in Silence. Mr. *Pope*, 'tis plain, tho' he took the Pains to add the Conjectural Line about *Cenſorinus*, was not aware of this Confuſion in Point of Chronology, or of our Author's innocent Treſpaſs. *Non omnia poſſumus omnes.*

With

With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To th' Capitol, come;
We will be there before the ſtream o'th' people:
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a publick Street in* Rome.

Cornets. *Enter* Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators.*

CORIOLANUS.

TUllus *Aufidius* then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our ſwifter compoſition.
Cor. So then the *Volſcians* ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready, when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
Com. They're worn, Lord Conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you *Aufidius?*
Lart. On ſafe-guard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the *Volſcians*, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the Town; he is retir'd to *Antium.*
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my Lord.
Cor. How?—— what?——
Lart. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes

To

To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.
Cor. At *Antium* lives he?
Lart. At *Antium*.
Cor. I wiſh, I had a cauſe to ſeek him there;
To oppoſe his hatred fully. — Welcome home.
[*To* Lartius.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Behold! theſe are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th' common mouth: I do deſpiſe them;
For they do prank them in authority
Againſt all noble ſufferance.
Sic. Paſs no further.
Cor. Hah! —— what is that! —
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on — no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Nobles and the Commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had childrens voices?
Sen. Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to th' market place,
Bru. The people are incens'd againſt him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are theſe your herd?
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues? what are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot;
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd;

Scandal'd

Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſs.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be Conſul? by yond clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.
Sic. You ſhew too much of That,
For which the people ſtir; if you will paſs
To where you're bound, you muſt enquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or never be ſo noble as a Conſul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd. — Set on; — this paltring (23)
Becomes not *Rome*: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd Rub, laid falſly
I'th' plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again ——
Men. Not now, not now.
Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Cor. Now as I live, I will ——
As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-ſcented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate

(23) *The People are abus'd, ſet on*;] This is pointed, as if the Senſe were, the People are ſet on by the Tribunes: but I don't take That to be the Poet's Meaning. *Cominius* makes a ſingle Reflection, and then bids the Train ſet forward, as again afterwards;

Well, On *to th' Market place.*

And ſo in *Julius Cæſar*;

Set on, *and leave no Ceremony out.*

The

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we our selves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number:
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more ——
Sen. No more words, we beseech you ——
Cor. How! —— no more!
As for my Country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o'th' people, as you were a God
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.
Men. What, what! his choler?
Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain?
Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall! ——
O good, but most unwise Patricians, why,
You grave, but wreakless Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'th' monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You're Plebeians,
If they be Senators; and they are no less,

When,

When, both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chuſe their magiſtrate!
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece!* By *Jove* himſelf,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my ſoul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupream, how ſoon Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well ——— On to th' market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o'th' ſtorehouſe, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece* ———

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute Power:
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the State.

Bru. Why ſhall the people give
One, that ſpeaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; reſting aſſur'd,
They ne'er did ſervice for't; being preſt to th' war,
Even when the navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice
Did not deſerve corn *gratis:* Being i'th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them. Th' accuſation,
Which they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſom-multiplied digeſt
The Senate's courteſie? let deeds expreſs,
What's like to be their words — we did requeſt it —
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands. ——— Thus we debaſe
The nature of our Seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope

The

The locks o'th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles ——
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over meaſure.
Cor. No, take more.
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worſhip,
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
T' unſtable ſlightneſs; purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore, beſeech you,
(You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet,
That love the fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To vamp a body with a dangerous phyſick,
That's ſure of death without;) at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon. Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
Of that integrity which ſhould become it:
Not having power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth controul it.
Bru. H'as ſaid enough.
Sic. H'as ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! Deſpight o'erwhelm thee! —
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a Rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
And throw their Power i'th' duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt treaſon ——
Sic. This a Conſul? no.

Bru.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho! let him be apprehended.
[*Ædiles enter.*

Sic. Go call the people, in whoſe name my ſelf
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator:
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
[*Laying hold on* Coriolanus.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll ſurety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians, *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides, more reſpect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles.*

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens —— what hoe ——
Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near, I cannot ſpeak. —— You Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; ſpeak, *Sicinius.*

Sic. Hear me, people —— peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune; peace; ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak.

Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you: *Marcius*,
Whom late you nam'd for Conſul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie.
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd

The

The people's magiſtrates.

All. You ſo remain.

Men. And ſo are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deſerves death.

Bru. Or let us ſtand to our Authority,
Or let us loſe it; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Marcius* is worthy
Of preſent death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, ſeize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Marcius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; 'beſeech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word ——

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your Country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous,
Where the diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the Rock. [Cor. *draws his Sword.*

Cor. No; I'll dye here.
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your ſelves, what you have ſeen me.

Men. Down with that ſword; Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Marcius*, help — you that be noble, help him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*

[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people are beat in.*

Men.

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Com. Stand faſt, we have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to That?
Sen. The Gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe,
Leave us to cure this cauſe.
Men. For 'tis a ſore,
You cannot tent your ſelf; begone, 'beſeech you.
Com. Come, Sir, along with us.
Men. I would, they were *Barbarians*, (as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd;) not *Romans*: (as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o'th' Capitol:)
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could my ſelf take up a brace o'th' beſt of them; yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd fool'ry, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try, if my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patcht
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Come, away. [*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Cominius.
1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth;
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work.
2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would, they were in *Tyber.* — What, the vengeance,
Could he not ſpeak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the rabble again.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himſelf?

Men. You worthy Tribunes ———.

Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorn him further tryal
Than the ſeverity of publick Power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know, the noble Tribunes are
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall, be ſure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir, ———

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.

Sic Sir, how comes it, you
Have holp to make this reſcue?

Men. Hear me ſpeak;
As I do know the Conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults ———

Sic. Conſul! — what Conſul!

Men. The Conſul *Coriolanus.*

Bru. He Conſul! ———

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours, good [people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence, (24)
Were

(24) ——— ——— *To eject him hence*
Were but one *danger, and to keep him here*
Our *certain Death;*] This Reading, which has obtain'd in the
printed

Were but our danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Tow'rds her deserving children is enroll'd
In *Jove*'s own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more than That he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his Country:
And what is left, to lose it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o'th' world.

Sic. This is clean kamme.

Bru. Meerly awry: when he did love his Country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was ———

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unskann'd swiftness, will (too late)
Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,
Lest Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If 'twere so ———

Sic. What do ye talk?

printed Copies, destroys that Climax which evidently seems design'd here, and flattens the Sentiment. In my Opinion, the Tribune would say, "To banish him, will be hazardous to Us; to let him remain at home, our certain Destruction."

Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our *Ædiles* ſmote, our ſelves reſiſted, come ——
Men. Conſider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmoſt peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Maſters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Marcius*, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.
Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company; he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* CORIOLANUS's *Houſe.*

Enter Coriolanus, *with Nobles.*

Cor. LET them pull all about mine ears, preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muſe, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont

To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with groats; to ſhew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my Ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of Peace or War; (I talk of you)
Why did you wiſh me milder? wou'd you have me
Falſe to my nature? rather ſay, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go. ——

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo. Leſſer had been (25)
The Thwartings of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, *with the Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, ſomething too rough:
You muſt return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good City
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray, be counſell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my uſe of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:

(25) —— —— *Leſſer had been*
The Things that thwart *your Diſpoſitions,*]
The old Copies exhibit it,
The Things *of your Diſpoſitions*
A few Letters replac'd, that by ſome Careleſneſs drop'd out, reſtore Us the Poet's genuine Reading;
The Thwartings *of your Diſpoſitions.*

(26) Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to th' Herd, but that
The violent fit o'th' times craves it as phyſick
For the whole State, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. For them? —— I cannot do it for the Gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abſolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when Extremities ſpeak. I've heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd Friends,
I'th' war do grow together: grant That, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſes,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tuſh, tuſh ——

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You call your policy: how is't leſs, or worſe,
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With Honour, as in War; ſince that to both
It ſtand in like requeſt?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Becauſe it lies on you to ſpeak to th' People:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words
But roated in your tongue; baſtards, and ſyllables
Of no allowance, to your boſom's truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,

(26) *Before he thus ſhould ſtoop to'th'* Heart, ——] But how did *Coriolanus* ſtoop to his Heart? he rather, as we vulgarly expreſs it, made his proud Heart ſtoop to the Neceſſity of the Times. I am perſuaded, my Emendation gives the true Reading. So, before, in this Play;

Are theſe your Herd?

So, in *Julius Cæſar*;

When he perceiv'd, the common Herd *was glad he refus'd the Crown*, &c.

And in many other Paſſages.

Than

Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. —
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in honour. (27) I'm in this
Your Wife, your Son, theſe Senators, the Nobles. —
And you will rather ſhew our general lowts
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafeguard
Of what that Want might ruin!
Men. Noble Lady!
Come, go with us, ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones; (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears;) (28) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,

(27) ——————— *I'm in this*
Your Wife, your Son: the Senators the Nobles,
And You &c.] The Pointing of the printed Copies makes ſtark Nonſenſe of this Paſſage. *Volumnia* is perſuading *Coriolanus* that he ought to flatter the People, as the general Fortune was at Stake; and ſays, that, in this Advice, She ſpeaks as his Wife, as his Son; as the Senate, and Body of the Patricians; who were in ſome Meaſure link'd to his Conduct. Mr. *Warburton.*

(28) ——————— *waving thy* Head,
Which often, *thus, correcting thy ſtout Heart.*] But do any of the Ancient, or Modern Maſters of Elocution preſcribe the *waving the Head*, when they treat of Action? Or how does the waving the Head correct the Stoutneſs of the Heart, or evidence Humility? Or laſtly, where is the Senſe or Grammar of theſe Words, *Which often thus* &c. Theſe Queſtions are ſufficient to ſhew the abſurd Corruption of theſe Lines. I would read therefore;

——————— *waving thy* Hand,
Which ſoften *thus, correcting thy ſtout Heart*;

This is a very proper Precept of Action ſuiting the Occaſion; Wave thy Hand, ſays She, and ſoften the Action of it thus, —— then ſtrike upon thy Breaſt, and by that Action ſhew the People thou haſt corrected thy ſtout Heart. All here is fine and proper. Mr. *Warburton.*

Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their Soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou doſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd: altho', I know, thou'dſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery Gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I've been i'th' Market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have ſtrong Party, or defend your ſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence: all's in anger.

Men. Only, fair ſpeech.

Com. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt and will:
Pr'ythee now, ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarbed ſconce?
Muſt my baſe tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it muſt bear? well, I will do't:
(29) Yet were there but this ſingle Plot to loſe,
This mould of *Marcius*, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw't againſt the wind. To th' Market-place!

(29) *Yet were there but this ſingle Plot, to loſe*
This Mould of Marcius,] The Pointing of all the Impreſſions ſhews, the Editors did not underſtand this Paſſage. What *Plot* is this, they are dreaming of, to loſe the Mould of *Marcius?* —— But *Plot* and *Mould* are but one and the ſame Thing; and mean no more than the Fleſh and Subſtance of *Marcius*'s Body. "Were there no other Conſe-"quences annex'd, ſays He, than the Deſtruction of my Body, they "ſhould grind it to Powder; *&c.*

You've

You've put me now to such a Part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet Son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a Soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a Part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my Disposition, and possess me
Some Harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voice
That Babies lulls asleep! the smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a Beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't, —
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at Death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou list:
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
But own thy pride thy self.
Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I'm going to the Market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* Volumnia.
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
Your self to answer mildly: for they're prepar'd

With

With accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuſe me by invention; I
Will anſwer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. IN this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic Power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil, got on the *Antiates*,
Was ne'er diſtributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Aſſemble preſently the People hither,
And, when they hear me ſay, It ſhall be ſo,
I'th' right and ſtrength o'th' Commons; (be it either
For Death, for Fine, or Baniſhment,) then let them,
If I ſay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death;
Inſiſting on the old Prerogative
And Power i'th' truth o'th' Cauſe.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a Din confus'd

Inforce

Inforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go about it. [*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler ſtreight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and That is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, *and* Cominius, *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.
Cor. Ay, as an hoſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the Knave by th' volume: — The honour'd Gods
Keep *Rome* in ſafety, and the Chairs of Juſtice
Supply with worthy men, (30) plant love amongſt you,
Throng our large Temples with the ſhews of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!
1 *Sen.* Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wiſh.

Enter the Ædile *with the Plebeians.*

Sic. Draw near, ye People.
Æd. Liſt to your Tribunes: audience;
Peace, I ſay.
Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.
Both Tri. Well, ſay: peace, ho.

(30) ——— *plant Love among You*
Through *our large Temples with the Shews of Peace,*
And not our Streets with War.] Though this be the Reading of all the Copies, it is flat Nonſenſe. There is no Verb either expreſt, or underſtood, that can govern the latter Part of the Sentence. I have no Doubt of my Emendation reſtoring the Text rightly, becauſe Mr. *Warburton* ſtarted the ſame Conjecture, unknowing that I had meddled with the Paſſage.

Cor.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the People's voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful Cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, Citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like Graves i'th' holy Church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, ſcars to move Laughter only.

Men. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier; (31) do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds;
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a Soldier.
Rather than envy, you ——

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſul with full voice,
I'm ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Anſwer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all ſeaſon'd Office, and to wind
Your ſelf unto a Power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the People.

(31) —— —— *do not take*
His rougher Actions *for malicious Sounds:*] I have no manner of Apprehenſion how a Man's *Actions* can be miſtaken for *Words*. It would be very abſurd, as well as extraordinary, were I to do a ſaucy Thing in Company, for the Perſon offended to tell me, Sir, you give me very impudent Language. This would be, certainly, taking *Actions* for *Sounds:* —— We may remember, a *Roughneſs* of *Accent* was one of *Coriolanus*'s diſtinguiſhing Characteriſticks. I corrected this Paſſage in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has embraced it in his laſt Edition.

Cor.

Cor. How? Traitor?——
Men. Nay, temperately: your promiſe.
Cor. The fires i'th' loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes ſate twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would ſay,
Thou lieſt, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
All. To th' Rock with him.
Sic. Peace:
We need not put new matter to his Charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your Officers, curſing your ſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtroaks, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great Power muſt try him, even this
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves th' extreameſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome*——
Cor. What do you prate of ſervice?
Bru. I talk of That, that know it.
Cor. You?——
Men. Is this the promiſe, that you made your Mother?
Com. Know, I pray you——
Cor. I'll know no farther:
Let them pronounce the ſteep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the People; ſeeking means
To pluck away their Power; as now at laſt
Giv'n hoſtile ſtroaks, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the Miniſters

That

That do distribute it; in the Name o'th' People,
And in the Power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our City;
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome*'s Gates. I'th' People's Name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common Friends ——

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
(32) I have been Consul, and can shew for *Rome*
Her Enemies Marks upon me. I do love
My Country's Good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear Wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that ——

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the People, and his Country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten fenns; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carkasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you.
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;

(32) *I have been Consul, and can shew* from Rome
Her Enemies Marks upon me?] How, from *Rome?* Did he receive hostile Marks from his own Country? No such Thing: He receiv'd them in the Service of *Rome*. So, twice in the Beginning of next Act, it is said of *Coriolanus*;

——— ——— *Had'st Thou Foxship*
To banish him, that struck more Blows for Rome,
Than Thou hast spoken Words?

And again;

Good Man! the Wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Your

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into Deſpair: have the Power ſtill
To baniſh your Defenders, till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels;
Making but reſervation of your ſelves
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As moſt abated captives, to ſome Nation
That won you without blows. Deſpiſing then
For you, the City, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere———

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *and others.*

[*The people ſhout, and throw up their caps.*

Ædile. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is baniſh'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go ſee him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all deſpight
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a Guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come; let's ſee him out at the gates; come.
The Gods preſerve our noble Tribunes!—come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *before the Gates of* Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of* Rome.

CORIOLANUS.

COme, leave your tears: a brief farewel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? you were us'd
To ſay, Extremity was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the Sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble Cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman ——

Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in *Rome*,
And occupations periſh.

Cor. What! what! what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your husband ſo much ſweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu: farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My ſometime General,

I've

I've ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad Women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtroaks,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace; and
Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen:) your Son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My firſt Son,
Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſure to each chance,
That ſtarts i'th' way before thee.
Cor. O the Gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thruſt forth
A Cauſe for thy Repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man;
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' abſence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou'ſt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my ſweet Wife, my deareſt Mother, and
My Friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good Gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus, *with the* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.
Vex'd are the Nobles, who, we ſee, have ſided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have ſhewn our Power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.

Bru. Diſmiſs them home.
Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They ſay, ſhe's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met:
The hoorded plague o'th' Gods requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not ſo loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear—
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.—Will you be gone?

Virg. You ſhall ſtay too: ——— I would, I had the Power
To ſay ſo to my Husband.

Sic. Are you man-kind?

Vol. Ay, fool: is that a ſhame? note but this fool.
Was not a Man my Father? hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words——

Sic. Oh bleſſed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words,
And for *Rome*'s Good—I'll tell thee what—yet go—
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too—— I would, my Son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Virg.

Virg. What then? he'd make an end of thy Posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome!*
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would, he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble Knot he made.
Bru. I would, he had.
Vol. I would, he had! —— 'twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heav'n
Will not have Earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in *Rome*; so far my Son,
This Lady's Husband here, this, (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Ex. Tribunes.*
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I wish, the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my Curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.
Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth, have cause: you'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon my self,
And so shall starve with feeding: come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno*-like: come, come, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volſcian.

Rom. I Know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is *Adrian.*

Vol. It is ſo, Sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my ſervices are as you are, againſt 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The ſame, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome?* I have a note from the *Volſcian* State to find you out there. You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* ſtrange inſurrections: the People againſt the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our State thinks not ſo: they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive ſo to heart the Baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs to take all Power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor.*

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, the fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Auſidius* will appear well in theſe wars, his great Oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his Country.

Vol.

Vol. He cannot chuſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall between this and ſupper tell you moſt ſtrange things from *Rome*; all tending to the Good of their Adverſaries. Have you an Army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one. The Centurions and their Charges diſtinctly billetted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the Man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus *in mean Apparel, diſguis'd and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly City is this *Antium.*—— City,
'Tis I, that made thy widows: Many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop; then know Me not,
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,
In puny battel ſlay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies:
Is he in *Antium?*

Cit. He is, and feaſts the Nobles of the State, at his houſe this night.

Cor. Which is his houſe, I beſeech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir; Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*
Oh, world, thy ſlippery Turns! friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal and exerciſe
Are ſtill together, who twine (as 'twere) in love

Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity. So felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their iſſues. So, with me; ——
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's Town I'll enter; if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his Country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Hall in* Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Muſick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* WINE, wine, wine! what ſervice is here? I think, our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus?* my Maſter calls for him: *Cotus.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly houſe; the feaſt ſmells well; but I Appear not like a gueſt.

Enter the firſt Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* [*Aſide.*

Enter ſecond Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions? pray, get you out.

Cor. Away! ——

2 *Ser.* Away? —— get you away.

Cor.

Cor. Now thou'rt troubleſom.

2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The firſt meets him.

3 *Ser.* What Fellow's this?

1 *Ser.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th' houſe: pr'ythee, call my Maſter to him.

3 *Ser.* What have you to do here, Fellow? pray you, avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Ser.* What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 *Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; ſo I am.

3 *Ser.* Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation, here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away from him.*

3 *Ser.* What, will you not? pr'ythee, tell my Maſter, what a ſtrange Gueſt he has here.

2 *Ser.* And I ſhall. [*Exit Second Serving-man.*

3 *Ser.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the Canopy.

3 *Ser.* Under the Canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Ser.* Where's that?

Cor. I'th' City of Kites and Crows.

3 *Ser.* I'th' City of Kites and Crows? what an Aſs it is! then thou dwell'ſt with Daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy Maſter.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! do you meddle with my Maſter?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy Miſtreſs: thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher: hence. [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius, *with a Serving-man.*

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 *Ser.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? what would'ſt thou? thy name?
Why ſpeak'ſt not? ſpeak, Man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'ſt me not, and ſeeing me,
Doſt not yet take me for the Man I am,
Neceſſity commands me name my ſelf.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmuſical to *Volſcian* ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble veſſel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'ſt thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy name?

Cor. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volſcians*,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My Sirname, *Coriolanus*. The painful ſervice,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs Country, are requited
But with that Sirname: A good memory,
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt bear me, only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the People,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by th' voice of ſlaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd Death, of all the men i'th' world

I'd

I'd have avoided thee. But in meer ſpite
To be full quit of thoſe my Baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here: then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy Country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy Turn: ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my canker'd Country, with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy Country's breaſt,
And cannot live, but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. Oh, *Marcius*, *Marcius*,
Each word, thou'ſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon cloud ſpeak to me things divine,
And ſay, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble *Marcius*. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters: here I clip
The anvile of my ſword, and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the Maid I married; never Man
Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded Miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou *Mars!* I tell thee,
We have a Power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,

Or

Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dream't of encounters 'twixt thy ſelf and me:
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcius*,
Had we no quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come, go in,
And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your Territories,
Though not for *Rome* it ſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
One half of my Commiſſion, and ſet down
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy Country's ſtrength and weakneſs, thine own ways;
Whether to knock againſt the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come, come in;
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
Say *yea* to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
Yet, *Marcius*, that was much.—— Your hand; moſt welcome! [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* Here's a ſtrange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had ſo: looking, as it were—— would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: he is ſimply the rareſt man i'th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think, he is; but a greater Soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my Maſter?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth ſix on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater Soldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that; for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh, ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Marcius*.

1 *Ser.* Why do you ſay, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not ſay, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he ſcocht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But, more of thy news; ——

3 *Ser.*

3 *Ser.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to *Mars:* ſet at upper end o'th' table; no queſtion ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our General himſelf makes a Miſtreſs of him, ſanctifies himſelf with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday. For the Other has half, by the Intreaty and Grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durſt not (look you, Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they ſhall ſee, Sir, his Creſt up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To morrow, to day, preſently, you ſhall have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to ruſt iron, encreaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's ſprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard children than war's a deſtroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis ſo; and as war in ſome ſort may be ſaid to be a raviſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.*

3 *Ser.* Reaſon, becauſe they then leſs need one another: the wars, for my mony. I hope, to ſee *Romans* as cheap as *Volſcians*.
They are riſing, they are riſing.
Both. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a publick Place in* Rome.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. (33) WE hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i'th' preſent peace,
And quietneſs o'th' People, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here we make his Friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, beheld
Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, than ſee
Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind of late. Hail, Sir!
Men. Hail to you Both!
Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſs'd, but with his Friends; the Commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?

(33) *We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,*
His Remedies are tame: the preſent Peace
And Quietneſs o'th' People, which before
Were in wild hurry.] As this Paſſage has been hitherto pointed, it labours under two Abſurdities; firſt, that the Peace abroad, and the Quietneſs of the Populace at home, are call'd *Marcius*'s Remedies; whereas, in Truth, theſe were the Impediments of his Revenge: In the next place, the latter Branch of the Sentence is imperfect and ungrammatical. My Regulation prevents both theſe Inconveniencies.

Men.

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerve you Both!
Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.
Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.
1 *Cit.* Our ſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live and thrive.
Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours:
We wiſh'd, *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.
All. Now the Gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying confuſion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'th' war, but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving.
Sic. And affecting one ſole Throne,
Without Aſſiſtance.
Men. Nay, I think not ſo.
Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Conſul, found it ſo.
Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports, the *Volſcians* with two ſeveral Powers
Are entred in the *Roman* Territories;
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who, hearing of our *Marcius'* Baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;

Which

Which were in-ſhell'd when *Marcius* ſtood for *Rome*,
And durſt not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you of *Marcius!*
Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volſcians* dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have Record, that very well it can:
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſs are going
All to the Senate-houſe; ſome news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this ſlave:
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raiſing!
Nothing but his report!
Meſ. Yes, worthy Sir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.
Sic. What more fearful?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Marcius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Power 'gainſt *Rome*;
And vows Revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sic. This is moſt likely! ——
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Marcius* home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely.

He

He and *Aufidius* can no more attone, (34)
Than violenteſt contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Marcius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-born their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good Work.
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To ſee your Wives diſhonour'd to your noſes.
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your Temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, the news?
You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Marcius* ſhould be joyned with the *Volſcians*, ——
Com. If? he is their God; he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity than Nature,
That ſhapes man better; and they follow him,
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,

(34) *He* and *Aufidius can no more* be one
Than violenteſt Contrariety.]
This is only Mr. *Pope*'s Sophiſtication. I have reſtor'd the Reading of the genuine Copies; ——— *can no more* atone, i. e. be reconcil'd, agree; for in this Senſe the Word is as frequently uſed, as in the *active* one, to pacify, to reconcile.
So in *As you like it*;
Then is there Mirth in Heav'n,
When earthly Things, made ev'n,
Atone *together.*
And in many other Paſſages of our Author.

Or

Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.
Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your ears.
Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, Sir?
Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly revolt; and, who reſiſts,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find ſomething in him.
Men. We're all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who ſhall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: his beſt friends, if they
Shou'd ſay, be good to *Rome*, they charge him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That would conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, beſeech you, ceaſe. You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!
Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And coward Nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o'th' city.
Com. But I fear,
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points

As if he were his officer: Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That *Rome* can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.——
And is *Aufidius* with him?—— You are they,
That made the air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him; I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very many of us; that we did, we did for the best: and tho' we willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you, voices!——

Men. You have made good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what else? [*Exeunt.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'th' wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's home.

[*Ex. Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE

SCENE, *a Camp; at a ſmall Diſtance from* Rome.

Enter Aufidius, *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. DO they ſtill flie to th' *Roman?*
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now.
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly
Even to my perſon, than, I thought, he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir.
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in Commiſſion with him; but had borne
The action of your ſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely.
Auf. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge againſt him; though it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly;
And ſhews good husbandry for the *Volſcian* State,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beſeech, think you, he'll carry *Rome?*
Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people

Will be as raſh in the Repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome* (35)
As is the Oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By Sovereignty of Nature. Firſt, he was

(35) ——— ——— *I think, he'll be to* Rome
As is the Aſpray *to the Fiſh, who takes it*
By Sov'reignty of Nature.]

Though one's Search might have been very vain to find any ſuch Word as *Aſpray*, yet I eaſily imagin'd, ſomething muſt be couch'd, under the Corruption, in its Nature deſtructive to Fiſh, and that made a Prey of Them. And this ſuſpicion led me to the Diſcovery. The *Osprey* is a Species of the Eagle, of a ſtrong Make, that haunts the Sea and Lakes for its Food, and altogether preys on Fiſh. It is called the ἁλιαίετος, or *Aquila Marina*, as alſo *Avis oſſifraga*: thence contracted firſt, perhaps, into *Osphrey*, and then, with Regard to the Eaſe of Pronunciation, *Oſprey*. *Pliny* gives us this Deſcription of its acute Sight, and Eagerneſs after its Prey. Haliæetus, *clariſſimâ oculorum acie, librans ex altô ſeſe, viſo in Mari piſce, præceps in mare ruens, et diſcuſſis pectore aquis, rapiens.* It may not be diſagreeable to go a little farther to explain the Propriety of the Poet's Alluſion. Why will *Coriolanus* be to *Rome*, as the *Oſprey* to the Fiſh,

——— ——— *he'll take it*
By Sov'reignty of Nature?

Shakeſpeare, 'tis well known, has a Peculiarity in Thinking; and wherever he is acquainted with Nature, is ſure to allude to her moſt uncommon Effects and Operations. I am very apt to imagine, therefore, that the Poet meant, *Coriolanus* would take *Rome* by the very Opinion and Terror of his Name, as Fiſh are taken by the *Oſprey*, thro' an inſtinctive Fear they have of him. "The Fiſhermen, (ſays our "old Naturaliſt *William Turner*,) are uſed to anoint their Baits with "*Oſprey*'s Fat, thinking thereby to make them the more efficacious: "becauſe, when That Bird is hovering in the Air, all the Fiſh, that "are beneath him, (the Nature of the Eagle, as it is believ'd, com-"pelling them to it;) turn up their Bellies, and as it were, give him "his Choice which he will take of them". *Geſner* goes a little farther in ſupport of this odd Inſtinct, telling us, "that while this Bird flutters "in the Air, and ſometimes, as it were, ſeems ſuſpended there, he "drops a certain Quantity of his Fat, by the Influence whereof the "Fiſh are ſo affrighted and confounded, that they immediately turn "themſelves Belly upwards; upon which he ſowſes down perpendicu-"larly like a Stone, and ſeizes them in his Talons". — To This, I dare ſay, *Shakeſpeare* alludes in this Expreſſion of the *Sov'reignty of Nature*. This very Thought is again touch'd by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*; a Play in which there is a Tradition of our Author having been jointly concern'd.

——— ——— *But, oh,* Jove! *your Actions,*
Soon as they move, as Aſprays *do the* Fiſh,
Subdue before *they* touch.

For here again we muſt read, *Oſpreys.*

A noble ſervant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honours even; whether pride,
(Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man) whether defect of judgment,
(To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances,
Whereof he was the lord) or whether nature,
(Not to be other than one thing; not moving
From th' cask to th' cuſhion; but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the war;) But one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd; but he has merit
To choak it in the utt'rance: ſo our virtues
Lye in th' interpretation of the time;
And Power, unto it ſelf moſt commendable, (36)
Hath not a tomb ſo evident, as a chair
T'extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou'rt poor'ſt of all, then ſhortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

(36) *And Pow'r, unto it ſelf moſt commendable,*
Hath not a Tomb ſo evident, as a Chair
T'extol what it hath done.]
This is a very common Sentiment, but moſt obſcurely expreſs'd. This is the Senſe. That Virtue, which delights to commend it ſelf, will find the certaineſt *Tomb* in That *Chair*, in which it holds forth on its own Commendations. *i. e.* Nothing ſo readily throws our own Virtue into Oblivion, as the Practice of commending one's ſelf. That Power, which is moſt jealous of Competitors, [unto it ſelf moſt commendable,] hath no certainer Grave than That Chair in which it extols its own Worth. Mr. *Warburton*.

ACT V.

SCENE, *a publick Place in* Rome.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *with others.*

MENENIUS.

NO, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath ſaid,
Which was ſometime his General; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o'that? go you, that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his Tent, fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not ſeem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not anſwer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of Nothing, titleleſs,
'Till he had forg'd himſelf a name o'th' fire
Of burning *Rome.*
Men. Why, ſo; you've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome,*
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leaſt expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had puniſh'd.
Men. Very well, could he ſay leſs?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His anſwer to me was,

He

He could not ſtay to pick them in a pile
Of noiſom muſty chaff. He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of thoſe: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the Moon. We muſt be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuſe your aid
In this ſo-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your Country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our Country-man.
Men. No: I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
For *Rome*, tow'rds *Marcius.*
Men. Well, and ſay, that *Marcius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard: (what then?)
But as a diſcontented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs. Say't be ſo?
Sic. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from *Rome*, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd. ——
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then (37)
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls

(37) *The Veins unfill'd, our Blood is cold,* &c.] Lord *Bacon* ſomewhere in his Eſſays makes this very Remark concerning the *Seaſons* of *Sollicitation.*

Than in our prieſt-like faſts; therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his Injury
The Goaler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, riſe: diſmiſs'd me
Thus, with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do,
He ſent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his mother
And wife, — who (as I hear) mean to ſollicit him
For mercy to his Country: therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Volſcian *Camp.*

Enter Menenius *to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Watch.* STAY: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But, by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, and come
To ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From *Rome.*

1 *Watch.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our General
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

Men.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius*.

1 *Watch.* Be it ſo, go back: the virtue of your Name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts; whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,
I've tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing. Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Watch.* Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is *Menenius*; always factionary of the Party of your General.

2 *Watch.* Howſoever you have been his liar, (as you ſay, you have;) I am one that, telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 *Watch.* Then you ſhould hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your gates the very Defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſie groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotard as you ſeem to be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your

city

city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution; you are condemn'd, our General has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

1 *Watch.* Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 *Watch.* My General cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go; leſt I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmoſt of your Having, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter Coriolanus, *with* Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive, that a *Jack*-gardant cannot office me from my ſon *Coriolanus*; gueſs but my entertainment with him; if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th' ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—— The glorious Gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father *Menenius* does! Oh my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being aſſured, none but my ſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee ——

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, remiſſion lyes

In

In *Volſcian* breaſts. That we have been familiar, (38)
Ingrate Forgetfulneſs ſhall priſon, rather
Than Pity note how much.—— Therefore, be gone;
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake,
[*Gives him a letter.*
And would have ſent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee ſpeak.—— This man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'ſt——
Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius?*

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a Spell, you ſee, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear, how we are ſhent for keeping your Greatneſs back?

2 *Watch.* What cauſe, do you think, I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He, that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another: let your General do his worſt. For you, be what you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away!—— [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Ex. Watch.*

(38) —— —— *That we have been familiar,*
Ingrate Forgetfulneſs ſhall poyſon, *rather*
Than pity: Note how much ——]

We cannot deſire a more ſignal Inſtance of the indolent Stupidity of our Editors. Forgetfulneſs might *poyſon*, in not remembring a Converſation of Friendſhip, but how could it, in ſuch an Action, be ſaid to *pity* too? The Pointing is abſurd; and the Sentiment conſequently ſunk into Nonſenſe. As I have regulated the Stops, both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* ſaw with me, they ought to be regulated. I have ſtill ventur'd beyond my ingenious Friends, in changing *Poyſon* into *Priſon*: which adds an Antitheſis, by which the Senſe ſeems clearer and more natural: *viz.* That *Forgetfulneſs* ſhall rather *keep it a ſecret*, that we have been familiar; than *Pity* ſhall *diſcloſe* how much we have been ſo.

Re-enter

Re-enter Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the Walls of *Rome* to morrow
Set down our Hoſt. My Partner in this action,
You muſt report to th' *Volſcian* lords how plainly
I've borne this buſineſs.

Auf. Only their Ends you have reſpected; ſtopt
Your ears againſt the general ſuit of *Rome:*
Never admitted private whiſper, no,
Not with ſuch friends that thought them ſure of you.

Cor. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father:
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Tho' I ſhew'd ſow'rly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions; (which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept,) to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: a very little
I've yielded to. Freſh embaſſie, and ſuits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what ſhout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not ———

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, *young* Marcius, *with Attendants all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of Nature break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.
What is that curt'ſie worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make Gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great Nature cries, — Deny not. Let the *Volſcians*
Plough

Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The ſorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Cor. Like a dull Actor now,
I have forgot my Part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For That, forgive our *Romans*.—O a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiſs
I carried from thee, Dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.—You Gods! I prate; (39)
And

(39) ——— *You Gods, I pray,*
And the moſt noble Mother of the World
Leave unſaluted,]

An old Corruption muſt have poſſeſs'd this Paſſage, for two Reaſons. In the firſt Place, whoever conſults this Speech, will find, that He is talking fondly to his Wife, and not praying to the Gods at all. Secondly, if He were employ'd in his Devotions, no Apology would be wanting for leaving his Mother unſaluted. The Poet's Intention was certainly This. *Coriolanus*, having been laviſh in his Tenderneſſes and Raptures to his Wife, bethinks himſelf on the ſudden, that his Fondneſs to her had made him guilty of ill Manners in the Neglect of his Mother; and, therefore correcting himſelf upon Reflexion, cries;

——— *You Gods!* I prate;

Prate, 'tis true, is a Term now ill-ſounding to us, becauſe it is taken only, as the Grammarians call it, *in malam partem*. Our Language was not ſo refin'd, tho' more maſculine, in *Shakeſpeare*'s days; and therefore (notwithſtanding the preſent ſuppos'd κακοφωνία,) when he is moſt ſerious, he frequently makes uſe of the Word. A little after, in this very Scene, *Volumnia* ſays;

——— *yet here he lets me* prate,
Like One i'th' Stocks.

K. John.

If I talk to him, with his innocent Prate
He will awake my Mercy.

Hamlet.

And if thou prate *of Mountains, let them throw*
Millions of Acres on Us.

Nor

And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink, my knee, i'th' earth; [*kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.
Vol. O ſtand up bleſt!
Whilſt with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken all the while, [*kneels.*
Between the child and parent.
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble ſiſter of *Poplicola*,
The moon of *Rome*; chaſte as the iſicle,
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s Temple: dear *Valeria!* ——
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*ſhewing young* Marcius.
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all your ſelf.
Cor. The God of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with Nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove

Nor is it infrequent with him to employ the Diminutive of this Term.

—————— *But I* prattle
Something too wildly, and my Father's Precepts
I do forget. Tempeſt.
Silence that Fellow; —— *I would, he had ſome*
Cauſe to prattle *for himſelf.* Meaſ. *for* Meaſ.
—————— *O my Sweet,*
I prattle *out of Faſhion, and I doat*
In mine own Comfort. Othello.

I amended the Paſſage in Queſtion, in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to correct it from thence, in his laſt Edition.

To

To Shame unvulnerable, and ſtick i'th' wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my ſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing, I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome*'s Mechanicks. Tell me not,
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: deſire not
T'allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.
Vol. Oh, no more; no more:
You've ſaid, you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing elſe to ask, but That
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our requeſt, the Blame
May hang upon your Hardneſs; therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you *Volſcians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private.—— Your requeſt?
Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We've lead ſince thy Exile. Think with thy ſelf,
How more unfort'nate than all living women
Are we come hither; ſince thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our Eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to ſee
The ſon, the husband, and the father tearing
His Country's bowels out: and to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray,
Whereto we're bound? together with thy victory,

Whereto

Whereto we're bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The Country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the Country. We muſt find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhou'd win. For either thou
Muſt, as a foreign Recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy Country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For my ſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on Fortune, 'till
Theſe wars determine: if I can't perſwade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Virg. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this Boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He ſhall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to ſee:
I've ſat too long.——
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the *Romans*, thereby to deſtroy
The *Volſcians* whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poyſonous of your Honour. No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the *Volſcians*
May ſay, This mercy we have ſhew'd; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, be bleſt
For making up this Peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The End of War's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit,
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a Name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, 'the man was noble——
'But

'But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out,
'Deſtroy'd his Country, and his name remains
'To th' enſuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the firſt ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the Gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th' air,
And yet to charge thy ſulphur with a bolt, (40)
That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy;
Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou'ſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſie;
When ſhe, (poor hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my Requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: but if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:
Down, Ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To's ſir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end;
This is the laſt. So we will home to *Rome*,
And die among our neighbours: nay, behold us.
This Boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a *Volſcian* to his mother: (41)

His

(40) *And yet to* change *thy Sulphur with a Bolt,*
That ſhould but rive an Oak.]
All the printed Copies concur in this Reading, but I have certainly reſtor'd the true Word. *Vid.* the 14th Note on this Play.

(41) *This Fellow had a* Volſcian *to his Mother;*
His Wife is in Corioli; *and* his *Child*
Like him by Chance; —] But tho' his Wife was in *Corioli*,

His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
Like him by chance; yet give us our diſpatch:
I'm huſht, until our City be afire;
And then I'll ſpeak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!——— [*Holds her by the hands, ſilent.*
What have you done? behold, the heav'ns do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to *Rome:*
But for your ſon, believe it, oh, believe it,
Moſt dang'rouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. Let it come:———
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, *Aufidius?*

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be ſworn, you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat Compaſſion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. O mother! wife!———

Auf. I'm glad, thou'ſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of That I'll work
My ſelf a former fortune. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you ſhall bear [*To* Vol. Virg. *&c.*
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us: Ladies, you deſerve

might not his Child, nevertheleſs, be like him? The minute Alteration I have made, I am perſwaded, reſtores the true Reading. *Volumnia* would hint, that *Coriolanus* by his ſtern Behaviour had loſt all Family-Regards, and did not remember that he had any Child. I am not his Mother, (ſays ſhe) his Wife is in *Corioli*, and *this* Child, whom We bring with us, (young *Marcius*) is not his Child, but only bears his Reſemblance by Chance.

To

To have a Temple built you: all the ſwords
In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this Peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Forum, *in* Rome.

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. SEE you yond coin o'th' Capitol, yond corner-ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of *Rome*, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Marcius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but Eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that ſhall our poor City find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe;
The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; All ſwearing, if
The *Roman* Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſ. Good news, good news, the Ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volſcians* are diſlodg'd, and *Marcius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain, this is true? is it moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain, as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an Arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*
Make the Sun dance. Hark you! [*A ſhout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: of Tribunes, ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full. You've pray'd well to day:
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Sound ſtill, with the ſhouts.*

Sic. Firſt, the Gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.

Meſ.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with ladies, paſſing over the ſtage; with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our Patroneſs, the Life of *Rome*:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires: ſtrew flowers before them:
Unſhout the noiſe, that baniſh'd *Marcius*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry, — welcome, Ladies, welcome! [*Exeunt.*

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome! —— [*A flouriſh with drums and trumpets.*

SCENE *changes to a publick Place in* Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. GO tell the Lords o'th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuſe,
The city ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch. —— Moſt welcome!

Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius's *faction.*

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoyſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.

2 *Con.* Moſt noble Sir,
If you do hold the ſame intent, wherein

You wiſh'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the Fall of either
Makes the Survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs
When he did ſtand for Conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping——
Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Preſented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chuſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holpe to reap the Fame,
Which he did make all his; and took ſome pride
To do my ſelf this wrong; 'till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and, at laſt,
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd
For no leſs Spoil, than Glory——
Auf. There was it;——
(For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd upon him;
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he die,

And

And I'll renew me in his Fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native Town you enter'd like a Poſt,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the Air with noiſe.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear,
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,
After your way his Tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're moſt welcome home.

Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think,
Might have found eaſie fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, anſwering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, This admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *marching with drums and colours; the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords; I am return'd, your ſoldier;
No more infected with my Country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and

With bloody paſſage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome*: Our ſpoils, we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no leſs honour to the *Antiates*,
Than ſhame to th' *Romans:* and we here deliver,
Subſcribed by the Conſuls and Patricians,
Together with the ſeal o'th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords.
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!———

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Marcius.*

Cor. Marcius!———

Auf. Ay, *Marcius*, *Caius Marcius*; doſt thou think,
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtoln name
Coriolanus, in *Corioli?*
You Lords and Heads o'th' State, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt, your city *Rome*;
I ſay, your city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk, never admitting
Counſel o'th' war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him; and men of heart
Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, *Mars!*———

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of tears!———

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O ſlave!——
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I'm forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Muſt give this Cur the Lie; and his own Notion,
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him; that
Muſt bear my beating to his Grave;) ſhall join
To thruſt the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me ſpeak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volſcians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! falſe hound! ——
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volſcians* in *Corioli.*
Alone I did it. Boy! ——
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All Con. Let him die for't.
All People. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my ſon,—my daughter,—kill'd my couſin,—
He kill'd my father.— [*The Croud ſpeak promiſcuouſly.*
2 *Lord.* Peace,—no outrage——peace ——
The man is noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orb o'th' earth; his laſt offences to us
Shall have judicious Hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O that I had him,
With ſix *Aufidius*'s, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword ——
Auf. Inſolent villain!
All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
[*The conſpirators all draw, and kill* Marcius, *who falls, and* Aufidius *ſtands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My noble Maſters, hear me ſpeak.
1 *Lord.* O *Tullus* ——
2 *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him — maſters all, be quiet;
Put up your ſwords.
Auf. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver

My

My ſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure
Your heavieſt cenſure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt noble Coarſe, that ever Herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the beſt of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with ſorrow: take him up:
Help, three o'th' chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one. (42)
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Marcius. *A dead March ſounded.*

(42) *Help,* three *o'th' chiefeſt Soldiers; I'll be* One.] Not One of the three, but One to aſſiſt them: he would make the fourth Man. So, in the Concluſion of *Hamlet;*

——— ——— *Let* four *Captains*
Bear Hamlet *like a Soldier to the Stage:*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæſar.
M. Antony.
M. Æmil. Lepidus. } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.

Cicero.

Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna. } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

Popilius Læna,
Publius. } *Senators.*

Flavius,
Marullus. } *Tribunes and Enemies to* Cæſar.

Meſſala,
Titinius. } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.

A Soothſayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna, *a Poet.*

Another Poet.

Lucilius,
Dardanius,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius. } *Servants of* Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant of* Caſſius.

Ghoſt of Julius Cæſar.

Cobler,

Carpenter,

Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.

Porcia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the three firſt Acts, at* Rome: *afterwards, at an* Iſle *near* Mutina; *at* Sardis; *and* Philippi.

JULIUS

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* ROME.

Enter Flavius, (1) Marullus, *and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? ſpeak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You, Sir, — What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

(1) *Murellus.*] I have, upon the Authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to this Tribune, his right Name, *Marullus.*

Cob.

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

(2) *Flav.* What mean'ſt thou by that? mend me, thou ſawcy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all, that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradeſman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to day? Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get my ſelf into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice! — what conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome!*
Knew you not *Pompey?* many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have ſate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the ſtreets of *Rome:*
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out an holi-day?

(2) Mar. *What mean'ſt thou by that?*] As the *Cobler*, in the preceding Speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this Speech muſt be given to *Flavius*.

And

And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone——
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your Sort;
Draw them to *Tyber* bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all.
[*Exeunt Commoners.*
See, whe're their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
This way will I; diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do ſo?
You know, it is the feaſt of *Lupercal.*
Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with *Cæſar*'s trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæſar*'s wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Cæſar, Antony *for the Courſe*, Calphurnia, Porcia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, *a Soothſayer.*

Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Caſc. Peace, ho! *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia,—
Calp. Here, my lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonius*' way,
When he doth run his Courſe—— *Antonius*,——
Ant. Cæſar, my lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonius*,
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders ſay,

The

The Barren, touched in this holy Chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril Curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar, ———
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſc. Bid every noiſe be ſtill; peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the Preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar.* Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A ſooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? ſpeak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; paſs.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and Train.*
Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the Courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gameſom; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in *Antony:*
Let me not hinder, *Caſſius,* your deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my Look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon my ſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to my ſelf; Which

Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Caſſius*, be you one;
Nor conſtrue any farther my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the Shews of Love to other men.

Caſ. Then, *Brutus*, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, *Caſſius*; for the eye ſees not it ſelf,
But by reflexion from ſome other things.

Caſ. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt Reſpect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoak,
Have wiſh'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*,
That you would have me ſeek into my ſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee your ſelf
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to your ſelf
That of your ſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs my ſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the People
Chuſe *Cæſar* for their King.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think, you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the General good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently: (3)
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.
Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward Favour.
Well, Honour is the ſubject of my ſtory:——
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I my ſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you;
We Both have fed as well; and we can Both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once upon a raw and guſty day, (4)

The

(3) *And I will look on* both *indifferently*;] What a Contradiction to this, are the Lines immediately ſucceeding? If He lov'd Honour, more than he fear'd Death, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal Balance to Death, which is not ſpeaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a Soldier of any ordinary Pretenſion, it ſhould always *preponderate*. We muſt certainly read,

And I will look on Death *indifferently.*

What occaſion'd the Corruption, I preſume, was, the Tranſcribers imagining, the Adverb *indifferently* muſt be applied to Two things *oppos'd*. But the Uſe of the Word does not demand it; nor does *Shakeſpeare* always apply it ſo. In the preſent Paſſage it ſignifies, *neglectingly*; without *Fear*, or *Concern*: And ſo *Caſca* afterwards, again in this Act, employs it.

And Dangers are to me indifferent.

i. e. I weigh them not; am not deterr'd on the Score of Danger.

Mr. *Warburton.*

(4) *For once upon a raw and guſty day,*] This may, perhaps, appear a very odd Amuſement for Two of the greateſt Men in *Rome*. But it appears, this was an uſual Exerciſe for the Nobility, that delighted in the hardy Uſe of Arms, and were not enervated, from this Paſſage of *Horace*. l. 1. Ode 8.

Cur timet flavum Tiberim *tangere?*

Upon

The troubled *Tiber* chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, " dar'ſt thou, *Caſſius*, now
" Leap in with me into this angry flood,
" And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and We did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſie.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, " Help me, *Caſſius*, or I ſink."
I, as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the waves of *Tiber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar*: and this man
Is now become a God; and *Caſſius* is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a feaver when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this God did ſhake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye, whoſe Bend doth awe the World,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—" give me ſome drink, *Titinius*—
As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtick World,
And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.

Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world

Upon which *Hermannus Figulus* makes this Comment; *Natare. Nam* Romæ *primæ Adoleſcentiæ juvenes, præter cæteras gymnaſticas diſciplinas, etiam* natare *diſcebant, ut ad* belli munera firmiores aptioreſq; *eſſent.* And he puts us in mind from *Suetonius*, how expert a Swimmer *Jul. Cæſar* was. Mr. *Warburton.*

Like a *Coloſſus*; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find our ſelves diſhonourable Graves.
Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
But in our ſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar!* what ſhould be in that *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded, more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit, as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
Now in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the Breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls incompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter: for this preſent,
I would not (ſo with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ.

Rebuild see pattern

Theobald's Shakespeare

(78 19/3)

6

G. 4022.1

Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus.*

Enter Cæſar *and his Train.*

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caſca* by the ſleeve,
And he will, after his ſour faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bru. I will do ſo; but look you, *Caſſius*, ——
The angry Spot doth glow on *Cæſar*'s brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in conf'rence by ſome Senators.
Caſ. *Caſca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonius*, ——
Ant. *Cæſar?*
Cæſ. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no Plays,
As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no muſick: (5)

(5) —— —— *he hears no Muſick:*] This is not a trivial Obſervation, nor does our Poet mean barely by it, that *Caſſius* was not a merry, ſprightly man: but that he had not a due Temperament of Harmony in his Compoſition: and that therefore Natures, ſo uncorrected, are dangerous. He has finely dilated on this Sentiment in his *Merchant of* Venice. *Act.* 5.

The Man, that hath no Muſick *in himſelf,*
And is not mov'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils;
The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as Erebus;
Let no ſuch Man be truſted. ——

Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Train.*

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius: Caſca, *to them.*

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Caſca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day, That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then ask *Caſca* what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Caſca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſca*.

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown; yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of theſe Coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it

to

to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crown, that it had almoſt choaked *Cæſar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But, ſoft, I pray you; what, did *Cæſar* ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling Sickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you and I,
And honeſt *Caſca*, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am ſure, *Cæſar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſed to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, "If he had "done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their Wor- "ſhips to think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches where I ſtood, cry'd, "alas, good ſoul!" —— and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek*.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But thoſe, that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling ſcarfs off *Cæſar*'s Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to night, *Caſca?*

Caſca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ. Good, I will expect you.

Caſca. Do ſo: farewel Both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeneſs is a ſawce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And ſo it is: for this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo; till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.
Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet I ſee,
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From what it is diſpos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humour me. —— I will this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: Wherein obſcurely

Cæſar's

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, *his sword drawn; and* Cicero, *meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, *Casca*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds:
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons, they are natural:"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitol to morrow?

Caſca. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Caſca*; this diſturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Caſca. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Who's there?

Caſca. A *Roman.*

Caſ. *Caſca*, by your voice.

Caſca. Your ear is good. *Caſſius*, what night is this?

Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.

Caſca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?

Caſ. Thoſe, that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, *Caſca*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heaven, I did preſent my ſelf
Ev'n in the aim and very flaſh of it.

Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.

Caſ. You are dull, *Caſca*; and thoſe ſparks of life,
That ſhould be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why o'd men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,

Their

Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, *Caſca*, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thy ſelf or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius?*

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors; (6)
But, woe the while! our fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſuff'rance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by ſea and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Caſ. I know, where I will wear this dagger then.
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,

(6) *Have* thews *and Limbs.* ——] Mr. *Pope* has ſubjoin'd, to both his Editions, an Explanation of *Thews*, as if it ſignified, *manners* or *capacities*. 'Tis certain, it ſometimes has theſe Significations; but he's miſtaken ſtrangely to imagine it has any ſuch Senſe here: Nor, indeed, do I ever remember its being uſed by our Author in thoſe Acceptations. With him, I think, it always ſignifies, *Muſcles, Sinews, bodily Strength.* So, in the 2d Part of *Henry* IV,

Care I for the Limb, the Thewes, *the Stature, Bulk, and big ſemblance of a Man?*

And in *Hamlet*;

For Nature creſcent does not grow alone
In Thewes *and Bulk.*

Never

Never lacks power to diſmiſs it ſelf.
If I know this; know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the *Romans* are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What rubbiſh, and what offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar?* But, oh grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to *Caſca*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand: (7)
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know, by this they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch. For now this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element
Is feav'rous, like the work we have in hand;
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

(7) ——— ——— *Hold, my Hand.*] This Comma muſt certainly be remov'd. *Caſca* bids *Caſſius* take his Hand, as it were to bind their League and Amity. So afterwards, in this Play;

Give me thy Hand, Meſſala.

Enter

Enter Cinna.

Caſca. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.

Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?

Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*

Caſ. No, it is *Caſca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.

Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O *Caſſius!* could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party ——

Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper;
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus'* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers, as you bad me.

Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theatre.

[*Exit* Cinna.

Come, *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthineſs.

Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, BRUTUS's *Garden.*

Enter Brutus.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius!* ho! ——
I cannot by the progreſs of the ſtars
Give gueſs how near to day — *Lucius*, I ſay!
I would, it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay! what, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd ——
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: crown him — that —
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of Greatneſs is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from Power: and, to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees

By

By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up; and, I am ſure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to morrow, boy, the Ides of *March?* (8)

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

(8) *Is not to morrow, Boy, the* firſt *of* March?] I dare pronounce a palpable Blunder here, which None of the Editors have ever been aware of. *Brutus* enquires whether the *firſt* of *March* be come, and the Boy brings him word 'tis waſted 15 Days. Allowing *Brutus* to be a moſt contemplative Man, and his Thoughts taken up with high Matters, yet I can never agree, that he ſo little knew how Time went, as to be miſtaken a whole Fortnight in the Reckoning. I make no Scruple to aſſert, the Poet wrote *Ides*. But how could *Ides*, may it not be objected, be corrupted into *firſt*? What Similitude in the Traces of the Letters? This Difficulty may very eaſily be ſolv'd, by only ſuppoſing that the Word *Ides* in the Manuſcript Copy happen'd to be wrote contractedly thus, *j*^{s}: The Players knew the Word well enough in the Contraction; but when the MSS came to the *Preſs*, the Compoſitors were not ſo well informed in it: They knew, that jst frequently ſtood for *firſt*; and blunderingly thought that j^{s}: was meant to do ſo too: and thence was deriv'd the Corruption of the Text. But that the Poet wrote *Ides*, we have This in Confirmation. *Brutus* makes the Enquiry on the Dawn of the very Day, in which *Cæſar* was kill'd in the Capitol. Now 'tis very well known, that this was on the 15th Day, which is the *Ides*, of *March*. I ought to acknowledge, that my Friend Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſtarted this very Emendation, and communicated it to Me by Letter.

Brutus

Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt ; awake, and ſee thy ſelf :*
Shall Rome, ——*ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt : awake.*
Such inſtigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up :
Shall Rome —— thus muſt I piece it out,
" Shall *Rome* ſtand under one man's awe? what! *Rome?*
" My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of *Rome*
" The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs ——am I entreated then
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O *Rome!* I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiv'ſt
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is waſted fourteen days. (9)
[*knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; ſome body knocks:
[*Exit* Lucius.

Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*, (10)
I have not ſlept.——
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is

(9) *Sir,* March *is waſted* fifteen *days.*] The Editors are ſlightly miſtaken: It was waſted but 14 Days; this was the Dawn of the 15th, when the Boy makes his Report.

(10) *Since* Caſſius *firſt did whet me againſt* Cæſar,
I have not ſlept.]
This is not to be taken literally: but only that it had, at Fits, broke his Reſt. Some Readers might, perhaps, imagine, that, (becauſe *Brutus*, in his laſt Scene with *Caſſius*, ſaid, that he would on the Morrow ſtay at home for *Caſſius*; and becauſe *Caſſius* here comes home to him) this was the Day immediately ſucceeding That, on which *Caſſius* open'd the Secret of the Conſpiracy to him. But, however any Circumſtances in any preceding Lines may countenance ſuch an Opinion, it would be a great Diminution to the ſedate Character of *Brutus*, to be let into a Plot of ſuch ſerious Moment one day, and to be ready to put it in Execution on the Next. The Poet intended no ſuch raſh Conduct. We are to obſerve, from the firſt Act, that *Caſſius* open'd the Plot to him on the Feaſt of the *Lupercalia*, which Solemnity was held in *February:* and *Cæſar* was not aſſaſſin'd, as has been obſerv'd, till the Middle of *March*. Some of the Criticks, with what Certainty I dare not pretend to ſay, fix down this Feaſt to the XVth before the Calends of *March*; (i. e. the 15th of *Febr.*) if ſo, the Interval betwixt that, and the Time when *Cæſar* was murther'd, is 29 Days.

Like

Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Caſſius* at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;
That by no means I may diſcover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O Conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When Evils are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monſtrous viſage? ſeek none, Conſpiracy;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Caſ. I think, we are too bold upon your Reſt;
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I theſe men, that come along with you? [*Aſide.*
Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelf,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius.*
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Caſ. This, *Decius Brutus.*

Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſ. This, *Caſca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus*, *Cimber*.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Caſ. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whiſper.*
Dec. Here lies the Eaſt: doth not the day break here? (11)
Caſca. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the Clouds, are meſſengers of day.
Caſca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my ſword, the Sun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if that the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe, ——

(11) *Here lies the Eaſt:*] Mr. *Rymer*, in his Examination of the Tragedies of the laſt Age, p. 153, has left an invidious and paltry Remark on this Paſſage. "Here the *Roman* Senators, (*ſays He*) the "Midnight before *Cæſar*'s Death, (met in the Garden of *Brutus* to "ſettle the Matter of their Conſpiracy,) are gazing up to the Stars, "and have no more in their Heads than to wrangle about which is "the Eaſt and Weſt. This is directly, as *Bays* tells us, to ſhew the "World a Pattern here, how Men ſhould talk of Buſineſs. But it "would be a wrong to the Poet, not to inform the Reader that on "the Stage the Spectators ſee *Brutus* and *Caſſius* all this while at "whiſper together". —— I cannot help having the utmoſt Contempt for this poor ill-judg'd Sneer. It ſhews the Height of good Manners and Politeneſs in the Conſpirators, while *Brutus* and *Caſſius* whiſper, to ſtart any occaſional Topick, and talk *extempore*; rather than ſeem to liſten to, or be deſirous of overhearing, what *Caſſius* draws *Brutus* aſide for. And, if I am not miſtaken, there is a Piece of Art ſhewn in this whiſper, which our *Caviller* either did not, or would not, ſee into. The Audience are already apprized of the Subject on which the Faction meet: and therefore this whiſper is an Artifice, to prevent the Preliminaries, of what they knew beforehand, being formally repeated.

If

If these be motives weak, break off betimes;
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted tyranny range on, (12)
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits;
To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath. When ev'ry drop of blood,
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he doth break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero?* shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs

(12) *So let* high-sighted *Tyranny* ——] Tho' I have not disturb'd this Epithet in the Text, yet, I suspect, our Poet either wrote, as Mr. *Warburton* hinted to me, *high-sieged*; or else, *high-seated*. So *Cassius*, in the former Act, says;

And, after this, let Cæsar seat *him sure*;

So in *Macbeth*,

—— —— *and our* high-plac'd Mackbeth
Shall live the lease of Nature;

And again,

Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis *sure*,

and in many other Passages.

Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy mens voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leave him out.
Caſca. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar?*
Caſ. Decius, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar:* we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæſar*.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s ſpirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar!* but alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it.—And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carkaſs fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which, ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæſar*'s arm,
When *Cæſar*'s head is off.

Caſ.

Caſ. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæſar* ——
Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf, take thought, and die for *Cæſar:*
And that were much, he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock ſtrikes.*
Bru. Peace, count the clock.
Caſ. The clock hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæſar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
(Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſie, of dreams, and ceremonies:)
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.
Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'er-ſway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Leave me to work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear *Cæſar* hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well: and I have giv'n him reaſons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*;
And, friends! disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;
And so, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* fast asleep? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busie care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Porcia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: and, yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour;
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do: good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholſom bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? no, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty, (13)
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your ſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I your ſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, conſort your bed, (14)
And

(13) *I* charge *you*.] Thus Mr. *Pope* has corrected, in both his Editions; but I have reſtor'd the Reading of the Old Books, *I* charm *you*, i. e. I conjure you by the Magick of, &c.

(14) ——— comfort *your Bed*,
And talk to you? ———.]

And talk to you ſometimes? dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? if it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed; *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo husbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving my ſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows.
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* Portia.

This is but an odd Phraſe, and gives as odd an Idea. The Word, I have ſubſtituted, ſeems much more proper; and is one of our Poet's own Uſage; which makes me ſuſpect, he employ'd it here. So in his *Comedy of Errors*;

And, afterwards, conſort *you till Bed-time.*

And ſo in his Poem, call'd *Venus* and *Adonis*;

Who bids them ſtill conſort *with ugly Night*;

And ſo afterwards, again, in the fifth Act of this Play.

Two mighty Eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to Philippi *here* conſorted *us.*

And, in *Midſummer Night's Dream*;

And muſt for aye conſort *with black brow'd Night.*

Enter

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?
Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius!* how?
Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? would, you were not ſick!
Cai. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.
Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome!*
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an Exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.
Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?
Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.
Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Cæſ. NOR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her ſleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho; they murder *Cæſar*." Who's within?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord? ——

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Ser. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar?* think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to day.

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things, that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen)
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and ſquadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And Ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar!* theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæſar*.

Cal. When Beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taſte of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould fear:
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurs?
Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to day.
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.
[*Exit Servant.*
Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to day for fear.
No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he.
(15) We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate-houſe,
And he will ſay, you are not well to day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.
Dec. *Cæſar*, all hail! good morrow, worthy *Cæſar*;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-houſe.

(15) *We* heard *two Lions*—] The firſt Folio —— *We heare* —— The Copies have been all corrupt, and the Paſſage, of courſe, unintelligible. But the ſlight Alteration, I have made, reſtores Senſe to the whole, and the Sentiment will neither be unworthy of *Shakeſpeare*, nor the Boaſt too extravagant for *Cæſar* in a Vein of Vanity to utter: that He and Danger were Twin-whelps of a Lyon, and He the Elder, and more terrible of the Two. A ſimilar Thought again occurs in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, about Victory for a while ſtanding ſuſpended betwixt two Armies.

When Vantage *like a Pair of* Twins *appear'd*,
Both as the ſame, or rather ours *the* Elder.

I made this Emendation formerly in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*, without having ſeen it, ſtruck out the ſame Conjecture.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to day; tell them ſo, *Decius.*
Cal. Say, he is ſick.
Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a lie?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretcht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæſar* will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at, when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt night, ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which, like a fountain, with an hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
Theſe ſhe applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to day.
Dec. This Dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a Viſion fair and fortunate:
Your Statue, ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from You great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; and that Great Men ſhall preſs
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is ſignify'd.
Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæſar.*
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
"Break up the Senate 'till another time,

"When

" When *Cæsar*'s Wife shall meet with better Dreams:
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
" Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæsar*; for my dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Calphurnia?*
I am ashamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go:

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna *and* Publius.

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius.*
What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, *Casca: Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o' clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, *Antony.*

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius!*
I have an hour's talk in store for you,
Remember, that you call on me to day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will; — and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

Bru.

Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon! [*Aſide.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street near the* Capitol.

(16) *Enter* Artemidorus, *reading a paper.*

CÆSAR, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Caſſius; *come not near* Caſca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *truſt not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not*; *thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou beeſt not immortal, look about thee: ſecurity gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!*

Thy Lover *Artemidorus.*

Here will I ſtand, 'till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar*, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Porcia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, Boy, run to the Senate-houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay?

(16) *Enter* Artemidorus,] In the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, thro' all the Editions, *Artemidorus* is call'd a *Soothſayer*. But, 'tis certain, the Poet deſign'd two diſtinct Characters. *Artemidorus* was neither Augur, nor Soothſayer. 'Tis true, there was an *Artemidorus*, whoſe Critic on Dreams we ſtill have: but He did not live 'till the Time of *Antoninus*. He likewiſe wrote, according to *Suidas*, of Augury and Palmiſtry. But this *Artemidorus*, who had been *Cæſar*'s Hoſt at *Cnidos*, as we learn from *Plutarch*, *Appian*, &c. did not pretend to know any thing of the Conſpiracy againſt *Cæſar* by Preſcience, or Prognoſtication. He was a Sophiſt, who taught that Science in *Greek* at *Rome*; by which Means being intimate with *Brutus*, and thoſe about him, he got into their Secret; and, out of his old Affection for *Cæſar*, was deſirous of acquainting him with his Danger.

Luc.

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there——
O Conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæſar* doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way haſt thou been?
Art. At mine own houſe, good Lady.
Por. What is't o' clock?
Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.
Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?
Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my Stand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?
Art. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.
Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm intended tow'rds him?
Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng, that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,

Will

Will crowd a feeble Man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I muſt go in—aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of Woman is! O *Brutus! Brutus!*
The Heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the Boy heard me:——*Brutus* hath a Suit,
That *Cæſar* will not grant.——O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Street before the* Capitol; *and the* Capitol *open.*

Flouriſh. Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, *and the Sooth-ſayer.*

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.
Sooth. Ay, *Cæſar*, but not gone.
Art. Hail, *Cæſar:* read this ſchedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'erread,
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.
Art. O *Cæſar*, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit,
That touches *Cæſar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What touches us our ſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
Art. Delay not, *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.
Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Caſ.

Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.
Pop. I wiſh, your enterprize to day may thrive.
Caſ. What enterprize, *Popilius?*
Pop. Fare you well.
Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena?*
Caſ. He wiſh'd, to day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to *Cæſar*; mark him.
Caſ. *Caſca*, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what ſhall be done, if this be known?
Caſſius, or *Cæſar*, never ſhall turn back;
For I will ſlay my ſelf.
Bru. *Caſſius*, be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſe;
For, look, he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.
Caſ. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber?* let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to *Cæſar*.
Bru. He is addreſt; preſs near, and ſecond him.
Cin. *Caſca*, you are the firſt that rears your hand.
Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſs?
Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Cæſar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart.
Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, *Cimber*;
Theſe couchings and theſe lowly curteſies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæſar* bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With That which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words;
Low-crooked curtſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.

(17) Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus!*

Cas. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber.*

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern Star,
Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The skies are painted with unnumbred sparks,

(17) *Know*, Cæsar *doth not wrong*,] *Ben. Jonson* in the Induction to his *Staple of News* has a Sneer upon this Passage: —— " *Cry you Mercy*, " You never did wrong but with just Cause." ——— The Words are constantly printed in a different Character, and, that they are levell'd at *Shakespeare*, is fully clear'd up by another Passage in *Ben*'s *Discoveries*, where he thus speaks of our Author: " Many times he fell into " those Things could not escape Laughter; as when he said in the Per- " son of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him, —— Cæsar, *thou dost me wrong*; " he reply'd, Cæsar *did never wrong, but with just Cause.*" —— I can't pretend to guess, for what Reason *Ben* has left this Sarcasm upon our Author; when there is no Room for it from any of the printed Copies: nor should I have thought it worth while to revive the Memory of such a Remark, had not Mr. *Pope* purposely *deviated* into a Criticism upon the Affair. There is a Sort of Fatality attends some People, when they aim at being hypercritical. " He thinks, *Ben Jonson*'s Remark was " made upon no better Credit, than some Blunder of an Actor in speak- " ing the Verse now under Debate: And, perhaps, (*says He.*) this Play " was never printed in *B. Jonson*'s Time; and so he had nothing to " judge by, but as the Actor was pleas'd to speak it." ——— I don't know how this Gentleman's Head was employ'd, when he made this profound Observation: for He could not but know, that *B. Jonson* liv'd to the Year 1637, fourteen Years before which the Players had put out their Edition of all *Shakespeare*'s genuine Plays in *Folio*. The surly *Laureat* therefore cannot stand excus'd, from any Blunder of an Actor, for wounding the Memory of a Poet; when the Absurdity, reflected on, is not to be found in his Works.

They

They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cim. O *Cæſar* ——

Cæſ. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Dec. Great *Cæſar* ——

Cæſ. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſs kneel?

Caſc. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab* Cæſar.

Cæſ. *Et tu, Brute?* —— then fall *Cæſar!* [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead ——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets ——

Caſ. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.

Caſc. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Caſſius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome Friends of *Cæſar's*
Should chance ——

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius*, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your Perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe; ſo tell them, *Publius.*

Caſ. And leave us, *Publius*, leſt that the People,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru. Do ſo; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſ. Where is *Antony?*

Tre. Fled to his Houſe amaz'd.
Men, Wives, and Children, ſtare, cry out, and run,

As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures;
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant That, and then is death a benefit.
So are we *Cæſar*'s Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. (18) Stoop, *Romans*, ſtoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, peace! freedom! and liberty!

Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh — how many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in* Cæſar's *blood.*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the Knot of us be call'd
The Men that gave their Country Liberty.

(18) *Stoop, Romans, ſtoop;*] Mr. *Pope*, in both his Editions, has, from theſe Words, arbitrarily taken away the Remainder of this Speech from *Brutus*, and placed it to *Caſca:* becauſe, he thinks, nothing is more inconſiſtent with *Brutus*'s mild and philoſophical Character. And as he often finds Speeches in the later Editions, he ſays, put into wrong Mouths; he thinks, this Liberty is not unreaſonable. 'Tis true, a diligent Editor may find many ſuch Errors committed even in the firſt printed Copies; but it has not often been Mr. *Pope*'s good Fortune to hit upon them. I dare warrant, the Printers made no Blunder in this Inſtance; and therefore I have made bold to reſtore the Speech to its right Owner. *Brutus* eſteem'd the Death of *Cæſar* a Sacrifice to Liberty: and, as ſuch, gloried in his heading the Enterprize. Beſides, our Poet is ſtrictly copying a Fact in Hiſtory. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Cæſar*, ſays, "*Brutus* and his Followers, *being yet hot with the Murther*, "march'd in a Body from the Senate-houſe to the *Capitol*, with their "*drawn Swords*, with an Air of Confidence and Aſſurance." And, in the Life of *Brutus*, — "*Brutus* and his Party betook themſelves to the "*Capitol*, and in their way *ſhewing their Hands all bloody*, and their "naked Swords, *proclaim'd Liberty* to the People."

Dec.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſ. Ay, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A Friend of *Antony*'s.
Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my Maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*
And, being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſerv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony ſhall not love *Cæſar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So ſays my Maſter *Antony*.
Bru. Thy Maſter is a wiſe and valiant *Roman*;
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know, that we ſhall have him well to friend.
Caſ. I wiſh, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.
Ant. O mighty *Cæſar!* doſt thou lye ſo low?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,

(19) Shrunk to this little meaſure? —— fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank;
If I my ſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As *Cæſar*'s death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoak,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find my ſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no meane of death,
As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony!* beg not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee, we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity;)
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar:* For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. 'Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;

(19) *Shrunk to this little meaſure?*] Perhaps, our Poet might have *Juvenal* in his View, here;

—— —— *Mors ſola fatetur,*
Quantula *ſint hominum* Corpuſcula. ——

First,

First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
Next, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caſca*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all —— alas, what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæſar*, oh, 'tis true;
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt Noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius* — here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, (20) and crimſon'd in thy death.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, ſtricken by many Princes,
Doſt thou here lye?
Caſ. *Mark Antony* ——
Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius*:
The enemies of *Cæſar* ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.
Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?

(20) *And crimſon'd in thy* Death.] All the old Copies, that I have ſeen, read, *Lethe*. The Dictionaries, indeed, acknowledge no ſuch Word: and as the *L* might have miſtakingly been form'd from an obſcure *D*, not taking the Ink equally in all Parts, I have ſuffer'd the more known Word to ſtand in the Text; tho', indeed, I am not without Suſpicion of our Poet's having either coin'd the other Term, or copied it from ſome obſolete Author, who had adopted it from the *Lethum* of the *Latines*; which, 'tis well known, was uſed for *Death*, as well as *Deſtruction*, *Ruine*, *Havock*, &c.

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,
Why, and wherein *Cæſar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or elſe this were a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You ſhall, *Mark Antony*.
Caſ. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do; do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That *Antony* ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By That which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon,
I will my ſelf into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſar*'s death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented, *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Caſ. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here take you *Cæſar*'s body:
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*;
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.
Ant. Be it ſo;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest Man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſie,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the Parts of *Italy*;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war.
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
And *Cæsar*'s Spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let slip the Dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant.*

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O *Cæsar!* [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,
(21) Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began

(21) *Seeing those* Beds *of Sorrow* ———] Thus Mr. *Pope*'s two Editions, for what Reason I know not: but I have restor'd from all the other Copies,

Began to water. Is thy Maſter coming?

Ser. He lyes to night within ſeven leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have borne this corſe
Into the Market-place: there ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæſar's *body.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and mounts the* Roſtra; Caſſius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. WE will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers:
Thoſe, that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe, that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him;
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of *Cæſar*'s death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their reaſons,
When ſev'rally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* Caſſius, *with ſome of the* Plebeians.

Copies, *Beads*; which was certainly the Poet's Word. Thus Lady *Conſtance* in King *John*;

I; with theſe cryſtal Beads *Heav'n ſhall be brib'd*
To do him Juſtice, and Revenge on You.

And ſo Lady *Percy* in the 1. *Henry* IV.

Thy Spirit within thee hath been ſo at War,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy Sleep,
That Beads *of Sweat have ſtood upon thy Brow.*

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is aſcended: ſilence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of *Cæſar*'s, to him I ſay, that *Brutus*'s love to *Cæſar* was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my Anſwer: Not that I lov'd *Cæſar* leſs, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were living, and dye all ſlaves; than that *Cæſar* were dead, to live all free-men? As *Cæſar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman?* if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his Country? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. — I pauſe for a Reply —

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. — I have done no more to *Cæſar*, than you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The queſtion of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæſar's *body*.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the ſame dagger for my ſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!
1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.
2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his Anceſtors.
3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæſar*.
4 *Pleb.* *Cæſar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.
1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe
With ſhouts and clamours.
Bru. My Countrymen ——
2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! *Brutus* ſpeaks.
1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!
Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæſar*'s corps, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to *Cæſar*'s Glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have ſpoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.
3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.
Ant. For *Brutus*' ſake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of *Brutus?*
3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for *Brutus*' ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.
1 *Pleb.* This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are bleſt, that *Rome* is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle *Romans* ——
All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
The Evil, that men do, lives after them;
The Good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with *Cæſar!* noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.

Here,

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?
When that the Poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice preſented him a kingly Crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious,
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe:
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon——bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Maſters? I fear, there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler Man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.
Ant. But yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelf and you;
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his Will;
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue.
4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony.*
All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
For if you ſhould —— O what would come of it?
4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony:*
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
(I have o'er-ſhot my ſelf, to tell you of it.)
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*. —— I do fear it.
4 *Pleb.* They were traitors —— honourable men!
All. The Will! the Teſtament!

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the Will! read the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will? Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*, And let me shew you him, that made the Will. Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony* —— most noble *Antony*

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back —— room —— bear back ——

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle; I remember, The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on, 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent, That day he overcame the *Nervii* ——— (22) Look! in this place, ran *Cassius'* dagger through; —— See, what a Rent the envious *Casca* made. ——— Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd; And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

(22) *That day he overcame the* Nervii.] This Circumstance about *Cæsar*'s Mantle, (which I presume to be purely the Poet's Invention) abstracted from the Chronology, is very pretty. Perhaps, it has not so much Propriety, as Beauty, if we consider one thing. The *Nervii* were conquer'd in the 2d Year of his *Gallish* Expedition, 17 Years before his Assassination, and 'tis hardly to be thought, that *Cæsar* preserv'd one Robe of State for so long a Period. Another Circumstance, pretty like This, we meet with in *Hamlet*; The Ghost of the Old King appearing, *Horatio*, in describing the Garb and Figure he had assum'd, says;

Such was the very Armour *he had on,*
When he th' ambitious Norway *combated.*

Now *Horatio*, being a School-fellow of young *Hamlet*, could hardly know in what Armour the Old King kill'd *Fortinbras* of *Norway*; which happen'd on the very day, whereon young *Hamlet* was born. Besides, in strictness, why should the Ghost of the Old King walk in Armour, who was murther'd in Time of Peace, sleeping in his Garden? But these Circumstances and Strokes of Fancy dress up an amusing Picture, for which the Poet, perhaps, is neither accountable to Propriety, nor Probability.

Mark,

Mark, how the blood of *Cæſar* follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no?
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſar*'s angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him;
This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the Baſe of *Pompey*'s ſtatue,
(Which all the while ran blood,) great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a Fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our *Cæſar*'s veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæſar!*

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about —— ſeek —— burn —— fire —— kill —— ſlay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen ——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him ——

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny:
They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wiſe and honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir mens blood; I only ſpeak right on.
I tell you that, which you your ſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet *Cæſar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
The ſtones of *Rome* to riſe and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny ———

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Moſt true — the Will — let's ſtay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæſar*'s ſeal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,
To ev'ry ſev'ral man, ſev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble *Cæſar!* we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæſar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On that ſide *Tiber*; he hath left them you, (23)
And

(23) *On* this *ſide* Tiber;] The Scene is here in the *Forum* near the *Capitol*, and in the moſt frequented Part of the City; but *Cæſar*'s Gardens were very remote from that Quarter.

And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Here was a *Cæſar*, when comes ſuch another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors houſes.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work; Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt! —— How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſar*'s houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him;
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar*,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſie;

Trans Tiberim *longè cubat is prope* Cæſaris hortos.
ſays *Horace*: And both the *Naumachia* and *Gardens* of *Cæſar* were ſeparated from the main City by the River; and lay out wide, on a Line with Mount *Janiculum*; where *Statius*, the Poet, was buried. Our Author therefore certainly wrote;

On that *ſide* Tiber; ——

And *Plutarch*, whom *Shakeſpeare* very diligently ſtudied, in the Life of *Marcus Brutus*, ſpeaking of *Cæſar*'s *Will*, expreſly ſays, That he left to the Publick his Gardens and Walks *beyond* the *Tiber*; where, in that Author's Time, the Temple of *Fortune* ſtood.

I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a batchelor? then to anſwer every man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly; wiſely, I ſay ——— I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæſar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is anſwered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his bad verſes.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conſpirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, firebrands:
To *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s houſe,
And ſome to *Caſca*'s, ſome to *Ligarius:* away, go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a ſmall Iſland near* Mutina. (24)

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

ANTONY.

THESE many then ſhall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too muſt die; conſent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do conſent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* ſhall not live; (25)
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot, I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s houſe;
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on errands: is it fit,

(24) SCENE, *a ſmall Iſland.*] Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope* after him, have mark'd the Scene here to be at *Rome*. The Old Copies ſay Nothing of the place. *Shakeſpeare*, I dare ſay, knew from *Plutarch*, that theſe Triumvirs met, upon the Proſcription, in a little Iſland: which *Appian*, who is more particular, ſays, lay near *Mutina* upon the River *Lavinius*.

(25) *Upon Condition*, Publius *ſhall not live.*] I don't know whom our Author means by this *Publius*. I know, that one *Publius Silicius*, as he is call'd by *Plutarch*, (and *Sicilius Coronas*, by *Dion Caſſius*;) fell under this Proſcription: but the 3 Perſons, about whom the Triumvirs had ſo particular a Squabble, were *Cicero*, whoſe Life *Antony* inſiſted on; *Paulus*, who was condemn'd by his own Brother *Lepidus*, according to ſome Accounts; and *Lucius Cæſar*, *Antony*'s Uncle by the Mother's ſide, whoſe Blood *Octavius* demanded.

The

The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prickt to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.
Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.
Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius:* and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds (26)

On

(26) *A barren-ſpirited Fellow, one that feeds*
On Objects, Arts, *and Imitations*, &c.]
'Tis hard to conceive, why He ſhould be call'd a *barren-ſpirited* Fellow, that could feed either on *Objects*, or Arts: that is, as I preſume, form his Ideas and Judgment upon them: *ſtale* and *obſolete Imitation*, indeed, fixes ſuch a Character. I am perſwaded, to make the Poet conſonant to himſelf, we muſt read, as I have reſtored the Text.
On abject Orts, ——
i. e. on the *Scraps* and *Fragments* of Things *rejected*, and *deſpiſed* by others. The Word *Orts* (which, as *Skinner* tells us, is of *Teutonic* Derivation, and ſignifies *Fragmenta, Menſæ Reliquiæ*) is not ſo much antiquated, tho' corrupted in the Pronunciation, but that Children are warn'd to this Day of leaving *Orts* on their Plate. Our Author has uſed the Word in ſeveral other Paſſages. As in *Timon of Athens*, the Thief ſays;
It is ſome poor Fragment, ſome ſlender Ort *of his Remainder:*

On abject Orts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things —— *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.
Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *before* Brutus's *Tent, in the camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, *and ſoldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. STAND, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!
Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Caſſius* near?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your maſter, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

And, in *Troilus*;
The Fractions of her Faith, Orts *of her Love*,
The Fragments, Scraps, &c.
And likewiſe in his Poem, call'd *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, Stanz. 141.
Let him have Time a Beggar's Orts *to crave.*

Bru.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius* ——
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius.* [*Low march within.*

Enter Cassius *and soldiers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them ——
Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing, but love, from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Caſ. *Pindarus*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. *Lucilius*, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of* Brutus's *Tent.*

Re-enter Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this, (27)
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man,) was ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your ſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you your ſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

(27) Caſ. *That you have wrong'd me*, &c.] This famous *Quarrelling-Scene*, which has given Riſe to ſo many Imitations, (particularly, in the *Maid*'s *Tragedy*; Mr. *Dryden*'s Alteration of *Troilus* and *Creſſida*; and in his *Don Sebaſtian*;) and which was receiv'd with ſo much Applauſe, that it is ſpoken of in one of the Preliminary Copies of Verſes to the firſt *Folio* Impreſſion of *Shakeſpeare*'s Works,

Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Than what thy half-ſword-parlying Romans *ſpake.*

Yet this Scene ſeems to me to have been ſneer'd at by the *Swordſmen* in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *King* and *no King*: As of late Years it has met with a glancing Attack, by way of Banter, in a Scene betwixt *Peachum* and *Lockit* in the *Beggar*'s Opera. — On the other hand, our *Dryden* had ſo juſt an Opinion of this fine Scene, that he has made no Scruple to prefer it to the Quarrel of *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, in the *Iphigenia* in *Aulis* of *Euripides*. " The particular Ground-work, " *ſays He*, which *Shakeſpeare* has taken, is incomparably the beſt: " becauſe he has not only choſen two of the greateſt Heroes of the " Age, but has likewiſe intereſted the Liberty of *Rome* and their own " Honours, who were the Redeemers of it, in the Debate". *Preface to* Troilus *and* Creſſida.

To

To ſell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.
Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus*, that ſpeak this;
Or, by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.
Caſ. Chaſtiſement!——
Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? what, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?——
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.
Caſ. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget your ſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your ſelf
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not *Caſſius*.
Caſ. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelf—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, ſlight man.
Caſ. Is't poſſible?——
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?
Caſ. O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
Go ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?

Muſt

Muſt I obſerve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? by the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you. For, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your Vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way — you wrong me, *Brutus*;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier; not a better.
Did I ſay, better? ———

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not! ———

Bru. No.

Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do that, I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend (28)

To

(28) *By any* Indirectneſs] This is a Change of Mr. *Pope*'s in both his Editions: for what Reaſon, I don't know. The Old Copies read, *Indirection*. It is a Word elſewhere uſed by our Poet; and Mr. *Pope* has paſs'd it quietly, in *Polonius* of *Hamlet*. *And*

To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like *Caſſius?*
Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not — he was but a fool,
That brought my anſwer back. — *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.
A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practiſe them on me. (29)

Caſ. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus.*

Caſ. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge your ſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O I could weep

And thus do We of Wiſdom and of Reach,
With Windlaces, and with Aſſays of Byaſs,
By Indirections *find* Directions *out.*

(29) *I do not*, till *you practiſe them on me.*] But, ſurely, this was a very poor Excuſe for the Philoſophick *Brutus* to make. He is accus'd for making his Friends Faults greater than they were; he replies, I do not; till they were injurious to my ſelf. Why, a Friend could have no Motive of Intereſt, or Paſſion, to aggravate a Friend's Faults, till they were directed againſt himſelf: And that was the Point, he was to juſtify himſelf upon, why he aggravated ſuch Faults: which ſurely, is an unjuſt Practice. I read therefore;

Bru. *I do not:* ſtill *you practiſe them on me.* i. e. "I deny the "Charge; and muſt tell you further, that this Charge is an Addition "to your Faults." This, if I miſtake not, gives Senſe and Propriety.

Mr. *Warburton.*

My

My ſpirit from mine eyes! —— There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt —— within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* Mine, richer than gold;
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike, as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lovd'ſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Caſ. O *Brutus!*

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

[*A noiſe within.*

Poet. within. Let me go in to ſee the Generals;
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. within. You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. within. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you Generals; what do you mean?

Love

Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.
Caſ. Ha, ha—— how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!
Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſawcy fellow, hence.
Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*

Enter Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to night.
Caſ. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.
Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears ſorrow better — *Porcia*'s dead.
Caſ. Ha! *Porcia!* ——
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: (for with her death
That tydings came) With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius*. [*Drinks.*

Caſ.

Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*'s love.
Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; — welcome, good *Meſſala*.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Oh *Porcia!* art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you. —
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.
Meſ. My ſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by Proſcription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſev'nty Senators, that dy'd
By their Proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſ. *Cicero* one? ———
Meſ. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, *Meſſala*.
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala*.
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her in yours?
Meſ. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel *Porcia* — we muſt die, *Meſſala*.
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.

Bru.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us;
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up;
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſ. Hear me, good brother——
Bru. Under your pardon. —You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends;
Our legions are brim-full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy encreaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float:
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.
Caſ. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay.
Caſ. No more; good night;——
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown; farewel, good *Meſſala*,
Good night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls;
Let it not, *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night, lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here, in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varro*, and *Claudius!* ——

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius*.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.

Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick, and a Song.*
This is a ſleepy tune —— O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick? gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
But let me ſee — is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.
[*He ſits down to read.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns! —— ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition! ——
It comes upon me —— Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Then, I ſhall ſee thee again. ——

Ghoſt. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then. ——
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! *Lucius! Varro! Claudius!* Sirs! awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he ſtill is at his inſtrument.
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord! ——

Bru. Didſt thou dream *Lucius*, that thou ſo cried'ſt out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; ſirrah, *Claudius*, fellow!

Varro! awake. (30)

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*;
Bid him ſet on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

(30) Thou! *awake*.] The Accent is ſo unmuſical and harſh, 'tis impoſſible, the Poet could begin his Verſe thus. *Brutus*, certainly, was intended to ſpeak to Both his other Men; who Both awake, and anſwer, at an inſtant. Mr. *Warburton*.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Fields of* Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered.
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo; their battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Anſwering, before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To viſit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody ſign of battel is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battel ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?
Octa. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, *and their army.*
Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.
Caſ. Stand faſt, *Titinius*, we muſt out and talk.

Octa. *Mark Antony*, ſhall we give ſign of battel?
Ant. No, *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome words.
Octa. Stir not until the ſignal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it ſo, Countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius.*
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s heart,
Crying, "long live! hail, *Cæſar!*
Caſ. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtoln their buzzing, *Antony*;
And very wiſely threat, before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar.*
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caſca*, like a cur behind,
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O flatterers!
Caſ. Flatterers! now *Brutus* thank your ſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you, that the ſword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæſar*'s three and twenty wounds (31)
Be

(31) *Three and* thirty *wounds.*] Thus all the Editions implicitly; but I have ventur'd to reduce this Number to *three* and *twenty* from the joint

Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæſar*
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.
Bru. *Cæſar*, thou can'ſt not die by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus'* ſword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy Strain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.
Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill! ——
Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.
[*Exe.* Octavius, Antony, *and army.*
Caſ. Why, now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. *Lucilius*, —— hark a word with you.
[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*
Luc. My lord. [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.
Caſ. *Meſſala*,
Meſ. What ſays my General?
Caſ. *Meſſala*,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*;
Be thou my witneſs, that againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battel all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;

joint Authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius*; and I am perſwaded, the Error was not from the Poet, but his Tranſcribers. The ſame Miſtake has happen'd in the *Noble Gentleman*, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

So Cæſar *fell, when in the Capitol*
They gave his Body two *and* thirty *Wounds.*

For here we muſt likewiſe correct, three and twenty. Perhaps, the Number might be wrote in Figures; and thoſe accidentally tranſpos'd.

And partly credit things, that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghoſt.
Meſ. Believe not ſo.
Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril, very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo, *Lucilius.*
Caſ. Now, moſt noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day ſtand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But ſince th' affairs of men reſt ſtill incertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battel, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that Philoſophy, (32)
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himſelf; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,

(32) Bru. *Ev'n by the Rule*] This Speech from *Plutarch* our *Shakeſpeare* has extremely ſoften'd in all the offenſive parts of it; as any one may ſee, who conſults the Original: And, with no leſs Caution, has omitted his famous Exclamation againſt Virtue. *O* Virtue! *I have worſhip'd Thee as a real Good; but find thee only an unſubſtantial Name.* His great Judgment in this is very remarkable, on two Accounts. Firſt; in his Caution, not to give Offence to a moral Audience; and Secondly, as he has hereby avoided a Fault, in drawing his Hero's Character. For to have had *Brutus* gone off the Stage in the manner *Plutarch* repreſents it, would have ſuppreſs'd all that Pity (eſpecially in a Chriſtian Audience;) which it was the Poet's Buſineſs to raiſe. So that, as *Shakeſpeare* has manag'd this Character, he is as perfect a one for the Stage as *Oedipus*; which the Criticks ſo much admire.
Mr. *Warburton.*

For

For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life; arming my ſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.
Caſ. Then if we loſe this battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the ſtreets of *Rome*.
Bru. No, *Caſſius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun;
And, whether we ſhall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlaſting farewel take;
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Caſſius!*
If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*; ride, and give theſe bills
Unto the legions, on the other ſide. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius'* wing;
And ſudden Puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*; let them all come down. [*Exe.*

Alarum. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
My ſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early;
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*,

Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.

Caſ. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are thoſe my Tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*

Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou note'ſt about the field.
This day I breathed firſt; time is come round;
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run its compaſs. Now, what news?

Pind. above. Oh, my lord!

Caſ. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is encloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Titinius! now ſome light —— oh, he lights too ——
He's ta'en —— and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*

Caſ. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah;
In *Parthia* did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and with this good ſword,

That

That ran through *Cæsar*'s bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword —— *Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee. — [*Kills himself.*

Pind. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my Will. Oh, *Cassius!*
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter Titinius, *and* Messala.

Mes. It is but Change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus*' power,
As *Cassius*' legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*;
But *Cassius* is no more! Oh, setting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius*' day is set;
The Sun of *Rome* is set! our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus?* where art thou, *Pindarus?*

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this sight. *Tit.*

Tit. Hye you, *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit* Meſſ.
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave *Caſſius!*
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*.
By your leave, Gods —— This is a *Roman*'s part.
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Come, *Caſſius*' ſword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?
Meſ. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius*' face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. Oh *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius!*
Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Caſſius!* ——
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, ſuch as theſe?
Thou laſt of all the *Romans!* fare thee well;
It is impoſſible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. (33) Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.

I

(33) —— *Friends, I owe more Tears*
To this dead Man.] This Paſſage (but why, I know not) ſeems twice to have been ſneer'd in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Knight* of the *burning Peſtle*. *Lucé* crying over *Jaſper*, her Sweetheart, ſuppos'd dead, ſays;

Good Friends, *depart a little, whilſt I take*
My Leave *of this* dead Man, *that once I lov'd.*

And

I ſhall find time, *Caſſius*, I ſhall find time——
Come, therefore, (34) and to *Thaſſos* ſend his body;
His funeral ſhall not be in our Camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.
Labio, and *Flavius*, ſet our battels on.
'Tis three o' clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What baſtard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my Country's friend; know me for *Brutus*.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*;
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato*'s Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.
Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not. A Noble Priſoner!

And Maſter *Humphry*, before, ſays to *Lucé*.

I care not at what Price; for, on my Word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it coſt me
More than I'll ſpeak of now.——

(34) —— *and to* Tharſus *ſend his Body*,] Thus all the Editions hitherto, very ignorantly. But the whole Tenor of Hiſtory warrants us to write, as I have reſtored the Text, *Thaſſos*.—— *Tharſos* was a Town of *Cilicia*, in *Aſia Minor*: and is it probable, *Brutus* could think of ſending *Caſſius*'s Body thither out of *Thrace*, where they were now incamp'd? *Thaſſos*, on the contrary, was a little Iſle lying cloſe upon *Thrace*, and at but a ſmall Diſtance from *Philippi*, to which the Body might very commodiouſly be tranſported. *Vid.* Plutarch, Appian, Dion Caſſius, &c.

Enter

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto *Octavius'* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the Field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. COME, poor Remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus* ——
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill my self.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius!*
Dar. I do such a deed?
Cli. Oh *Dardanius!*
Dar. Oh *Clitus!*

Cli.

Cli. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, *Clitus:* look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble Veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; liſt a word.
Vol. What ſays my Lord?
Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night; at *Sardis*, once;
And, this laſt night, here in *Philippi* fields.
I know, my hour is come.
Vol. Not ſo, my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou ſeeſt the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy to leap in our ſelves,
Than tarry, 'till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
(35) Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.—— Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have Glory by this loſing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus*' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would reſt,

(35) *Farewel to thee, to* Strato, *Countrymen*;] Thus has this Paſſage all along been abſurdly pointed, to the Praiſe of our intelligent Editors. I had corrected it long ago; but am, notwithſtanding, to make my Acknowledgments to an *anonymous* Gentleman, who, unknowingly concurr'd with me; and adviſ'd the Correction of the Pointing, as it is now reformed, by Letter.

That

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within*, fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly. ———

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in't.
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato?*

Stra. Give me your hand firſt ——— fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*; — *Cæſar*, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.

[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucilius, *and the army.*

Octa. What Man is that?

Meſ. My Maſter's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Meſſala*;
The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf;
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou haſt prov'd *Lucilius'* Saying true.

Octa. All that ſerv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala*.

Meſ. How died my Lord, *Strato?*

Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Meſ. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my Maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all:
All the Conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did That they did in envy of great *Cæſar:*
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements

So

So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world; "This was a Man!
Octa. According to his virtue, let us uſe him;
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall lye,
Moſt like a Soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to Reſt; and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy day.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ANTONY

ANTONY,

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. ANTONY.
Octavius Cæſar.
Æmilius Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo.
Friends and Followers of Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus.
Friends to Cæſar.

Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius.
Friends to Pompey.

Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæſar.

Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes.
Servants to Cleopatra.

A Soothſayer.
Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras,
Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is diſpers'd in ſeveral Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY, AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Palace at* Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'er-flows the meaſure; thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His Captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a Gypſy's luſt. Look, where they come!

Flouriſh. Enter Antony, *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

(1) Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpet's fool. Behold, and ſee.

Cleo.

(1) *Take but good Note, and you ſhall ſee in him*
The triple Pillar of the World transform'd
Into a Strumpet's Fool.] I have not diſturb'd the Text, becauſe of the Concurrence of the Copies; becauſe it is Senſe, as the Paſſage may

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?
Ant. (2) There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, my good Lord, from *Rome*.
Ant. It grates me. Tell the ſum.
Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony*.
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerful Mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that Kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
"Perform't, or elſe we damn thee. ———
Ant. How, my love?
Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and moſt like,)
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.

be commented; and becauſe our Author is ſo licentious in his Metaphors. I muſt not, however, ſtifle my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*'s Note and Emendation on it. "A *Pillar* turn'd into a *Fool?* This "is as odd a Transformation as any in all *Ovid*. But I am much in-"clin'd to think that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

The triple Pillar of the World transform'd
Into a Strumpet's Stool.

"Alluding to the common Cuſtom of Strumpets ſitting on the Laps of "their Lovers. By this Correction the Metaphor is admirably well pre-"ſerv'd, (for both Stool and Pillar are Things for Support,) and the "Contraſt in this Image is beautiful. The Supporter of the World "turn'd to the Supporter of a Strumpet. And if we may ſuppoſe, "*Shakeſpeare* had Regard, in the Uſe of this Word, to the Etymology, "it will add a Quaintneſs to the Thought not unlike his Way, nor "that of the Time he liv'd in; for *Stool* is deriv'd from Στύλος, *Co-*"*lumna*; the *Baſe* or *Pedeſtal* of a *Pillar* having always been uſed for "a *Seat*, where it was broad enough for that Purpoſe.

(2) *There's Beggary in the love, that can be reckon'd.*] So *Juliet* ſays, much to the ſame Effect, to *Romeo*.

They are but Beggars, *that can* count *their Worth.*

I will not venture to affirm theſe an Imitation from the Claſſics; but I'll quote Two Hemiſtichs that might very probably have given Riſe to our Author's Reflexion on this Topick.

Pauperis *eſt* numerare *pecus* ——— Ovid.
——— *Populus* numerabilis *utpote* parvus. Horat.

Where's

Where's *Fulvia*'s Proceſs? *Cæſar*'s? I'd ſay, both?
Call in the Meſſengers; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou bluſheſt, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s homager: elſe, ſo thy cheeks pay ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers—
Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd Empire fall! here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual Pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of puniſhment) the world to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.
Cleo. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the fool, I am not. *Antony*
Will be himſelf.
Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: what ſport to night?
Cleo. Hear the Ambaſſadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make it ſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No Meſſenger, but thine;—and all alone,
To night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt, with their Train.*
Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?
Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.
Dem. I'm ſorry,
That he approves the common liar Fame,
Who ſpeaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exe.*

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Sooth-ſayer.*

Char. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Sooth-ſayer that you prais'd ſo to th' Queen? (3) Oh! that I knew this husband, which you ſay, muſt charge his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough, *Cleopatra*'s health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *He-*

(3) *Oh, that I knew this Husband, which, you ſay, muſt* change *his Horns with Garlands.*] Changing Horns with Garlands, is ſurely, a ſenſeleſs unintelligible Phraſe. We muſt reſtore, in Oppoſition to all the printed Copies,

——— *which you ſay, muſt* charge *his Horns with Garlands.*

i. e. muſt be an honourable Cockold, muſt have his Horns hung with Garlands. *Charge* and *change* frequently uſurp each others Place in our Author's old Editions. I ought to take Notice, that Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſtarted this Emendation.

rod

rod of *Jewry* may do homage! find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. (4) Then, belike, my children shall have no names;
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. (5) If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.——

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

(4) *Then, belike, my Children shall have no Names.*] i. e. They shall be illegitimate. This will be very clearly explain'd by quoting a Passage from *The Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

Speed. Item, *she hath many* nameless *Virtues.*

Launce. *That's as much as to say,* bastard *Virtues; that, indeed, know not their Fathers, and therefore have* no Names.

(5) *If every of your Wishes had a Womb,*
And foretold *ev'ry Wish, a Million.*] *What* foretold? If the *Wishes* foretold *themselves?* This can never be genuine, however it has pass'd hitherto upon the Editors. It makes the Word *Womb* absolutely superfluous, if only the telling her Wishes beforehand would help her to the Children. The Poet certainly wrote,

If ev'ry of your Wishes had a Womb,
And fertil *ev'ry Wish,*——

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how?—give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I; where would you chuſe it?

Iras. Not in my Husband's noſe.

Char. (6) Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*,——Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune.——O, let him marry a Woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worſe; and let worſe follow worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his Grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold! good *Iſis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee!

Iras. *Amen*, dear Goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a hand-

(6) Char. *Our worſer Thoughts Heav'ns mend.*

Alex. *Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. O, let him marry a Woman*, &c.] Whoſe Fortune does *Alexas* call out to have told? But, in ſhort, This I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a Tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the Obſervation of all the Editors: eſpecially, of the ſagacious Mr. *Pope*, who has made this Declaration, *That if, throughout the Plays, had all the* Speeches *been printed without the very* Names *of the Perſons*, He believes, *one might have applyed them* with Certainty *to every Speaker*. But in how many Inſtances has Mr. *Pope*'s Want of Judgment falſified this Opinion? The Fact is evidently this. *Alexas* brings a Fortune-teller to *Iras* and *Charmian*, and ſays Himſelf, *We'll know all our Fortunes*. Well; the Soothſayer begins with the Women; and ſome Joaks paſs upon the Subject of Husbands and Chaſtity: After which, the Women, hoping for the Satisfaction of having ſomething to laugh at in *Alexas*'s Fortune, call to him to hold out his Hand, and wiſh heartily he may have the Prognoſtication of Cuckoldom upon him. The whole Speech, therefore, muſt be plac'd to *Charmian*, thus:

Char. *Our worſer Thoughts Heav'n mend!* Alexas,—— *come, his Fortune; his Fortune:* &c.

There needs no ſtronger Proof of This being a true Correction, than the Obſervation which *Alexas* immediately ſubjoins on their Wiſhes and Zeal to hear him abuſed.

Alex. *Lo, now! if it lay in their Hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themſelves Whores but they'd do it.*

I propos'd this Tranſpoſition in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*. and Mr. *Pope*, notwithſtanding his firſt *infallible* Opinion, has acceded to it in his laſt Edition of our Poet.

ſome

ſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. *Amen!*

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh! here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden
A *Roman* thought hath ſtruck him. *Enobarbus*, —

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas?*

Alex. Here at your ſervice, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Meſ. *Fulvia* thy Wife firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius?*

Meſ. Ay, but ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*:
Whoſe better iſſue in the war from *Italy*,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt?

Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward; on. —
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear, as if he flatter'd.

Meſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, extended *Aſia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner ſhook,

From

From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilſt——
Ant. *Antony*, thou wouldſt ſay——
Meſ. Oh, my Lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lye ſtill; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.
Meſ. At your noble pleaſure.
Ant. From *Sicyon*, how the news? ſpeak there.
Meſ. The Man from *Sicyon*, is there ſuch an one?
[*Exit firſt Meſſenger.*
Attend. He ſtays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear;
Theſe ſtrong *Ægyptian* fetters I muſt break,
Or loſe my ſelf in dotage. What are you?

Enter another Meſſenger, with a Letter.

2 *Meſ.* *Fulvia* thy Wife is dead.
Ant. Where died ſhe?
2 *Meſ.* In *Sicyon*.
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
Ant. Forbear me.—— [*Exit ſecond Meſſenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! thus did I deſire it.
(7) What our Contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelf; ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.

(7) *What our Contempts do often hurl from us,*
We wiſh it ours again;] If This be not Imitation, it is certainly ſuch a Reſemblance of *Horace*, as would be determin'd Imitation from a Pen of known and acknowledg'd Learning.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam *ex oculis* quærimus invidi. Lib. III. Ode 24.

I muſt from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus?*

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our Women. We ſee, how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, Death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her; ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears: they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, ſhe makes a ſhow'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia?*

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful ſacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhews to man the tailor of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more

more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with conſolation; your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat, and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs, ſhe hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; eſpecially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers: let our Officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak t'us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the Dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlipp'ry People,
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
'Till his deſerts are paſt,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his Dignities
Upon his Son; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main Soldier; whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
(8) Which, like the Courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And

(8) *Which, like the Courſer's hair,* &c.] This alludes to an old Opinion, which obtain'd among the Vulgar, but which was too abſurd to have the Sanction either of Philoſophers or Natural Hiſtorians, that the Hair of a Horſe in corrupted Water would take Life, and become an Animal. Perhaps, I may have met with our Author's Oracle for this abſurd Opinion. *Holingshead*, in his Deſcription of *England*, Vol. I. p. 224, has this Remark. "I might finally tell you how that in fen-"ny Rivers Sides if you cut a Turf, and lay it with the Graſs down-"wards upon the Earth, in ſuch ſort as the Water may touch it as it "paſſeth by, you ſhall have a Brood of Eels; it would ſeem a Won-"der, and yet it is believ'd with no leſs Aſſurance of ſome, than *That* "*an Horſe-hair, laid in a Pail full of the like Water, will in a ſhort* "*time ſtir and become a living Creature.* But ſith the Certainty of "theſe Things is rather prov'd by Few, than the Certainty of them "known

And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not ſee him ſince.
Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he do's. ——
I did not ſend you: — If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report,
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teacheſt, like a fool: the way to loſe him.
Char. Tempt him not ſo, too far. I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate That, which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.
Cleo. I'm ſick, and ſullen.
Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.
Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
[*Seeming to faint.*
Will not ſuſtain it.
Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen,——
Cleo. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd Woman? you may go;

" known to many, I let it paſs at this Time." —— *Shakeſpeare*, as a Poet, had nothing to do with the Truth of the Experiment, ſo he could furniſh out a fine *Simily* from the receiv'd Tradition.

'Would

'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.
Ant. The Gods best know, ———
Cleo. Oh, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. *Cleopatra*, ———
Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia?* riotous madness,
To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet Queen, ———
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your Going.
But bid farewel, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no Going, then; —
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows bent, none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady?
Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know,
There were a heart in *Ægypt.*
Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in Use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his Approaches to the Port of *Rome.*
Equality of two domestick Pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's Honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n
Upon the present State, whose numbers threaten;
And Quietness, grown sick of Rest, would purge

By

By any desperate change. My more particular, (9)
And That which most with you should salve my Going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
Look here, and at thy soveraign leisure read
The garboyls she awak'd; at the last, best.
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill (10)
With

(9) ——— *My more particular,*
And that which most with you should save *my Going,*
Is Fulvia's *Death.*]

Thus all the more modern Editions: the 1st and 2d *Folio*'s read, *safe:* All corruptedly. *Antony* is giving several reasons to *Cleopatra*, which make his Departure from *Ægypt* absolutely necessary; most of them, reasons of State; but the Death of *Fulvia*, his Wife, was a particular and private Call, which demanded his Presence in *Italy*. But the printed Copies would rather make us believe, that *Fulvia*'s Death should prevent, or save him the Trouble of going. The Text, in this respect, I dare engage, runs counter to its Master's Meaning. *Cleopatra* is jealous of *Antony*'s Absence; and suspicious that he is seeking Colours for his Going. *Antony* replies to her Doubts, with the Reasons that obliged him to be absent for a Time; and tells her, that, as his Wife *Fulvia* is dead, and so she has no Rival to be jealous of, that Circumstance should be his best Plea and Excuse, and have the greatest Weight with her for his Going. Who does not see now, that it ought to be read as I have reform'd the Text?

——— *My more particular,*
And That which most with you should salve *my Going,*
Is Fulvia's *Death.*

So, before in *Coriolanus.*

Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve *so*
Not what is dang'rous present, but the Loss
Of what is past.

(10) *Where be the* sacred Vials *thou should'st fill*
With sorrowful Water?]

This is one pregnant Instance of *Shakespeare*'s Acquaintance with Antiquity. He plainly hints here at the *Lacrymatories* in use amongst the *Greeks* and *Romans*. And there is another Instance afterwards, no less pregnant, in this very Play;

I'll humbly signify what in his Name,
That magical Word *of War, we have effected.*

Nothing

With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens *Nilus*' ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.
Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well, ——
So, *Antony* loves.
Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and ſay, the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by my ſword ——
Cleo. And target — Still he mends:
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Nothing can give one a truer Idea of what the *Romans* meant by their *Auſpicium Ducis*, than this *magical Word* of War: for they did indeed believe there was a kind of Magick in it, as we may ſee by all their Hiſtorians. Mr. *Warburton*.

To theſe *Lacrymatories* above mention'd, I obſerve, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have likewiſe alluded in a Dirge in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*.

Our Dole more deadly looks than dying,
Balms, and Gums, and heavy Cheers,
Sacred Vials *fill'd with* Tears,
And Clamours thro' the wild Air flying.

Theſe *Ampullæ Lacrymales* are mention'd by *Licetus* in his Book *De Lucernis Antiquorum reconditis*; and I have ſeen of Them myſelf among the Curioſities of my late learned and honour'd Friend, Dr. *Woodward*.

Cleo.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part; (but that's not it,)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) ſomething it is, I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs it ſelf.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart;
As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit lawrell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go: come,
Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæſar *reading a letter*, Lepidus, *and attendants.*

Cæſ. YOU may ſee, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſar*'s natural vice to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchſafe to think that he had Partners.
You ſhall find there a man, who is the abſtract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem (as the ſpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackneſs;) hereditary,
Rather than purchaſt; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.

Cæſ. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a Kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay, this becomes him;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the drineſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his Sport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own State, and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar:* to the Ports
The Diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs;

It hath been taught us from the primal State, (11)
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, untill he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide, (12)
To rot it ſelf with motion.

Meſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous Pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the Borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompey*'s name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails; — When thou once

(11) *It hath been taught us from the primal State,*
That He, which is, was wiſh'd until he were:
And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth Love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*]

Let us examine the Senſe of this in plain Proſe. "The earlieſt Hiſto-
"ries inform us, that the Man in ſupreme Command was always
"wiſh'd to gain that Command, till he had obtain'd it. And he,
"whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low Condition, when
"he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be *fear'd* by them".
But do the Multitude fear a Man, becauſe they want him? Certainly,
we muſt read;

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a Favourite to them. Beſides, the Context requires this Reading; for it was not Fear, but Love, that made the People flock to Young *Pompey*, and that occaſion'd this Reflexion. Mr. *Warburton.*

(12) *Goes to, and back,* laſhing *the varying Tide,*
To rot itſelf with Motion.]

How can a Flag, or Ruſh, floating upon a Stream, and that has no Motion but what the Fluctuation of the Water gives it, be ſaid to laſh the Tide? This is making a Scourge of a weak ineffective Thing, and giving it an active Violence in its own power. All the old Editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no Senſe in that Reading; but the Addition of a ſingle Letter will not only give us good Senſe, but the genuine Word of our Author into the Bargain.

——— ——— Lackying *the varying Tide,*

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the Variation of the Tide, like a Page, or *Lacquey*, at his Maſter's Heels.

Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy Palate then did
deign
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge:
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now,)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew our ſelves i'th' field; and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To front this preſent time.

Cæſ. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord:
What you ſhall know mean time of Stirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.

Cæſ. Doubt it not, Sir, I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. CHarmian,——
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha——— give me to drink *Mandragoras.*
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon.———
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,——
Mar. What's your Highneſs' pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Haſt thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.
Cleo. Oh, *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe, to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, horſe; for, wot'ſt thou, whom thou
mov'ſt?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, "where's my ſerpent of old *Nile*?"—
(For ſo he calls me;) Now I feed my ſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon. "Think on me,
"That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
"And wrinkled deep in time." Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was

A morſel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Soveraign of *Ægypt*, hail!

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*
Yet coming from him, That great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony?*

Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl. — His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* ſends
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot, (13)
To mend the petty Preſent, I will piece
Her opulent Throne with Kingdoms. All the eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs. So, he nodded;
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have
ſpoke, (14)

(13) ——— ——— *At whoſe Foot,*
To mend the petty Preſent, I will piece
Her opulent Throne with Kingdoms.]

At whoſe Foot has relation neither to *Cleopatra*, nor her Throne: but means, that *in ſequel* of the Preſent ſent, he would *ſecond* it with a richer. We have a ſimilar Expreſſion in the next *Act.*

——— ——— *I muſt thank him only,*
Leaſt my Remembrance ſuffer ill Report;
At heel of That *defy him.*

(14) *Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke*
Was beaſtly dumb *by him.*]

Alexas means, the Horſe made ſuch a neighing, that if he had ſpoke, he cou'd not have been heard. I ſuſpect, the Poet wrote;

Was beaſtly dumb'd *by him.*

i. e. put to Silence. It is very uſual, as I have obſerv'd, with *Shakeſpeare*, to coin *Verbs* out of *Adjectives*. So in *Pericles*, a Play attributed to our Author,

Deep Clerks ſhe dumbs.

In like manner, in K. *Richard* II.

My Death's ſad Tale may yet undeaf *his Ear.*

Was

Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he ſad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' extreams
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad, nor merry.
Cleo. Oh well-divided diſpoſition!
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him;
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian.*
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh that brave *Cæſar!*
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave *Antony*.
Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.
Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My ſallad days! (15)

When

(15) ——————*My ſallad Days!*
When I was green in Judgment, cold in blood!]
Cleopatra may ſpeak very naturally here with Contempt of her Judgment at that Period, but how truly with Regard to the Coldneſs of her Blood, may admit ſome Queſtion. *Cæſar* went into *Ægypt* in purſuit of *Pompey*, and had his Affair with *Cleopatra* in the Year U. C. 705. *Antony* and *Cleopatra* kill themſelves in the Year 723, and ſhe was then enter'd into her 39th Year: ſo that deducting 18

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then, — But come away,
Get me ink and paper;
He ſhall have every day ſeveral greetings, or I'll unpeople *Ægypt*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *SICILY.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates *and* Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. While we are ſuitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.

Years from her Demiſe to the Time of her Amour with *Cæſar*, we ſhall find her then full 20 Years old. If an *Ægyptian* could at thoſe Years have reaſon to complain of Coldneſs of Blood, ſhe muſt have a very particular Conſtitution. I muſt obſerve, however, in behalf of our Poet, that he has the Authority of *Plutarch* to bear him out, who ſpeaking, in the Life of *Mark Antony*, of her Amour with *Cæſar* and young *Pompey*, uſes this Expreſſion; Ἐκεῖνοι μὲν γὰρ αὐτὴν ἔτι Κ'ΟΗΝ καὶ πραγμάτων ἄπειρον ἔγνωσαν. I know very well the Latitude, and various ſignifications, in which the *Greeks* us'd the Word κόρη: and therefore becauſe our Author poſſibly might not have dealt with *Plutarch* in the Original, I'll ſubjoin the Verſion of this Paſſage from the old *Engliſh* Edition publiſh'd in *Shakeſpeare*'s Time. *For* Cæſar *and* Pompey *knew her when ſhe was but a* Young Thing, *and knew not then what the World meant: but now ſhe went to* Antonius *at the* Age *when a Woman's* Beauty *is at the* Prime, *and ſhe alſo of beſt Judgment.*

Men.

Men. We, ignorant of our ſelves, (16)
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe Powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My Pow'r's a Creſcent, and my auguring hope (17)
Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cæſar* gets mony, where
He loſes hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.

(16) ——— ——— *We, ign'rant of our ſelves,*
Beg often our own Harms, which the wiſe Pow'rs
Deny us for our Good.]
If this be not an Imitation of the following incomparable Lines of *Juvenal*, they breathe ſo much of the ſame Spirit and Energy, as if the Soul of the *Roman* Satyriſt had been transfus'd into our Poet.

——— *Quid enim Ratione timemus,*
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti?
Evertere domus totas optantibus ipſis
Dii faciles ———
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dî.
Carior eſt illis homo, quàm ſibi. Nos animorum
Impulſu, & cæcâ magnâque Cupidine ducti, &c. Sat. X.

(17) *My* Powers are *creſcent, and my auguring Hope*
Says it *will come to th' full*]
Thus the Editors implicitly one after another, with very peculiar Indolence. If one might ask them a Queſtion in Grammar, what does the Relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *Senſe* relate to *Hope*, nor in *Concord* to *Powers*. It is evident beyond a Doubt, that the Poet's Alluſion is to the *Moon*: and that *Pompey* would ſay, He is yet but a half-Moon, or *Creſcent*; but his Hopes tell him, that Creſcent will come to a *full* Orb. To this Effect, therefore, I have ventur'd to reform the Text. The Poet uſes the Word again in *Midſummer Night's* Dream.

Moon. *This Lanthorn doth the* horned Moon *preſent.*
Dem. *He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.*
Theſ. *He is no* Creſcent, *and his horns are inviſible within the* Circumference.

Mene.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony:* but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſawce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulneſs ———

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius?*

Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous Surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear (18)
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring

(18) ——— *But let us rear*
The higher our Opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the Lap of Ægypt's *Widow pluck*
The near *luſt-wearied* Antony.]

Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing that *Antony* is every hour expected in *Rome*, does not much reliſh the News. He is twice the Soldier, (*ſays He*,) that *Octavius* and *Lepidus* are; and I did not think, the petty War, which I am raiſing, would rouze him from his Amours in *Ægypt*. —— But why ſhould *Pompey* hold a higher Opinion of his own Expedition, becauſe it awak'd *Antony* to Arms, who was *near* weary, *almoſt* ſurfeited, of laſcivious Pleaſures? Indolent and ſtupid Editors, that can diſpenſe with Words without ever weighing the Reaſon of them! How eaſie is the Change to the true Reading!

The ne'er *luſt-wearied* Antony.

If *Antony*, tho' *never* tired of Luxury, yet mov'd from that Charm, upon *Pompey*'s Stirring, it was a Reaſon for *Pompey* to pride himſelf upon being of ſuch Conſequence. I made this Emendation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to correct his laſt Edition accordingly.

Can

Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er-luſt-wearied *Antony*.
Men. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Antony* ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.
Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant, they ſhould ſquare between themſelves;
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords; but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't, as our Gods will hav't! it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, t'entreat your Captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer, like himſelf; if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæſar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhav't to day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæſar.*

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia* ——
Hark, *Ventidius.*
Cæſ. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa.*
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble Partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,)
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flouriſh.*
Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome.*
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit, Sir.
Cæſ. Nay, then —
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concern you not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my ſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' world: More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?
Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt:* yet if you there
Did practiſe on my State, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ.

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. (19) Your Wife and Brother
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs: my Brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It muſt not be with this.
Cæſ. You praiſe your ſelf,
By laying defects of Judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuſes.
Ant. Not ſo, not ſo;
I know, you could not lack, (I'm certain on't,)
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her ſpirit in ſuch another;
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſie; but not ſuch a Wife.
Eno. Would, we had all ſuch Wives, that the Men might go to wars with the Women!

(19) ——— ——— *Your Wife and Brother*
Made Wars upon me, and their Conteſtation
Was theam *for you, you were the Word of War.*] The only Meaning of This can be, that the War, which *Antony*'s Wife and Brother made upon *Cæſar*, was *Theam* for *Antony* too to make War; or was the Occaſion why he did make War. But This is directly contrary to the Context, which ſhews, *Antony* did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the Poet wrote;
——— *and their Conteſtation*
Was theam'd *for You;*
i. e. The Pretence of their War was on your Account, they took up Arms in your Name, and You were made the Theam and Subject of their Inſurrection. Mr. *Warburton.*

Ant.

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæſar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: For That you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When, rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but, next day,
I told him of my ſelf; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæſar*.——

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him ſpeak;
The Honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing, that I lackt it: but on, *Cæſar*,
The article of my oath ———

Cæſ. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather:
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you. But mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my Greatneſs; nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;
For which my ſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the preſent Need

Speaks

Speaks to attone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas.*

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of *Pompey*, return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. (20) Thou art a Soldier only; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then: your conſiderate ſtone.——

Cæſ. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Speak, *Agrippa.*

Agr. Thou haſt a Siſter by the Mother's ſide,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*;
(21) If *Cleopatra* heard you, your Approof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

(20) *Thou art a Soldier, only ſpeak no more.*] I think, the Tranſpoſition of the *Comma* here is abſolutely neceſſary, becauſe the Remove will give a Senſe which the Context ſeems to require. The Argument betwixt *Antony* and *Cæſar* turns upon high Matters of State; and *Enobarbus* buſily interpoſing with his blunt Reflections, *Antony* checks him, and would ſay, Don't you pretend to mix your Counſel in theſe Affairs, that are only a Soldier, and Action all your Talent.

(21) *If* Cleopatra *heard You, your* proof were
Well deſerved *of Raſhneſs.*] But was *Agrippa*'s barely ſaying, that *Antony* was a Widower, any *Proof* that he was ſo? Beſides, will *Well deſerved of Raſhneſs* run as the initial Part of a Verſe, in Mr. *Pope*'s Ear? If ſo, Emphaſis and Cadence are tuned peculiarly, to his Service. I make no Scruple to reſtore,

If Cleopatra *heard You, your* Approof
Were well deſerv'd *of Raſhneſs.*

I have in a former Note juſtified our Author's Uſage of this Word, *Approof*, i. e. *Allowance, admitting.* And ſo the *French* uſe their *approuver*; i. e. *gréer, trouver bon.*

Ant.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæsar*, let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose Beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak?
Cæs. Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would say, "*Agrippa*, be it so,")
To make this good?
Cæs. The Power of *Cæsar*, and
His Power unto *Octavia*.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace: and from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To joyn our Kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen.
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great

Of

Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defie him.
Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. Where lyes he?
Cæſ. About the Mount *Miſenum*.
Ant. What is his ſtrength by Land?
Cæſ. Great, and increaſing: but by Sea
He is an abſolute Maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would, we had ſpoke together! haſte we for it;
Yet, ere we put our ſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my Siſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.
Lep. Noble *Antony*, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.
Eno. Half the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas!* my honourable friend *Agrippa!* ——
Agr. Good *Enobarbus!*
Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted: you ſtay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.
Eno. Ay, Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there; —— Is this true?
Eno. This was but as a flie by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.
Mec. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.
Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There she appear'd, indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;
The Barge she sat in, like a burnish'd Throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The Winds were love-sick with 'em; th' oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lye
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
(22) O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony!*

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many Mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their Bends adornings. At the helm,
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge

(22) *O'erpicturing that* Venus, *where we see*
The Fancy outwork Nature.] The Poet seems here to be alluding to that fine Picture of *Venus* done by *Apelles*; the Beauty and Limbs of which, 'tis said, he copied from *Campaspe*, his beloved Mistress, whom he received at the hands of *Alexander* the Great. This celebrated Piece of his was call'd Ἀφροδίτη ἀναδυομένη, Venus *rising out of the Sea*: to which *Ovid* has paid so fine a Compliment in his third Book on The *Art of Love.*

Si Venerem Cous *nunquàm posuisset* Apelles,
Mersa sub æquoreis Illa lateret aquis.

Our Poet, speaking of a Sculpture of *Diana* and her *Nymphs* bathing, expresses himself with the same kind of *Hyperbole* as he does here concerning the Picture of *Venus*:

——— ——— *never saw I Figures*
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, outwent her,
Motion and Breath left out. Cymbeline.

A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The City caſt
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian!*

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* Woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!
She made great *Cæſar* lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* muſt leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.

Mec. (23) If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bleſt allott'ry to him.

Agr.

(23) *If Beauty, Wiſdom, Modeſty, can ſettle*
The Heart of Antony, Octavia *is*
A bleſſed Lottery *to him.*] Methinks, it is a very indifferent Compliment in *Mecænas* to call *Octavia* a *Lottery*, as if She might turn up *blank*, as well as prove a *Prize* to *Antony*. Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly

Agr. Let us go.
Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare, but That to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good night, dear Lady.
Octa. Good night, Sir.
Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and* Octavia.

Enter Soothſayer.

Ant. Now, ſirrah! do you wiſh your ſelf in *Ægypt?*
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reaſon?
Sooth. (24) I ſee it in my Notion, have it not in my Tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant.

niouſly conjectur'd, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd the Text: there being as much Difference between *Lottery* and *Allottery*, as between a preſent Deſignation and a future Chance. Our Poet has uſed the Word, again, in his *As You like it.*

——— *therefore allow me ſuch Exerciſes as may become a Gentleman, or give me the poor* Allottery *my Father left me by Teſtament: with That I will go buy my Fortunes.*

(24) *I ſee it in my* Motion, *have it not in my Tongue*] What *Motion?* I can trace no Senſe in this Word here, unleſs the Author were alluding to that *Agitation* of the *Divinity*, which Diviners pretend to when the Fit of Foretelling is upon them; but then, I think verily, he would have wrote. *Emotion.* I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* meant that the Soothſayer ſhould ſay, he ſaw a Reaſon in his *Thought* or *Opinion*, tho' he gave that Thought or Opinion no Utterance. So *Hamlet* ſays to *Horatio* and the Watch, when he enjoyns them to Secrecy about his Father's Apparition;

Give

Ant. Say to me, whoſe fortune ſhall riſe higher,
Cæſar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæſar's. —— Therefore, oh *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide.

(25) Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæſar*'s is not. But, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.—
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou'rt ſure to loſe: and of that natural luck,

Give it an Underſtanding, *but no* Tongue.
And *Notion* is a Word which our Author frequently chuſes, to expreſs the *mental* Faculties.

Does Lear *walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his Eyes?*
Either his Notion *weakens, his Diſcernings*
Are lethargied, &c. *K.* Lear.

—— *Your Judgments, my grave Lords,*
Muſt give this Curr the Lye; and his own Notion,
Who wears my Stripes impreſs'd upon him, &c. Coriolanus.

—— *And all Things elſe, that might*
To half a Soul, and to a Notion *craz'd,*
Say, Thus did Banquo. Macbeth.

Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken Notion. Othello.

(25) *Thy* Dæmon] *Shakeſpeare* calls That *Dæmon* in one Line, which he calls *Angel* in another: and This, I conceive, not accidentally, but knowingly. It is to be obſerv'd, that the antient *Greek* Authors always uſed the Word *Dæmon* in the Senſe of *God*, *Demi-god*, or *celeſtial Being*; and that it had not the Signification of *Devil*, *malignant* or *infernal Being*, 'till after the Time of Chriſtianity. Since that Period, it has been uſed for Both; but by the Chriſtian Writers moſt commonly in the latter Senſe. This is the Reaſon, why *Apuleius* intitled one of his Tracts *De* Deô *Socratis*, and not, as it ſhould have been more claſſically, *De* Dæmoniô *Socratis*; when the Queſtion in the Book was whether a *Dæmon*, i. e. an inferior or Demi-god did not attend that Philoſopher; which he determines in the Affirmative. For had he done That, the Word *Dæmon* being become, ſince the preaching of the Goſpel, ſo odious, *Socrates* would have been eſteem'd a *Dæmoniac*, or One poſſeſs'd with an *Evil Spirit*. Mr. *Warburton*.

He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him.

[*Exit* Sooth.

He ſhall to *Parthia*;—— be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our Sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battel ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quailes ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to *Parthia*, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receive't. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your ſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your Soldiers' dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewel.

Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' Mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good ſucceſs.

Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. GIVE me ſome muſick: muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.——
Omnes. The muſick, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, *Charmian.*
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*
Cleo. As well a Woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a Woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
Mar. As well as I can, Madam.
Cleo. And when good will is ſhew'd, tho't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſh; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And ſay, ah ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your Diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time! —oh times!——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, (26) whilſt
I wore his ſword *Philippan.* Oh, from *Italy*;——

Enter

(26) ——— ——— ——— *whilſt*

I wore his Sword Philippan.] We are not to ſuppoſe, nor is there any Warrant from Hiſtory, that *Antony* had any particular Sword ſo call'd. The dignifying Weapons, in this Sort, is a Cuſtom of much more recent Date. This therefore ſeems a Compliment *à poſteriori.* We

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam! Madam!——
Cleo. *Antony*'s dead?——
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy Miſtreſs:
But well and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs: a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.
Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſ. Good Madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? if not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.
Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet if thou ſay, *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Meſ. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well ſaid.

find *Antony* afterwards, in this Play, boaſting of his own Proweſs at *Philippi*.

Ant. *Yes, my Lord, yes; he at* Philippi *kept*
His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; *&c.*

That was the greateſt Action of *Antony*'s Life; and therefore This ſeems a fine Piece of Flattery, intimating, that his Sword ought to be denominated from that illuſtrious Battle, in the ſame manner as modern Heroes in Romance are made to give their Swords pompous Names.

Meſ.

Meſ. And friends with *Cæſar.*
Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt man.
Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Meſ. But yet, Madam ——
Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it do's allay
The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*;
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and thou ſay'ſt, free.
Meſ. (27) Free, Madam! no: I made no ſuch Report.
He's bound unto *Octavia.*
Cleo. For what good turn?
Meſ. For the beſt turn i'th' bed.
Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian.*
Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Meſ. Good Madam, patience.
Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence, horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

(27) *Free, Madam! no; I have made no ſuch* Sport.] I don't know how to account for this odd Piece of Negligence in Mr. *Pope.* 'Tis true, this is the Reading in Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition: and there are many Inſtances to ſuſpect, that he implicitly follow'd the Steps of that Editor, without collating the Copies of better Authority. The elder *Folio*'s both read plainly, as I have reform'd the Text.

Meſ.

Meſ. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*

Meſ. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good Madam, keep your ſelf within your ſelf,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt—
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than my ſelf: ſince I my ſelf
Have given my ſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious meſſage
An Hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.

Meſ. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If you again ſay, *Yes.*

Meſ. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there ſtill?

Meſ. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didſt;
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! go get thee hence,
Hadſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly: he is married?——

Meſ. I crave your Highneſs' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?——

Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,

Seems

Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt ſure of! — Get thee hence,
The merchandiſes, thou haſt brought from *Rome*,
Are all too dear for me:
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Meſ.*

Char. Good your Highneſs, patience.

Cleo. In praiſing *Antony*, I have diſprais'd *Cæſar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian* —— 'tis no matter. ——
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly, —
Let him for ever go — let him not, *Charmian*;
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But ſpeak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Coaſt of* Italy, *near* Miſenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas, *at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another*, Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. YOUR hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.

Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.

Pom.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,)
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? and what
Made Thee, all-honour'd, honeſt *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, (28) but that they would
Have One man, but a man? And That is it,
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whoſe burthen
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpiteful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble Father.

Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land, thou know'ſt,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my Father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

(28) ——————— *but that they would*
Have but one *Man a Man?*] What! were the Conſpirators preſum'd to have kill'd *Cæſar*, becauſe they would have *but one* Man a Man? What Mock-reaſoning is this? If they would have but one Man a Man (*i. e.* a Man κατ' ἐξοχὴν, eminent above, and overtopping all others;) it was the Height of *Cæſar*'s Ambition to be ſuch a One, and therefore They ſhould rather have let him live. We find *Caſſius* complaining to *Brutus* of this aſpiring Spirit, theſe Aims at Supremacy, in *Cæſar*.

When could they ſay till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walls encompaſs'd but ONE *Man?*

Sure, I think, I pointed out before to Mr. *Pope*, in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, the true Reading of this Paſſage, from the two elder *Folio*'s, would he but have embraced it.

——————— *but that they would*
Have One Man but *a Man?*

i. e. They would have no One aim at arbitrary Power, and a Degree of Preheminence above the reſt. What did they kill *Cæſar* for, but to prevent his aſpiring above his Fellow Countrymen?

Lep.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.
Cæſ. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of Pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to *Rome:* this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to ſome impatience.—— Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i'th' Eaſt are ſoft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither:
For I've gain'd by it.
Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard fortune caſts upon my face;
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope ſo, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave, our compoſition may be written

And

And ſeal'd between us.
Cæſ. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.
Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But, firſt or laſt, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæſar*
Grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried——
Eno. No more of that: he did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæſar* in a mattreſs.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou, Soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four Feaſts are toward.
Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much.
As I have ſaid you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?
All. Shew's the way, Sir.
Pom. Come. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* Enob. *and* Menas.
Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this Treaty.
You and I have known, Sir.
Eno. At ſea, I think,
Men. We have, Sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.

Men.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-ſervice; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No ſlander, —— they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Eno. *Cæſar*'s Siſter is call'd *Octavia.*

Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Eno. But now ſhe is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius.*

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not propheſie ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band, that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony.* He will to his *Ægyptian* Diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance.

riance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is. He married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *on Board* Pompey's *Galley.*

Muſick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* HERE they'll be, man: ſome o'their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser. Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' Drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' *Nile*
By certain ſcale, i'th' pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow. The higher *Nilus* ſwells,
The more it promiſes; as it ebbs, the Seedſman

Upon

Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your ſerpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun; ſo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sirrah, ſome wine! a health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolomy*'s Pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, Captain,
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. Forbear me, 'till anon. [*Whiſpers.*
This wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like it ſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? be jolly, Lords.
Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, 'fore you ſink.
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's twice.
Pom. How ſhall that be?
Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?
Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the Cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove:*
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way.
Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors,
Are in thy Veſſel. Let me cut the cable:
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good ſervice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it: repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.
Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.
Ant. Bear him aſhoar, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.
Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.
Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.
Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, *Menas.* ——
[*Pointing to* Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man! ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would, it were all, That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* Feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the veſſels, hoa. Here is to *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. I could well forbear it;
It's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer; but I had rather faſt from all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, ſhall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our Drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe.*

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick,
The while I'll place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing:
(29) The Holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.
[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

(29) *The Holding ev'ry Man ſhall* beat *as loud,*
As his ſtrong Sides can volly.] A Boy is deſign'd here to ſing a Song, and all the Company are to join in the Burthen, which the Poet ſtyles, the Holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *Sides?* If they were, at a certain Part of the Tune, either to have clap'd their Hands, or ſtamp'd with their Feet, I ſhould have underſtood this as *Beating.* I am perſuaded, the Poet wrote:

The Holding ev'ry Man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong Sides can volly.

The Breaſt and *Sides* are immediately concern'd in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a Man can. So, at the Huntſman's Song, in *As You like it,* we find inſerted by way of marginal Direction, *The reſt ſhall* bear *this* Burthen.

The SONG.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus *with pink eyne,*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more? *Pompey*, good night. Good Brother,
Let me requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the ſhoar.

Ant. And ſhall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. (30) Oh, *Antony*, you have my Father's houſe.
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Eno.

(30) *O* Antony, *you* hate *my Father's houſe*;
But, what! we're Friends.] This is a Reading of Mr. *Pope's*, as I conceive, *ex plenitudine ſuæ poteſtatis*; for None of the Copies, that I have ſeen, lend it any Sanction. He imagines, it muſt be *hate*, I preſume, becauſe That is a Contraſt to *Friends* in the enſueing Verſe. But I'll be bold to ſay, This is perverting our Author's Meaning. *Pompey* regretted at *Antony*'s living in his Father's Houſe: and retorts upon him for it, in a foregoing Scene.

Pomp. —— —— *at Land, indeed,*
Thou do'ſt o'ercount me of my Father's Houſe:
But ſince the Cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't as Thou may'ſt.

Our Poet is alluding to a Witticiſm of young *Pompey*'s, which has deſerv'd the Notice of many of the Claſſics. Some Readers may not be diſpleas'd to have the Fact ſet in a full Light. We are to remember, there was a Street in old *Rome* call'd CARINÆ; (or *Galley*-ſtreet, as we might term it;) it is mention'd by *Virgil* in his 8th *Æneid*:

—— *paſſimque armenta videbant*
Romanoque *Foro, & lautis mugire* Carinis. v. 360.

And it is likewiſe mention'd by *Horace* in his Epiſtles;

—— *atque*

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas.*
Men. I'll not on ſhoar.
No, to my cabin ——— theſe drums!
Theſe trumpets, flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo, ſays 'a! there's my cap.
Men. Hoa! —— noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

——— *atque Foro nimiùm diſtare Carinas*
Jam grandis natu queritur. Lib. I. Ep. 7.

It lay in a Quarter of *Rome*, betwixt Mount *Eſquilin* and *Porta Capena*. For by a Paſſage in *Titus Livius* (as Monſ. *Dacier* has obſerv'd;) it is manifeſt, if you enter'd the City at *Porta Capena*, you muſt go thro' *Carinæ* before you could came to the *Eſquiline* Quarter. ——— Fulvius Flaccus *Portâ* Capenâ *cum Exercitu* Romam *ingreſſus, mediâ urbe per* CARINAS Eſquilias *contendit*. The Houſes there, as *Servius* tells us, were built in Reſemblance of *Gallies*. So much as to the Situation, and Reaſon of the Name. We are now to remember, that *Pompey* the Great had a fine Houſe in this Street; which, after his Death, *Antony* got Poſſeſſion of, and pretended he would purchaſe, tho' he never paid for it. This was a double Heart-burning to young *Pompey*. When therefore (upon an Interview had for Accommodation of Differences,) *Pompey* was to treat *Octavius Cæſar* and *Antony*, he appointed the Entertainment on Board his Veſſels, and ſaid ſarcaſtically, *Theſe are now my* GALLIES; meaning he had loſt his Houſe in *Galley*-ſtreet. *Velleius Paterculus* has recorded this Story, and explain'd the Satire. ——— In CARINIS ſuis ſe cœnam dare. *Referens hoc Dictum ad* loci nomen *in quo* paterna Domus *ab* Antonio *poſſidebatur*. But it is ſtill more plainly told in a Supplement to *Aurelius Victor*. ——— *Pace factâ epulatus in Navi cum* Antonio & Cæſare, *non invenuſtè ait*, Hæ ſunt meæ CARINÆ: *quià* Romæ *in* CARINIS domum ejus *Antonius* tenebat. *Plutarch* has taken Notice of the Satire, but did not know how to transfuſe the Equivocal Joak, lying in the Word *Carinæ*. But *Dion Caſſius*, in the 48th Book of his *Roman* Hiſtory, has been expreſs in the Story, and ventur'd to explain the Ambiguity in which the Satire conſiſted. To this noted Witticiſm, I inſiſt, our Author is alluding; and it is very artful, as well as natural, in the Poet to make young *Pompey* ſay, conſidering he had this particular Injury ſo much at Heart,

O Antony, *you* have *my Father's Houſe.* ———

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Camp in a Part of* Syria.

Enter Ventidius, *as after Conqueſt; the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him,* Silius, Roman *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus'* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body
Before our Hoſt; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus.*

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. (31) A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed

(31) ——— *A lower Place, note well,*
May make too great an Act.] *Plutarch* particularly takes notice, that *Ventidius* was careful to act only on Lieutenantry; and cautious of aiming at any Glory in his own Name and Perſon. But the Sentiments, he throws in here, ſeem directly copied from *Quintus Curtius*, in *Antipater*'s Behaviour with Regard to *Alexander*.

——— *Et quanquàm Fortuna rerum placebat, invidiam tamen, quia* majores res *erant, quàm quas* Præfecti modus caperet, *metuebat. Quippe* Alexander *hoſtes vinci voluerat*; Antipatrum *viciſſe ne tacitus quidèm indignabatur*; ſuæ demptum gloriæ exiſtimans, quicquid ceſſiſſet alienæ. *Itaque* Antipater, *qui probè noſſet Spiritum ejus,* non eſt auſus ipſe agere arbitria victoriæ. Lib. VI. cap. 1.

Acquire

Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's away.
Cæſar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. *Soſſius*,
One of my Place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his Favour.
Who does i'th' wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain: and ambition,
(The ſoldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, That, without the which (32)
A ſoldier and his ſword grants ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony?*

Ven. I'll humbly ſignifie what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his Banners, and his well-paid Ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten Horſe of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o'th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*; with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with's will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. On, there; —— paſs along. [*Exeunt.*

(32) *Thou haſt*, Ventidius, *That, without the which*
A Soldier and his Sword grants ſcarce Diſtinction.]
This is obſcurely expreſſed, but the Meaning muſt be this. "Thou haſt "That, *Ventidius*, which, if Thou hadſt not, there is ſcarce any Diſ- "tinction betwixt a Soldier and his Sword: they are equally cutting "and ſenſeleſs. But what Thing is That here meant? Why, Wiſ- "dom, or a Knowledge of the World. *Ventidius* had told him the "Reaſon, why he did not purſue his Advantages, upon which his Friend "pays him this Compliment: 'Tis Wiſdom makes the Man; without "That, the Soldier and his Sword are equally two ſenſeleſs Pieces of "Matter. Mr. *Warburton.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Agrippa *at one door*, Enobarbus *at another.*

Agr. WHAT, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are sealing. *Octavia* weeps,
To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad: and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey*'s feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæsar!*

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony!*

Eno. *Cæsar?* why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter?*

Eno. Speak you of *Cæsar*? oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say, —— *Cæsar*; go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Ant* :
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder ——

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle; so ——
This is to horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewel.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of my self:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt bond
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble *Antony*,

Let

Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet (33)
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæſ. I've ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear; ſo the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes; it is love's Spring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's houſe; and —

Cæſ. What, *Octavia?*

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the ſwan's down-feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæſar* weep?

(33) *Let not the Piece of Virtue, which is ſet*
Betwixt us, as the Cement of our Love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortune *of it:* ———]

There is no Conſonance of Metaphor preſerv'd in the Cloſe of this Sentence; *Love* is here preſented under the Image of a *Fabrick*; and *Cement*, *builded*, and the *Ram* to *batter*, have all an Agreement with this Image: but what Analogy is there to This, in the Word *Fortune?* Or what Idea can the *Fortune* of a *Building* furniſh? I corrected ſome Years ago, in Print, by Conjecture, *Fortreſs*: and to my Satisfaction, ſo ſoon as I was Maſter of the firſt *Folio* Edition, upon conſulting it, I found, I had ſtruck out the true Reading.

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, *Enobarbus?*
When *Antony* found *Julius Cæſar* dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring; and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't, 'till I wept too. (34)
Cæſ. No, ſweet *Octavia*,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Cæſ. Adieu, be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæſ. Farewel, farewel! [*Kiſſes* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to; come hither, Sir.

(34) *Believe't, till I* weep *too.*] I have ventur'd to alter the Tenſe of the Verb here, againſt the Authority of all the Copies. There was no Senſe in it, I think, as it ſtood before. *Enobarbus* would ſay, "Indeed, "*Antony* ſeem'd very free of his Tears that Year; and believe me, "bewail'd all the Miſchiefs he did, till I my ſelf wept too". This appears to me very ſarcaſtical. *Antony*'s Tears, he would infer, were diſſembled: but *Enobarbus* wept in real Compaſſion of the Havock and Slaughters committed on his Countrymen.

Enter

Enter the Meſſenger as before.

Alex. Good Majeſty!
Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herod*'s head
I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it: — Come Thou near.
Meſ. Moſt gracious Majeſty, ——
Cleo. Didſt thou behold,
Octavia?
Meſ. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Meſſ. In *Rome*, Madam.
I lookt her in the face: and ſaw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not, Madam.
Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or low?
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak, ſhe is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? oh *Iſis!* 'tis impoſſible.
Cleo. I think ſo, *Charmian*; dull of tongue and dwarfiſh.
What Majeſty is in her gate? remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on Majeſty.
Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body rather than a life,
A ſtatue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.
Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.

Meſ.

Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long, or round?
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For th' moſt part too,
They're fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair, what colour?
Meſ. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo; I repent me much,
That ſo I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. O, nothing, Madam.
Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome Majeſty, and ſhould know.
Char. Hath he ſeen Majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend!
And ſerving you ſo long?
Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian*:
But 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Athens.

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. NAY, nay, *Octavia*, not only That,
That were excuſable, That and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his Will and read it
To publick ear; ſpoke ſcantily of me;

When

When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me;
When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't, (35)
Or did it from his teeth.
Oct. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I ſhall pray, "oh, bleſs my lord and husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"Oh, bleſs my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.
Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe my ſelf; better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelf ſhall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war, (36)

Shall

(35) *When the beſt Hint was giv'n him, he* o'erlook'd,
Or did it from his Teeth]
The firſt Folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. *Thirlby* adviſ'd the Emendation which I have inſerted in the Text.

(36) ——— ——— *The mean time, Lady,*
I'll raiſe the Preparation of a War,
Shall ſtain *your Brother*;]
Thus the printed Copies unanimouſly. But, ſure, *Antony*, whoſe Buſineſs here is to mollify *Octavia*, does it with a very ill Grace: and 'tis a very odd way of ſatisfying her, to tell her, the War, he raiſes, ſhall *ſtain*, i. e. caſt an Odium upon her Brother. I have no Doubt, but we muſt read, with the Addition only of a ſingle Letter,
Shall ſtrain *your Brother.* ———
i. e. Shall lay him under Conſtraints; ſhall put him to ſuch Shifts, that he ſhall neither be able to make a Progreſs againſt, or to prejudice, Me. And this Emendation is preciſely conſonant to what *Plutarch* ſays; that *Octavius*, underſtanding the ſudden and wonderfull Preparations of *Antony*, was not a little aſtoniſh'd at it; for he himſelf was in many Wants; and the People were ſorely oppreſs'd with the great and grievous Exactions of Money. For every Perſon of Condition

Shall ſtrain your brother; make your ſooneſt haſte;
So, your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The *Jove* of Power make me, moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your Going;
Chuſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros?*

Eros. There's ſtrange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old; what is the ſucceſs?

Eros. *Cæſar*, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt *Pompey*, preſently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey.* Upon his own appeal, ſeizes him; ſo the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then would thou had'ſt a pair of chaps, no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him. Crys, " fool *Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd *Pompey.*

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæſar*; more, *Domitius*,

Condition was oblig'd to furniſh the fourth part of his Goods and Revenues; and the very *Libertines* (i. e. thoſe, whoſe Fathers had once been Bondmen, and were enfranchiſed) were taxed an eighth part of all their Goods to be raiſed at one Payment.

My

My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. CONtemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it:
I'th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I'th' common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me

Some

Some Shipping unreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone:
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his Change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demandthe like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, *with attendants.*

Octa. Hail, *Cæſar*, and my lord! hail, moſt dear *Cæſar!*

Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee Caſt-away!——

Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtol'n upon us thus? you come not
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come (37)

A

(37) ——————— *but you are come*
A Market-maid to Rome; *and have prevented*
The Oſtentation *of our Love, which left unſhewn,*]
This dragging, inharmonious *Alexandrine*, I am perſwaded, is the Manufacture of our Player-Editors. They lov'd a ſounding Word; and ſeeing One that did not ſo fully anſwer that End, and one that they, perhaps, were not immediately acquainted with, they, doubtleſs, took it for an Abbreviation. I dare ſay, the Poet wrote;
The Oſtent *of our Love, which, left unſhewn,*
i. e. the ſhewing, Token, Demonſtration of our Love: and he uſes it

Both

A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtent of our love; which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæſ. Which ſoon he granted, (38)
Being an Obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.
Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

Both in theſe Acceptations, and likewiſe to ſignify Oſtentation. The *Alexandrine* therefore is wholly unneceſſary.
Merchant of *Venice:*

Uſe all th' Obſervance of Civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad Oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam.

And again;

Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt Thoughts
To Courtſhip, and ſuch fair Oſtents *of Love,*
As ſhall conveniently become you there.

And in K. *Henry* V.

Giving full Trophy, Signal, and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelf to God.

(38) ——— *Which ſoon he granted,*
Being an Abſtract *'tween his Luſt and him.*]

Antony very ſoon comply'd to let *Octavia* go, at her Requeſt, ſays *Cæſar*; and why? Becauſe ſhe was an *abſtract* between his inordinate Paſſion and him. If Mr. *Pope*, or any other of the Editors underſtand this, I'll willingly ſubmit to be taught the Meaning: but till then, I muſt believe, the Poet wrote;

Being an Obſtruct *'tween his Luſt and him.*

i. e. His Wife being an Obſtruction, a Bar, to the Proſecution of his wanton Pleaſures with *Cleopatra*. And I am the rather convinc'd that this is the true Reading, becauſe Mr. *Warburton* ſtarted the Emendation too, unknowing that I had meddled with the Paſſage. And the judicious Readers of *Shakeſpeare* muſt have obſerv'd, that he is fond of coining Subſtantives out of Verbs without giving them the Deflections of Nouns: So He uſes *Affects* for *Affections*, *Impreſſe* for *Impreſſion*, *Impoſe* for *Impoſition*, *Sollicits* for *Sollicitations*, *Compare* for *Compariſon*, *Proteſt* for *Proteſtation*, *Depart* for *Departure*, *Effuſe* for *Effuſion*, *Prepare* for *Preparation*, *Accuſe* for *Accuſation*, &c. &c.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.

Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' earth for war. He hath aſſembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger liſt of ſcepters.

Oct. Ay me, moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæſ. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to Deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods, (39)
To do you juſtice, make their miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

(39) ——— *and the high Gods,*
To do you juſtice, make his *Miniſters*
Of Us, and thoſe that love you.]
Why muſt *Shakeſpeare* be guilty of ſuch an obvious falſe Concord? *the high Gods make* his *Miniſters?* He has not writ thus in a Parallel Paſſage; and therefore the Abſurdity ought to be laid to the Editors.
Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Pow'rs *above*
Put *on* their *Inſtruments.* Macbeth.

Agr.

Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noſes it againſt us.
Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?
Cæſ. It is moſt certain: ſiſter, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'ſt ſiſter!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *near the Promontory of* Actium.

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.
Eno. Well; is it, is it?
Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? why ſhould not we be there in perſon?
Eno. Well, I could reply; if we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together, the horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear a ſoldier and his horſe.
Cleo. What is't you ſay?
Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i'th' war;
And, as the Preſident of my Kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not ſtrange, *Canidius*,

That from *Tarentum*, and *Brunduſium*,
He could ſo quickly cut th' *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne?* You have heard on't, Sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by ſea.
Cleo. By ſea, what elſe?
Can. Why will my lord do ſo?
Ant. For That he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battel at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.
Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought;
Their ſhips are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By ſea, by ſea.
Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up your Self meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.
Ant. I'll fight at ſea.
Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?

Meſ. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcried; *Cæſar* has taken *Toryne.*

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible. Strange, that his Power ſhould be ſo. *Canidius,* Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land, And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip, Away, my *Thetis!*

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy ſoldier?

Sold. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea, Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the *Ægyptians* And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth, And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob.

Sol. By *Hercules,* I think, I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led, And we are womens men.

Sold. You keep by land The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius, Publicola, and *Cælius,* are for ſea: But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar's* Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome,* His Power went out in ſuch diſtractions as Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They ſay, one *Taurus.*

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor calls *Canidius.*

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *with his army marching.*

Cæſ. Taurus?

Taur. My lord.

Cæſ. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battel,
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcroul: our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yond ſide o'th' hill,
In eye of *Cæſar*'s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Canidius, *marching with his land-army one way over the ſtage*; *and* Taurus, *the lieutenant of* Cæſar, *the other way: after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight. Alarum. Enter* Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their ſixty, flie, and turn the rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddeſſes,
All the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy paſſion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar.

Scar. On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Your ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
(Whom leproſie o'ertake!) i'th' midſt o'th' fight,
(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;)
The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour ne'er before
Did violate ſo it ſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponneſus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſie to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cæſar* will I render
My legions and my horſe; ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

Enter Antony, *with* Eros *and other attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,

I am So lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take That, divide it; flie,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled my ſelf, and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have my ſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it —— oh,
I follow'd That I bluſh to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint,
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide ſtraight-way:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now ——
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I've loſt command.
Therefore, I pray you —— I'll ſee you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Iras, *to* Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what elſe?

Cleo. Let me ſit down; oh *Juno!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam ——

Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſs!

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone

Dealt

Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now — no matter —
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen ——
Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me; oh!
Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving ——
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Ægypt?* see,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,
And thou shouldst towe me after. O'er my spirit
The full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy Beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o'th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,
Even this repays me. ——
We sent our Schoolmaster; is he come back?

Love,

Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine,
Within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, *with others.*

Cæſ. LET him appear, that's come from *Antony.*
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his Schoolmaſter;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.

Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which, not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth,
A private man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy Greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The Queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From *Ægypt* drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them Both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands:
[*Exit Ambaſſador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; diſpatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promiſe; [*To* Thyreus.
And, in our name, when ſhe requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.
Thyr. Cæſar, I go.
Cæſ. Obſerve, how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. WHAT ſhall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow you?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nickt his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion. 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with the Ambaſſador.*

Ant. Is that his anſwer?
Amb. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The Queen ſhall then have courteſie,
So ſhe will yield us up.

Amb.

Amb. He ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With Principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular; his coyn, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's, whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i'th' command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Our ſelves alone; I'll write it, follow me.

[*Exit* Antony.

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battel'd *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to th' ſhew
Againſt a ſworder. — I ſee, mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſs! —— *Cæſar*, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A meſſenger from *Cæſar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? ſee, my women,—
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare; (40)

The

(40) *Mine Honeſty and I begin to ſquare;*
The *Loyalty, well held to Fools, does make*
Our Faith meer Folly: &c.]

If I ſee any thing of the Poet's Sentiment in this Paſſage, Both the Text and Pointing are ſlightly deprav'd; and, I think, I have reform'd Both juſtly. After *Enobarbus* has ſaid, that his Honeſty and he begin to quarrel, (i. e. that his Reaſon ſhews him to be miſtaken in his

Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Do's conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i'th' ſtory.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæſar*'s Will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; ſay boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.
Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæſar* has:
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend; for as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that's *Cæſar*'s.
Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar*.
Cleo Go on; — right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. Oh! [*Aſide.*
Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Do's pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.
Eno. To be ſure of that, ——
I will ask *Antony*. —— Sir, thou'rt ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Eno.

his firm Adherence to *Antony*;) he immediately falls into this generous Reflexion: " Tho' Loyalty, ſtubbornly preſerv'd to a Maſter in " his declin'd Fortunes, ſeems Folly in the Eyes of Fools; (i. e, Men, " who have not Honour enough to think more wiſely;) yet he, who " can be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a Figure on Record, as " the Conqueror.

Thyr.

Thyr. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*
What you require of him? he partly begs,
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put your ſelf under his ſhrowd, the univerſal land-lord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. Moſt kind meſſenger, (41)
Say to great *Cæſar* this; in Deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my Crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæſar*'s father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,

(41) *Moſt kind Meſſenger*;
Say to great Cæſar *this in* Diſputation,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:]

Again, the Pointing and Text muſt be corrected. If the Sagacious Editors can reaſonably expound *Diſputation*, here, I allow them to ſee farther into a Millſtone than I pretend to do. The Poet certainly wrote, (as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw, we muſt reſtore;)

Moſt kind Meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar *this*; *in* Deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:

i. e. by *Proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that Duty in my Name. Our Author has employ'd this Word in ſev'ral other Paſſages.

Lent him our Terror, dreſt him with our Love,
And giv'n his Deputation *all the Organs*
Of our own Pow'r. Meaſ. *for* Meaſ.
And that his Friends by Deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn. 1 Henry IV.
Of all the Fav'rites, that the abſent King
In Deputation *left behind him here.* Ibid.
——— ——— *Sometimes, great* Agamemnon,
Thy topleſs Deputation *he puts on.* Troilus, &c. &c.

Beſtow'd

Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove*, that thunders. ——
[*Seeing* Thyreus *kiſs her hand.*
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have Command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there—ah, you kite! now, Gods and Devils!
Authority melts from me of late.—When I cry'd, hoa!
Like boys unto a muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and ſtars! ——
Whip him: —— Were't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of She here, (what's her name,
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?*) — whip him, fellows —
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony ——

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæſar*'s ſhall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thyreus.
You were half blaſted, ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord, ——

Ant.

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
(Oh miſery on't!) the wiſe Gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead *Cæſar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſtred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts! — O that I were
Upon the hill of *Baſan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have ſavage cauſe!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?

Serv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his Daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæſar* in his Triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
The white hand of a Lady feaver thee,
Shake to look on't.—— Go get thee back to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: For he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,

Not

Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And, at this time, moſt eaſie 'tis to do't:
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their Orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou: ——
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyreus.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene Moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the Fall of *Antony*.
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.——
Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! the next *Ceſario* ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
(42) By the diſcandying of this pelletted ſtorm,

Lie

(42) *By the* diſcattering *of this pelletted Storm,*] This Reading we owe firſt, I preſume, to Mr. *Rowe:* and Mr. *Pope* has very faithfully fall'n into it. The old *Folio*'s read, *diſcandering:* from which Corruption both Dr. *Thirlby* and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the Word with which I have reform'd the Text. *Cleopatra*'s Wiſh is this; that the Gods would ingender Hail and poyſon it; and that as it fell upon her and her Subjects, and melted, their Lives might determine, as That diſſolv'd and diſcandied: the congealing of the Water into Hail he metaphorically calls *candying:* and it is an Image he is fond of, in ſeveral other Paſſages. So, in the next Act of this very Play;

——— ——— *The Hearts,*
——— ——— *to whom I gave*
Their Wiſhes, do diſcandy, *melt their Sweets*
On bloſſoming Cæſar.

Ten Conſciences, that ſtand 'twixt me and Milan,
Candied *be They, and* melt *ere they moleſt.* Tempeſt.

Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? doſt thou hear, Lady?
If from the field I ſhould return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome lives
Of me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad Captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
I had thought, t'have held it poor: But ſince my Lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them, and to night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my Queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make Death love me: for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. [*Exeunt.*

——— *will the cold Brook,*
Candied *with Ice, caudle thy Morning Taſte*
To cure thy o'er-night's Surfeit? Timon *of* Athens.

No, let the candied *Tongue lick abſurd Pomp;* Hamlet.

Why, what a deal of candied *Courteſie*
This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me! 1 Henry IV.

Eno.

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning; to be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our Captain's brain
Reſtores his heart; when valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with: I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas, *with their Army.* Cæſar *reading a Letter.*

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My meſſenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to perſonal Combat,
Cæſar to *Antony*: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. *Cæſar* muſt think,
When One ſo Great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make Boot of his Diſtraction: never anger
Made good guard for it ſelf.

Cæſ. (43) Let our beſt heads
Know that to morrow the laſt of many battels
We mean to fight. Within our files there are

Of

(43) —— *Let our beſt Heads know,*
That to morrow the laſt of Battles
We mean to fight.] I might very reaſonably return Mr. *Pope* one of

Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
And feaſt the army; we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Antony!*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.*
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.
Ant. To morrow, Soldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, "take all.
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, let's to night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've ſerv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks, which Sorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;

of his own Civilities here, and ſay, the intermediate Line *is in his Ear a Verſe.* But I have a better Opinion of his *Ear* than I have of his *Induſtry*, one of the Qualifications neceſſary to a good *Editor.* A ſmall Obſervation of the *Meaſure*, mix'd with a little Diligence in *collating*, might have taught him to regulate the Lines, and to have avoided this Lobbling, inharmonious, Monſter of a Verſe.

And

And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The Gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to night;
'May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,——
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't!
Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where thoſe drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Court of Guard before the Palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* BRother, good night: to morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour; good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you, good night, good night.
[*They place themſelves in every corner of the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to morrow
Our Navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the hautboys is under the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* (44) Muſick i'th' air.——
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.——
It ſignes well, do's it not?
2 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay: what ſhould this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

(44) 1 Sold. *Muſick i'th' Air.*——
3 Sold. *Under the Earth.*——

It ſings *well, does it not?*] *Sings* well? Tho' this may poſſibly be a technical Term, ſometimes apply'd to inſtrumental Muſick; yet we owe it here, as we do ſo many other Abſurdities, to the Indolence or Ignorance of our modern Editors. The old Impreſſions concur in reading, as I have reſtor'd the Text;

It ſignes *well, does it not?*

i. e. Is it a good Omen? Does it portend well to our General?

2 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* How now, maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter,
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
Omnes. Content: 'tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. *Eros*, mine armour, *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony.*
What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart; — falſe, falſe; this, this; —
Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now;
Seeſt thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.
Eno. Briefly, Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, *Eros*; and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this than thou; diſpatch. O Love!
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him, that knows a warlike Charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the Port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair; good morrow, General!

All. Good morrow, General!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; come, give me that, — this way — well ſaid.
Fare thee well, Dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a Soldier's Kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel. You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Char. Pleaſe you to retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, *Antony*, —— but now, —— well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Camp.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony, *and* Eros; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. (45) THE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*

Ant.

(45) Eros. *The Gods make This a happy Day to* Antony!] 'Tis evident, as Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe conjectur'd, by what *Antony* immediately replies, that this Line ſhould not be placed to *Eros*, but to the Soldier, who, before the Battle of *Actium*, advis'd *Antony* to try his Fate at Land.

Sold.

Ant. Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once pre-
To make me fight at land! [vail'd
Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from *Cæſar*'s Camp
Say, "I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæſar*.
Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his treaſure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will ſubſcribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men! diſpatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, *and* Dolabella.

Cæſ. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it ſo known.
Agr. Cæſar, I ſhall.
Cæſ. The time of univerſal Peace is near;
Prove this a proſp'rous day, (46) the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter

Sold. *Oh, noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea;*
Truſt not to rotten Planks; Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds?
(46) ——— *the* three-nook'd *World*
Shall bear the Olive freely.] The Poet makes *Cæſar* ſpeak according

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæſ. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;
Plant thoſe, that have revolted, in the Van,
That *Antony* may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelf to *Cæſar*,
And leave his maſter *Antony*. For this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the reſt,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable Truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
His bounty over-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my Guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true; beſt, you ſee ſafe't the bringer
Out of the Hoſt: I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't my ſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am ſo moſt. Oh *Antony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee! —— no, I will go ſeek

cording to the Geography of thoſe Days; *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africk* making but three Angles of the Globe: and the *American* Parts not being then diſcover d.

Some

Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. RETire, we have engag'd our ſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought, indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony *again in a March,* Scarus *with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his Camp; (47) run One before,
And let the Queen know of our Geſts; to morrow,
Before

(47) ——— ——— *run One before,*
And let the Queen know of our Gueſts.] What *Gueſts* was the Queen

Before the Sun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've ſhewn yourſelves all
Hectors.
Enter the City, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand,
[*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Faiery I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o'th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare, uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
(48) Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;
Kiſs

Queen to know of? *Antony* was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a Word of marching to *Alexandria*, and treating his Officers in the Palace. We muſt reſtore, as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe preſcribes;

And let the Queen know of our Geſts.

i. e. *res geſtæ*; our Feats, our glorious Actions. It is a Term, that frequently occurs in *Chaucer*; and, after him, in *Spencer*; nor did it ceaſe to be current for ſome time after our Author's Days.

(48) *Commend unto his Lips thy* favouring *Hand.*] *Antony* is here recommending One of his Captains, who had fought valiantly, to *Cleopatra*; and deſires, he may have the Grace of kiſſing her Hand. But why, *favouring* Hand? He did not want his Captain to grow in Love with

Kiſs it, my warrior: he hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phœbus'* Car. —— Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March;
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Palace the capacity
To camp this Hoſt, we all would ſup together;
And drink carowſes to the next day's Fate,
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Enobarbus *follows.*

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' Court of Guard; the night
Is ſhiny, and, they ſay, we ſhall embattel
By th' ſecond hour i'th' morn.
1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to's.
Eno. Oh bear me witneſs, night!
2 *Watch.* What man is this?
1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed Moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

with his Miſtreſs, on Account of the Flavour and Luſciouſneſs of her Hand; but only to have a Reward of Honour from the Queen for his good Service. I therefore believe, the Poet wrote;

Commend unto his Lips thy favouring *Hand.*

Tho' none of the printed Copies countenance this Reading, yet nothing is more common at Preſs than for an *ſ* to uſurp the place of an *f*, and ſo *vice verſâ*.

Cent.

Cent. Enobarbus?

3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. Oh ſovereign Miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*

1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar.*

2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death has raught him.
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. THEIR preparation is to day by ſea,
We pleaſe them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon

Upon the hills adjoyning to the City
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *and his Army.*

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a ſea-fight.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all,
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts. The Augurs
Say, they know not — they cannot tell — look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's loſt! this foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.

(49) Oh,

(49) Oh, Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we shake hands — all come to this! — the hearts,
(50) That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do dis-candy, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cæsar:* and this pine is bark'd,

(49) *Oh, Sun, thy Uprise shall I see no more:*] *Ajax* in *Sophocles*, when he is on the point of killing himself, addresses to the Sun in a manner not much unlike This.

Σὲ δ' ὦ φαεννῆς ἡμέρας τὸ νῦν σέλας,
Καὶ τὴν διφρευτὴν ἥλιον προσεννέπω,
Πανύστατον δὴ, κοὔποτ' αὖθις ὕστερον.

(50) ——————— *The Hearts,*
That pannell'd *me at Heels,* &c.] *Pannelling at Heels* must mean here, *following:* but where was the Word ever found in such a Sense? *Pannell* signifies but three Things, that I know, in the *English* Tongue, none of which will suit with the Allusion here requisite; *viz.* That Roll, or Schedule of Parchment on which the Names of a Jury are enter'd, which therefore is call'd *empanelling*; a Pane, or Slip of Wainscott; and a Packsaddle for Beasts of Burthen. The Text is corrupt, and *Shakespeare* must certainly have wrote;

That pantler'd *me at Heels*;

i. e. run after Me like Footmen, or *Pantlers*; which Word originally signified, the Servants who have the Care of the Bread; but is used by our Poet for a menial Servant in general, as well as in its native Acceptation.

——————— *a base Slave;*
A Hilding for a Liv'ry, a Squire's Cloth:
A Pantler. Cymbeline.

——— *when my old Wife liv'd, upon*
This Day She was both Pantler, *Butler, Cook,*
Both Dame and Servant. Winter's Tale.

He would have made a good Pantler, *he would have chip'd Bread well.* 2 Henry IV.

Mr. *Warburton.*

To strengthen my Friend's ingenious Emendation, I'll throw in a Passage, or two, where our Poet has express'd himself in a similar Manner.

Gave him their Heirs; as Pages following him
Ev'n at the Heels, *in golden Multitudes.* 1 Henry IV.

And there is another Passage, in which, as here, he has turn'd the *Substantive* into a *Verb.*

——————— *will these moist Trees,*
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy Heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Timon *of* Athens.

That

That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh, this falſe ſoul of *Ægypt!* this gay Charm,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whoſe boſom was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gipſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loſs.
What, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou ſpell! avant. ———

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Love?

Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting *Plebeians*;
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
(51) Of all thy ſex. Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts; and let

Patient

(51) ——— *Moſt monſter-like be ſhewn*
For poor'ſt Diminutives, for Dolts:]
Both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* have ſuſpected, that *Shakeſpeare* wrote ——— *for* Doits: i. e. for that ſmall Piece of Money, ſo call'd. I ſhould not be ſtagger'd at the Tranſgreſſion againſt Chronology in this Point, the Coin being of much more recent Date than the Time of the *Romans*; becauſe I find him in another *Play* make a *Roman* of an earlier Period mention it:

See here theſe Movers! that do prize their Honours
At a crack'd Drachm; Cuſhions, leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit,———

But I have not diſturb'd the Text for another Reaſon; becauſe, perhaps, the Poet's Meaning may be, that *Cleopatra* ſhould become a Show, a Spectacle to the Scum and Rabble of *Rome*; to Blockheads, and People of the loweſt Rank. *Cleopatra* ſpeaks twice afterwards to the ſame Effect, in this Play.

——— *Shall they hoiſt me up,*
And ſhew *me to the ſhouting* Varlotry
Of cenſuring Rome?

And, again;

Thou; an Ægyptian *Puppet, ſhalt be* ſhewn
In Rome *as well as I:* mechanick Slaves
With greaſy Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Uplift us to the View.

So, in *Macbeth*;

——— *Then yield thee, Coward;*
And live to be the Shew *and* Gaze *o'th' Time:*

Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;
[*Exit* Cleopatra.
If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa!
The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; (52) teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o'th' Moon,
And with those hands that grasp't the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The Witch shall die;

We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters *are,*
Painted upon a Pole, &c.

And, besides, our Author uses both the Words *Dolts* and *Diminutives* in other Places, speaking in Contempt of the Rabble.

Cres. *Here come more.*

Pand. *Asses, fools,* dolts, *chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat.* Troilus *and* Cressida.

Ah! how the poor World is pester'd with such Water-flies, diminutives *of Nature.* Ibid.

(52) ——— ——— *teach me,*
Alcides, *thou mine Ancestor, thy Rage;*
Let me *lodge* Lichas *on the horns o'th' Moon,*
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest Club,
Subdue my *worthiest Self.*] I have long suspected this Passage of being faulty: for, suppose, *Hercules* could make *Antony* as mad as himself, could he make him lodge *Lichas* too on the Moon? Nay, and could he make him subdue himself too, with *Hercules*'s Hands? Then, why should *Antony* give himself that complimental Title of *his* worthiest *Self?* If the Text be indeed genuine, as it now stands, it wants to be help'd out with a Comment; and *Anthony* would say, "Teach me thy Rage, "O *Hercules*, that I may take the same Vengeance on *Cleopatra* for "injuring me, as Thou did'st on *Lichas*; and then that I may imitate "Thee too in destroying Myself with my own Hands." ——— But the Words do not of themselves import This: and *my worthiest Self* I cannot but think liable to Exception. Tho' I have not disturb'd the Text, I should chuse to read:

——— ——— *teach me,*
Alcides, *Thou mine Ancestor, thy Rage;*
Help'd thee *lodge* Lichas *on the horns o'th' Moon,*
And with these hands, that grasp'd the heaviest Club,
Subdue thy *worthiest Self.*

i. e. "Inspire me with that Rage, *which* assisted Thee both to destroy "*Lichas*, and to subdue thy most worthy Self with thy own Hands." This Sense the Words carry naturally; and the complimental Epithet is with great Justness and Propriety apply'd to *Hercules*, whom *Antony* was fond to esteem his Ancestor.

To

To the young *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dies for't. *Eros*, hoa! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield; the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.
Char. To th' Monument;
There lock your ſelf, and ſend him word you're dead:
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than Greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain my ſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony*;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th' Monument. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Antony, *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.
Eros. Ay, noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black Veſper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my Lord.
Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought
The Rack diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It do's, my Lord.
Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, (for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't

A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, *Eros*, has
Packt cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph ——
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our ſelves to end our ſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady! ——
Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
My Miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, ſawcy Eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betray'd me,
And ſhe ſhall die the death.

Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing Groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; ſhe rendred life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we muſt ſleep; that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit* Mardian.
Off, pluck off; ——
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe! apace, *Eros*, apace.
No more a Soldier —— bruiſed pieces, go;
[*Unarming himſelf.*
You have been nobly borne; —— from me a while ——
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince the torch is out,

Lye

Lye down and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
It ſelf with ſtrength; (53) ſeal then, and all is done.
Eros! — I come, my Queen — *Eros!* — ſtay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the Ghoſts gaze;
(54) *Dido* and her *Æneas* ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back,
With ſhips, made cities; condemn my ſelf, to lack

(53) Seal *then, and all is done.*] *Antony* had offended *Cleopatra* with his Suſpicions; he is here about doing ſomething to deſerve her Pardon: and he thinks, ſtabbing himſelf will *ſeal* That Pardon.

(54) Dido *and her* Æneas *ſhall want Troops,*
And all the Haunt be ours. ———] Tho' I have not alter'd the Text, I muſt ſubjoin Mr. *Warburton*'s ingenious Conjecture and Comment on this Paſſage. "*Virgil* was the Inventor of the Amours of *Di-*
"*do* and *Æneas*; (who, by the Bye, wrote this Tale after *Antony*'s
"Death;) but the ſame *Virgil* tells us, her Fondneſs did not reach to the
"other World. She there deſpis'd *Æneas*, and return'd to her old Af-
"fection for *Sichæus*.

Tandem corripuit ſeſe, atque inimica refugit
In Nemus umbriferum: Conjunx ubi priſtinus illi
Reſpondet curis, æquatque Sichæus *amorem.* Æneid. VI.

"I ſay therefore, *Shakeſpeare* wrote;
Dido *and her* Sichæus ———
"And the Alluſion of *Antony* to *Sichæus* is perfectly juſt and fine: *Si-*
"*chæus* was murther'd by his Brother *Pygmalion* for his Wealth, on
"which, his Wife *Dido* fled. So *Antony* was fought and defeated at
"*Actium* by his Brother *Octavius* for his Share of the Maſterſhip of the
"World: whereon, *Cleopatra* fled from the Victor's Rage into *Ægypt.*"
However, on the other hand, perhaps, *Shakeſpeare* might have no Intention of copying *Virgil*, in making *Dido* return to her Affection for her Husband: Perhaps, he might chuſe to make *Antony* mention *Æneas*, as an Anceſtor: and I obſerve beſides, that *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, (in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*; a Play, in which, it is ſaid, our Author had a Share:) ſuppoſe *Dido* to have retain'd her Paſſion for *Æneas* after Death.

For in the next World will Dido *ſee* Palamon, *and then will She be out of Love with* Æneas.

The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
"I'm conqueror of my ſelf." Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace
And horrour, that on my command thou then
Wouldſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do That, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. *Eros*,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame: whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar*, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.—— [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.

Eros. My dear Maſter,
My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man,—— and farewel.

Eros.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros.*
Eros. Why, there then —— [Eros *kills himſelf.*
Thus I do eſcape the ſorrow
Of *Antony*'s death. [*Dyes.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than my ſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A Nobleneſs in Record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his ſword.*
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead? ——
The Guard —— ho! —— oh, diſpatch me.

Enter Dercetas, *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?
Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The ſtar is faln.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him, that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to *Cæſar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*
Der. There, *Diomed*, there.
Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, man?
Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My Miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.
Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?
Dio. Now, my Lord.
Ant. Where is ſhe?
Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophe-
ſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw,
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard, I
pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's Guard. The Guard,
what, hoa!
Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.
All. Moſt heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp
Fate
To grace it with your ſorrows. Bid That welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras, *above.*

Cleo. OH *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other ſide your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O thou Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o'th' world! O *Antony!*
Help, *Charmian*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace.
Not *Cæſar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himſelf.
Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis ſo!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
(55) I here importune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.

Cleo.

(55) *I here importune Death a while, until*
Of many thouſand Kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy Lips.
Cleo. *I dare not, dear,*
Dear my Lord, pardon; I dare not,
Leaſt I be taken.] What curious hobbling Verſification do we encounter here in the laſt Line but one? Beſides, how inconſiſtently is the

Cleo. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not;)
Leſt I be taken; not th'imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæſar* ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modeſt eyes
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women; we muſt draw thee up——
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's ſport, indeed!—— how heavy weighs
my Lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s Power,
The ſtrong-wing'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little,——
Wiſhers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——
[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou haſt liv'd;
Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy ſight!

the Lady made to reply? *Antony* ſays, he only holds Life, 'till he can give her one laſt Kiſs: and She cries, She dares not: What dares She not do? Kiſs *Antony?* But how ſhould She? She was above lock'd in her Monument; and He below, on the Outſide of it. With a very ſlight Addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a Sort of Warrant from *Plutarch* for it into the Bargain.

I here importune Death awhile, until
Of many thouſand Kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy Lips. —— Come down.
Cleo. *I dare not,*
(Dear, *dear my Lord*, your *Pardon*, that *I dare not*,)
Leaſt I be taken.

Now *Plutarch* ſays, that "*Antony* was carried in his Men's Arms *into* "*the Entry* of the *Monument*: Notwithſtanding, *Cleopatra* would not "*open the Gates*, but *came to the high Windows*, and caſt out certain "Chains and Ropes, *&c.*" —— So that *Antony* might very reaſonably deſire her to come down; and She as reaſonably excuſe herſelf, for fear of being inſnared by *Cæſar*.

Ant.

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.
Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety — oh —
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.
Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt;
None about *Cæſar*.
Ant. The miſerable change, now at my end,
Lament, nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greateſt Prince o'th' world,
The nobleſt once; and do not now baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My Countryman: A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my Spirit is going;
I can no more —— [Antony *dies*.
Cleo. Nobleſt of men! —— woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women!
The Crown o'th' earth doth melt — my Lord! ——
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting Moon. [*She faints*.
Char. Oh, quietneſs, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam ——
Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empreſs!
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*.
Cleo. No more but a meer woman, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,

And

And does the meaneſt chares! — It were for Me
To throw my ſcepter at th' injurious Gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtoll'n our jewel. All's but naught:
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian?*
My noble girls? —— ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out — good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come away,
This Caſe of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Cæſar's *Camp.*

(56) *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, *and Train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.

Dol.

(56) *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, *and* MENAS.] But *Menas* and *Menecrates*, we may remember, were the two famous Pirates link'd with *Sextus Pompeius*, and who aſſiſted him to infeſt the *Italian* Coaſt. We no where learn, expreſly in the Play, that *Menas* ever attach'd himſelf to *Octavius*'s Party. Notwithſtanding the old *Folio*'s concur in marking

Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. (57) [*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, *with the ſword of* Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæſar*: If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?

Der. I ſay, oh, *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets, and Citizens
Into their dens.—— The death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæſar*,
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf-hand,
Which writ his Honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.

marking the Entrance thus, yet in the two places in the Scene, where this Character is made to ſpeak, they have mark'd in the Margin MEC. ſo that, as Dr. *Thirlby* ſagaciouſly conjectur'd, we muſt caſhier *Menas*, and ſubſtitute *Mecænas* in his Room. *Menas*, indeed, deſerted to *Cæſar* no leſs than twice, and was preferr'd by him. And *Horace* has left one Ode, a virulent Invective on *Menas* for his Shifting and Treachery.

(57) Dol. Cæſar, *I ſhall.*] I make no Doubt, but it ſhould be mark'd here, that *Dolabella* goes out. 'Tis reaſonable to imagine, he ſhould preſently depart, upon *Cæſar*'s Command; ſo that the Speeches, placed to him in the ſequel of this Scene, muſt be transferr'd to *Agrippa*, or he is introduced as a Mute. Beſides, that *Dolabella* ſhould be gone out, appears from This, that when *Cæſar* asks for him, he recollects that he had ſent him on Buſineſs.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends: —— (58)
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To waſh the eyes of Kings!
Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.
Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſ. O *Antony!*
I've follow'd thee to this —— but we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as ſoveraign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, ſhould have divided
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon. ——
The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays. Whence are you?

(58) *Look you, ſad Friends.*] I obſerv'd in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, that it was requiſite to tranſpoſe this Comma. *Octavius*'s Friends probably would avoid ſhewing any Concern on the News of *Antony*'s Death, leſt it ſhould give Diſpleaſure to *Cæſar*: which *Cæſar* obſerving, it ſhews a noble Humanity in him to bid them ſhare in ſuch a Sorrow, and to tell them it is a Calamity, that ought to draw Tears even from the Eyes of Princes. Young Prince *Henry*, upon his Father's Death, ſpeaks juſt in the ſame manner to his Brothers; and tho' he would not have them mix Fear with their Affliction, he encourages them in their Sorrow.

Yet be ſad, good Brothers;
For, to ſpeak Truth, it very well becomes you. 2 Henry IV.

Enter

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, (her Monument)
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame her ſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her Greatneſs by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along; — where's *Dolabella*,
To ſecond *Proculeius?* [*Exit* Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus, *above.*

Cleo. MY deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar:*

Not

Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her Will, and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dugg:—(59)
The beggar's nurſe, and *Cæſar*'s. ———

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends Greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.
Cleo. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a Kingdom; if he pleaſe

(59) *Which ſleeps, and never palates more the* Dung,
The Beggar's *Nurſe, and* Cæſar's.]
Our Poet has made *Antony* ſay, at the Beginning of this Tragedy, that
——— ——— *the* dungy *Earth alike*
Feeds Beaſt, as Man:
but how are we to underſtand here, *palating the* Dung? The Text is certainly corrupt, and muſt be ſlightly help'd; and tho' then we can't make it ſtrictly grammatical, we ſhall come at the Poet's detach'd and ſeparate Alluſions. I read,
Which ſleeps and never palates more the Dug:
I'll explain the whole of *Cleopatra*'s Reflections, as they lie, by a ſhort Paraphraſe. " 'Tis Great in us to do that Action, (i. e. give our " ſelves Death,) which puts an End to all other Actions; and which " prevents and diſappoints Accidents and Change of Fortune. " While in Life, like ſlumbering Children, we *palate* and *tamper* " *for the* Dug; but in the ſleep of Death, we hone no more after " tranſitory Enjoyments. Death rocks us all into a faſt and unbroken " ſleep; and is equally a Nurſe to the Beggar, in this reſpect, as it is " to *Cæſar*". The Cloſe of this Reflection is juſt what *Horace* has expreſs'd by a different Image.
Pallida Mors æquo *pulſat* pede pauperum *tabernas*,
Regumque *turres*. Lib. I. Ode. 4.
Mr. *Warburton*.

To

To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're faln into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A Conqu'ror that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The Greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here* Gallus, *and Guard, aſcend the Monument by a Ladder, and enter at a back-Window.*

Gall. You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd. (60)
Pro. Guard her, 'till *Cæſar* come.
Iras. O Royal Queen!
Char. Oh *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, Queen. ——
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

[*The Monument is open'd*; Proculeius *ruſhes in, and diſarms the Queen.*

(60) Char. *You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd,*]
Here *Charmian*, who is ſo faithful as to die with her Miſtreſs, by the ſtupidity of the Editors is made to countenance and give Directions for her being ſurpriz'd by *Cæſar*'s Meſſengers. But this Blunder is for want of knowing, or obſerving, the hiſtorical Fact. When *Cæſar* ſent *Proculeius* to the Queen, he ſent *Gallus* after him with new Inſtructions: and while one amuſed *Cleopatra* with Propoſitions from *Cæſar*, thro' Crannies of the Monument; the other ſcaled it by a Ladder, enter'd at a Window backward, and made *Cleopatra*, and thoſe with her, Priſoners. I have reform'd the Paſſage therefore, (as, I am perſwaded, the Author deſign'd it;) from the Authority of *Plutarch*.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not your ſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languiſh?

Pro. Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your ſelf: let the world ſee
His Nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's Court,
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varlotry
Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle Grave unto me! rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me ſtark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt; be gentle to her;
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit* Proculeius.
Dol. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.
Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye ——
Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein ſtuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted (61)
The little O o'th' Earth.
Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature! ——
Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the Orb,

(61) *A Sun and Moon which kept their Courſe, and lighted*
The little o'th' Earth.
Dol. —— —— *Moſt ſov'reign Creature!*]
What a bleſſed limping Verſe theſe two *Hemiſtichs* give us! Had none of the Editors an Ear to find the Hitch in its Pace? 'Tis true, there is but a Syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a ſingle Letter; which the firſt Editors not underſtanding, learnedly threw it out as a Redundance. I reſtore,
The little O *o'th' Earth.*
i. e. the little Orb or Circle. And, 'tis plain, our Poet in other Paſſages chuſes to expreſs himſelf thus,
Roſ. O, *that your Face were not ſo full of* O's.
Love's Lab. loſt.
i. e. of round Dimples, Pitts with the ſmall Pox.
—— —— *Can this Cockpit hold*
The vaſty Field of France? *or can we cram,*
Within this wooden O, *the very Caſques,*
That did affright the Air, at Agincourt?
Prol. *to* Henry V.
Fair Helena, *who more engilds the Night*
Than all yon fiery O's *and Eyes of Light.*
Midſummer Night's Dream.
i. e. the Circles, Orbs, of the Stars.

He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty, (62)
There was no winter in't: An Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra ——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff (63)
To

(62) ——————— *For his Bounty,*
There was no Winter in't: an Antony *it was,*
That grew the more by reaping.]

There was certainly a Contraſt, both in the Thought and Terms, deſign'd here, which is loſt in an accidental Corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very eaſy Change, to reſtore an exquiſite fine Alluſion: and which carries its Reaſon with it too, why there was no *Winter* (i. e. no Want, Bareneſs,) in his Bounty.

——————— *For his Bounty,*
There was no Winter *in't: an* Autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take Notice, that the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſtarted this very Emendation, and had mark'd it in the Margin of his Book. The Reaſon of the Depravation might eaſily ariſe from the great Similitude of the two Words in the old way of ſpelling, *Antonie* and *Automne*. Our Author has employ'd this Thought again in a Poem, call'd, *True Admiration.*

Speak of the Spring *and* Foyzen *of the Year,*
The One *doth ſhadow of your* Beauty *ſhew;*
The other *as your* Bounty *doth appear;*
And you in ev'ry bleſſed ſhape we know.

For 'tis plain, that *Foyzen* means *Autumn* here, which pours out its Profuſion of Fruits bountifully; in Oppoſition to *Spring*, which only ſhews the youthful Beauty, and Promiſe of that future Bounty.

(63) ——————— *Nature wants ſtuff*
To vve ſtrange Forms with Fancy; yet t'imagine
An Antony *were Nature's* piece, *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning Shadows quite]

This is a fine Sentiment, but unintelligible in the preſent falſe Reading and Pointing: and, even when ſet right in theſe Particulars, is ſtill obſcure

To vye ſtrange forms with Fancy, yet t'imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's Prize 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loſs is as your ſelf, great; and you bear it,
As anſw'ring to the weight: would, I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what *Cæſar* means to do with me?
Dol. I'm loth to tell you, what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable ——
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.
All. Make way there, —— *Cæſar.*

Enter Cæſar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you, riſe, riſe, *Ægypt.*

obſcure enough. I'll firſt reform the Text, and then ſubjoin the Interpretation.

—— —— *Yet t'imagine*
An Antony, *were Nature's* Prize *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning Shadows quite.

The Senſe is This. "*Nature* in general has not Materials ſufficient "to furniſh out real Forms, for ev'ry Model that the boundleſs Power "of the *Imagination* can sketch out. [This is the Meaning of the "Words, *Nature wants Matter to vye ſtrange Forms with Fancy.*] "But yet, tho' in general This be true, that *Nature* is more poor, nar- "row, and confin'd, than *Fancy*; yet it muſt be own'd, that when "*Nature* preſents an *Antony* to us, ſhe then gets the better of *Fancy*, "and makes even the *Imagination* appear poor and narrow; or, in our "Author's Words, *condemns ſhadows quite.*" The Word *Prize*, which I have reſtored, is the prettieſt Word in the World in this place; as, figuring a Contention between *Nature* and *Imagination* about the larger Extent of their Powers; and Nature gaining the Prize by producing *Antony*. And ſure, Nothing could be ſaid more advantagious for *Antony*, than this; *that* Imagination *came ſhort of his* Perfections.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear, but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſ Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your ſelf to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave your ſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you relie. I'll take my leave.—
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of Conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra*. (64)

(64) *You ſhall adviſe me* of all, *Cleopatra*.] This I preſume to be a Reading ſolely of Mr. *Pope*'s. But what an harmonious Verſe has he giv'n us, in Point of *Emphaſis?* And how has he diſgraced the Poet and his Emperor, in point of Sentiment? What a ſneaking Figure does *Cæſar* make, in ſaying, "You ſhall confeſs your whole "ſubſtance; you ſhan't ſecrete one penny"; before he knows what the Paper is, that *Cleopatra* puts into his hand? But I have reſtor'd the Reading of the old Books, which carries a Dignity ſuitable to the Subject. *Cæſar* takes pains to comfort her; and tells her, that ſhe herſelf ſhall direct him in ev'ry Thing for her own Relief and Satisfaction. He repeats the ſame Conſolation to her in other Terms, when he leaves her:

——— *Therefore, be cheer'd;*
Make not your Thoughts your Priſons: no, dear Queen;
For we intend *ſo to* diſpoſe *you as*
Yourſelf *ſhall* give *us* Counſel.

Cleo.

Cleo. This is the brief of mony, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſt of —— 'tis exactly valued, (65)
Not petty things omitted —— where's *Seleucus?*
Sel. Here, Madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus.*
Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, *Cæſar!* Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave, of no more Truſt
Than love that's hir'd — What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe! ——
Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,

(65) —— —— *'Tis exactly valued,*
Not petty Things admitted.]
Sagacious Editors! *Cleopatra* gives in a Liſt of her Wealth, ſays, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty Things are not *admitted* in this Liſt: and then ſhe appeals to her Treaſurer, to vouch, that ſhe has reſerv'd Nothing to her ſelf. Nay, and when he betrays her in this Point, ſhe is reduced to the ſhift of exclaiming againſt the Ingratitude of Servants to a Prince in his Decline, and of making Apologies for having ſecreted certain Trifles. What Conſiſtency is there in ſuch a Conduct? And who does not ſee, that we ought to read?
—— —— *'Tis exactly valued;*
Not petty Things omitted.
For this Declaration lays open her Falſhood; and makes her angry, when her Treaſurer detects her in a direct Lye.

Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs (66)
To one ſo weak, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch Dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods! — it ſmites me
Beneath the Fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;——
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits (67)

(66) *Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineſs*
To one ſo meek.]

Theſe Editors, like Sir *Martin Marr-all*, are perpetually plunging into freſh Abſurdities. Surely, *Cleopatra* muſt be bantering *Cæſar*, to call herſelf *meek*, when he had the Moment before ſeen her fly at her *Treaſurer*, and wiſhing to tear out his Eyes. I correct,

To One ſo weak;

i. e. ſo ſhrunk in Fortune and Power: vanquiſh'd, and ſpoil'd of her Kingdom. Beſides, ſhe might allude to her bodily Decay. For *Plutarch* tells us, that ſhe receiv'd *Cæſar*, as ſhe was lying on a poor pallat-bed; that ſhe threw herſelf at his Feet, in her Shift; that her Hair was torn off, and her Face mangled; that her Voice was low and trembling, and her Eyes ſunk into her Head with continual Weeping: ſo that ſhe was in a *pitiful State*. And notwithſtanding all theſe concurring Symptoms of Weakneſs and Decay, there is no Inconſiſtency in her flying at her *Treaſurer*: for, on any ſudden Provocation, the Agonies of Reſentment will exert againſt the loweſt Infirmity, and put Nature on the Strain.

(67) *Or I ſhall ſhew the Cinders of my Spirits*
Thro' th' Aſhes of my Chance.]

If the Text be genuine, this muſt be the Alluſion; ſhe conſiders herſelf, in her Downfall, as a Fabrick deſtroy'd by Fire: and then would intimate, that the ſame Fire has reduc'd her Spirits too to Cinders; i. e. conſum'd the Strength and Dignity of her Soul and Mind. Mr. *Warburton* thinks, the Poet wrote;

Thro' th' Aſhes of my Cheeks.

And, indeed, our Poet has an Image in *Othello*, that ſeems to countenance this Correction.

I ſhould make very Forges *of my* Cheeks,
That would to Cinders burn up *Modeſty*,
Did I but ſpeak thy Deeds.

Through

Through th' aſhes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.
Cæſ Forbear, *Seleucus*.
Cleo. Be't known, that we the Greateſt are miſ-
thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæſ. *Cleopatra*,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put We i'th' roll of Conqueſt, ſtill be't yours;
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your priſons; no, dear
Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelf ſhall give us counſel: feed, and ſleep.
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and ſo, adieu.
Cleo. My maſter, and my lord!
Cæſ. Not ſo:—adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his train.*
Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to my ſelf.
But hark thee, *Charmian*. [*Whiſpers* Charmian.
Iras. Finiſh, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again.—(68)
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit* Charm.

(68) ——— *Hie thee again.*
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.]

Freinſhemius has obſerv'd, upon a Paſſage of *Quintus Curtius*, that your beſt Writers very often leave ſome things to be underſtood from the Conſequence and Implication of Words, which the Words themſelves do not expreſs. *Ità ſæpiſſimè optimi quique Scriptores volunt quædam intelligi ex conſequentiâ Verborum, quæ ipſi non apertè dixerunt.* Our Author obſerves this Conduct here. *Cleopatra* muſt be ſuppos'd to mean, ſhe has ſpoke for the Aſp, and it is provided, tho' ſhe ſays not a Word of it in direct Terms.

Enter

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?
Char. Behold, Sir.
Cleo. Dolabella!
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your Command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before;
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen; I muſt attend on *Cæſar*. [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſie aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras:* ſawcy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my Greatneſs
I'th' poſture of a whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I'm ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.

Cleo. Why, that's the way (69)
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt aſſur'd intents. Now, *Charmian*:

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go——
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll diſpatch indeed;
And when thou'ſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day——bring our Crown, and all.
[*A noiſe within.*
Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[*Exit Guardſman.*
May do a noble deed!—he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot

(69 ——— *Why, that's the way*
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd *Intents.*]
As plauſible as this Epithet may at firſt Glance appear, I have great Suſpicions of it. Why ſhould *Cleopatra* call *Cæſar*'s Deſigns abſurd? She could not think his Intent of carrying her in Triumph, ſuch; with regard to his own Glory: and her finding an Expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think, the Poet wrote;
——— *and to conquer*
Their moſt aſſur'd *Intents.*
i. e. the Purpoſes, which they are moſt determin'd to put in practice; make Themſelves moſt ſure of accompliſhing. So, in *Lear*:
——— *All, that offer to defend him,*
Stand in aſſured *Loſs.*
So, before in this Play, by an equivalent Epithet;
That Nature muſt compell us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted *Deeds.*

I'm

I'm marble conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, and Clown with a basket.

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lie, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt! truly, ſhe makes a very good report o'th' worm: but he, that will believe half that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by all that they do: (70) but this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted but in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think, I am ſo ſimple, but

(70) *But he that will believe* All *that they ſay, ſhall never be ſav'd by* half *that they do.*] *Shakeſpeare*'s Clowns are always Jokers, and deal in ſly Satire. 'Tis plain, this muſt be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places with one another. Mr. *Warburton.*

I know

I know the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whore-ſon devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. Yes, forſooth, I wiſh you joy o'th' worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown; I have Immortal Longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick —— methinks, I hear *Antony* call, I ſee him rowſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. (71) I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the Gods give men
T' excuſe their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So ——— have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel.
[*Applying the aſp.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fall? *To* Iras.
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras *dies.*

Char. Diſſolve, thick Cloud, and rain, that I may ſay,
The Gods themſelves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me baſe ———
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs,

(71) ——— ——— *I hear him mock*
The Luck of Cæſar, *which the Gods give Men*
T'excuſe their after-Wrath.]
This, poſſibly, might have been ſhadow'd out from *Claudian.*
——— ——— *Jàm non ad* culmina *rerum,*
Injuſtos creviſſe queror: *tolluntur in altum,*
Ut lapſu graviore ruant. *In* Rufinum. *lib.* I.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Which

Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
[*To the ſerpent.*
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh, could'ſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* aſs,
Unpolicied!

Char. Oh eaſtern ſtar!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,
O *Antony*! —— Nay, I will take thee too. —— (72)
[*Applying another Aſp to her Arm.*
What

(72) *O* Antony! *nay I will take* thee *too.*] As there has been hitherto no Break in this Verſe, nor any marginal Direction, *Thee* neceſſarily muſt ſeem to refer to *Antony*. But 'tis certain, *Cleopatra* is here deſign'd to apply One Aſpick to her Arm, as ſhe had before clap'd One to her Breaſt. And the laſt Speech of *Dolabella* in the Play is a Confirmation of This.

Here, on her Breaſt,
There is a Vent of Blood, and ſomething blown;
The like is on her Arm.

Dion Caſſius, in the 51ſt Book of his *Roman* Hiſtory is expreſs as to ſmall Punctures of the Aſp being diſcover'd only on her Arm. Κενήματα δὲ λεπτὰ περὶ τὸν βραχίονα αὐτῆς ΜΟΝΑ ὤφθη. And *Plutarch* ſays, towards the Concluſion of *M. Antony*'s Life, that ſhe had two Marks imprinted by the Sting of the Aſp: and that *Cæſar* carried a Statue of her in Triumph, with an Aſp fix'd to her Arm. However, the Application of the Aſpick to her Breaſt is not the Invention of our Poet. *Virgil*, who ſays nothing of the Locality of her Wounds, plainly intimates that ſhe applied two of theſe venomous Creatures.

Necdum etiam geminos *à tergo reſpicit* Angues. Æneid. VIII.

Strabo, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Eutropius*, and *Lucius Florus* leave this Matter as much at large. But I remember to have ſeen Pictures of a *Cleopatra* (of what Age, I can't ſay;) with the Aſpick on her Boſom, and her Breaſt bloody. Beſides, *Leonardo Auguſtini*, among his antique Gemms, exhibits one of *Cleopatra* upon an Agot, with an Aſpick biting her right Breaſt. And *Strada*, the *Mantuan* Antiquary, who gives us a Medal of this Princeſs, ſays, that ſhe dy'd by Serpents apply'd to her Breaſts. And *Domitius Calderinus*, upon the 59th Epigram of the IVth Book of *Martial*, ſays preciſely, that ſhe procur'd her own Death by applying Aſps to her Breaſt and Arm. *Nàm* Cleopatra

What ſhould I ſtay ——— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? ſo, fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee, Death, in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd. —— Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! your Crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play ——

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard. Cæſar* hath ſent. ———

[Charmian *applies the aſp.*

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.
Oh, come apace, diſpatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæſar*'s beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian*? is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal Kings.
Ah, ſoldiers! —— [Charmian *dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thy ſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

patra *admotâ Aſpide &* Mamillæ *&* Brachio *ſibi Mortem conſcivit.* Had *Shakeſpeare* invented the Circumſtance, Poetic Licence, and the Delicacy of his Imagery, had been a ſufficient Plea: but we find him true to Authority, as well as to himſelf, in turning an occaſional Hint into an unexpected Beauty.

Do'ſt thou not ſee my Baby *at my* Breaſt,
That ſucks *the Nurſe* aſleep?

For this has a double Elegance; not only as it preſents us with an amiable Picture, but as it expreſſes too the benumning Effects of the Aſp ſtealing faſt upon her.

Enter

Enter Cæſar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæſar.*
Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That you, did fear, is done.
Cæſ. Braveſt at laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſe, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths? —
I do not ſee them bleed.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæſ. Poiſon'd then!
1 *Gent.* Oh *Cæſar!*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.
Cæſ. Oh noble weakneſs!
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like Sleep; (73)
As

(73) ——— ——— *But ſhe looks like* Sleep.]
The Poet has made *Cleopatra* herſelf, above, ſpeaking of the Operation of the Aſpick, give us this fine Image;

Do'ſt Thou not ſee my Baby at my Breaſt,
That ſucks the Nurſe aſleep?

And in this Deſcription he is preciſely juſt to Hiſtory. *Lucius Florus*, lib. iv. c. 11. (and *Jornandes* literally from him) ſpeaks of her Diſſolution, as of a Falling into a Slumber. *Admotiſq; ad Venas ſerpentibus, ſic* morte, *quaſi* ſomno, ſoluta *eſt.* And *Solinus*, deſcribing the different ſorts of Aſpicks, ſays, Two particularly were employ'd to give Death; that call'd *Dipſas*, which kill'd by exceſſive Thirſt; and the *Hypnale*, which deſtroys by *Sleep*, of which *Cleopatra* is a Teſtimony. And to this eaſy Method of her dying, *Propertius* has likewiſe alluded;

Brachia ſpectavi ſacris admorſa Colubris,
Et trahere occultum *Membra* ſoporis iter. Lib. iii. Eleg. 10.

Lucan, in the IXth Book of his *Pharſalia*, where he expatiates on the Multitude and Diverſity of *African* ſerpents, remembers, among the reſt, the ſtupifying Quality of the Aſpick;

Aſpida ſomniferum *tumidâ cervice levavit.*

and deſcribes one bit by it, who confeſs'd no Pain, but dy'd inſtantly, as of a Lethargy.

——— *nulloque*

As ſhe would catch another *Antony*
In her ſtrong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail;
And theſe fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As th' aſpick leaves upon the caves of *Nyle.*
Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe died; for her phyſician tells me,
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſie ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the Monument:
She ſhall be buried by her *Antony.*
No Grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A Pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to *Rome:* come, *Dolabella,* ſee
High Order in this great Solemnity. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

——— *nulloque dolore*
Teſtatus morſus, ſubitam caligine mortem
Accipis, & Stygias. ſomno *deſcendis ad Umbras.*

Ovid likewiſe mentions this *hypnotick* Quality of the Aſpic, and calls it the *foreign Serpent.*

Plenaque ſomniferis *ſerpens peregrina Venenis.*

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britaine.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the Princeſs, and privately married to her.*
Guiderius, } *Diſguis'd under the names of* Paladour *and*
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *ſuppoſed ſons to* Belarius.
Belarius, *a baniſh'd Lord, diſguis'd under the name of* Morgan.
Philario, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Poſthumus.
Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *Ambaſſador from* Rome.
Piſanio, *Servant to* Poſthumus.
A French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Britaine; *ſometimes in* Italy.

CYM-

(1) CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our Courtiers;
Still seem, as do's the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom, (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self

(1) CYMBELINE] That Part of the Fable, on which the Distress of this Play is built, (viz. *Posthumus*'s Jealousy of his Wife, from his own Indiscretion;) is borrow'd, as Mr. *Gildon* and others have observ'd, from *Boccace*, Day 2d, Novel 9th. And the *Italian* Novelist seems to me to have founded his Tale on *Collatinus*'s extravagant Praises of his Wife to young *Tarquin* and others: to which idle Conduct the Rape of *Lucrece* was solely owing. Mr. *Pope* has remark'd, that little, besides the Names, is historical in this Play. On the contrary, it appears to me, that the Author has taken pains to insert Points of History, both *British* and *Roman*, in the Detail of his Scenary. Indeed, he sometimes puts a Change upon *Facts*, as well as subverts the *Chronology* of Actions; of which I shall take particular Notice in the proper Places. So, with like Licence, amongst Names truly *British* and *Roman*, he jumbles such as these, *Iachimo*, *Syenne*, *Richard du Champ*, *Fidele*, *Philario*, and *Pisanio*; all of a more modern Origin and Deflection.

Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.
She's wedded; ——
Her husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd: All
Is outward ſorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath loſt her, too: ſo is the Queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match. But not a Courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why ſo?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath miſs'd the Princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and, he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore baniſh'd) is a creature ſuch,
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him farr. (2)

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himſelf;
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did join his honour (3)
Againſt

(2) 2 Gent. *You ſpeak him* fair.
1 Gent. *I do* extend *him, Sir, within himſelf.*]
I don't know what Conſonance our modern Editors could find betwixt *ſpeaking fair* and *extending*: No more, I believe, than they have Authority for the Reading. I have reſtor'd with the old Books;
You ſpeak him farr.
i. e. You ſpeak widely, with Latitude, in his Praiſes: and then the other anſwers with great Propriety; "Sir, as *widely* as I ſpeak of him, "I *extend* him within the Liſts and Compaſs of his own Merit.

(3) *Who did join his Honour*
Againſt the Romans, *with* Caſſibelan;]
Lud, (from whom, as ſome ſuppoſe, *Ludgate* deriv'd its Name) began to reign over the Southern Parts of our Iſle about 70 Years before the *Chriſtian*

Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom (4)
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who, in the wars o'th' time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand: For which, their father,
(Then old and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.
His ſpring became a harveſt: liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver,

Chriſtian Æra. He reign'd but Eleven Years; and, upon his Demiſe, (or, rather, his Murder; for the Hiſtorians are expreſs, and concur in this Point:) *Caſſibelan*, his Brother, uſurp'd the Government from *Lud*'s two Sons then in their Minority. About the 9th Year of *Caſſibelan*'s Reign, *Julius Cæſar* made his firſt Deſcent upon *Britaine*, and met with Repulſe. The next Seaſon, he again invaded us; and then, after ſeveral Skirmiſhes and ſome pitch'd Battles wag'd with the *Romans*, the *Britons* being worſted, and revolting by Degrees from *Caſſibelan*, he was oblig'd to ſue to *Cæſar* for Terms, and to yield to the Payment of an annual Tribute to the *Romans* as Conquerors. POLYÆNUS (in his *Stratagemata*) tells us that the *Britons* fled, thro' the Terror they conceiv'd at ſight of *Cæſar*'s Elephants. *Cæſar*, in his *Commentaries*, mentions not one Word of Elephants employ'd in this Service: it muſt be look'd upon therefore as an idle Fable and of no Credit.

(4) TENANTIUS.] *Tenantius* (or *Theomantius*) who was the younger Son of *Lud*, and who had aided *Julius Cæſar* againſt *Caſſibelan*, upon his Uncle's Death, about 45 Years before *Chriſt*, recover'd the Dominions that had been uſurp'd from his Brother and him by *Caſſibelan*. He reign'd 22 Years; and in his 10th Year happen'd the Aſſaſſination of *Julius Cæſar*. Our Author hints here at this Prince having War with the *Romans*: and the Queſtion of his refuſing the *Tribute*, agreed to by his Uncle, will be canvaſs'd in a ſubſequent Note.

A child that guided dotards. To his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.
2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King?
1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it;) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I'th' ſwathing cloaths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?
1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.
2 *Gent.* That a King's children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them,——
1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, *and attendants.*

Queen. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
I'll-ey'd unto you: You're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint For you, *Poſthumus*,
So ſoon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.
Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
I will from hence to day.
Queen. You know the peril:

I'll

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Diſſembling courteſie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where ſhe wounds! My deareſt husband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reſerv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

Poſt. My Queen! my Miſtreſs!
O lady, weep no more, leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'ſt husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My reſidence in *Rome*, at one *Philario*'s;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure —— yet I'll move him
[*Aſide.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Poſt. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothneſs to depart would grow: — adieu!

Imo. Nay, ſtay a little ——
Were you but riding forth to air your ſelf,
Such Parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Poſt.

Poſt. How, how? another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While ſenſe can keep thee on! and Sweeteſt, Faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this faireſt pris'ner.
Imo. O, the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

Enter Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Poſt. Alack, the King! ——
Cym. Thou baſeſt Thing, avoid; hence, from my ſight:
If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.
Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.
Cym. O diſloyal thing, (5)

That

(5) —— —— *O diſloyal Thing,*
That ſhould'ſt repair my Youth, thou heap'ſt
A Year's *Age on me.*]
The King lov'd his Daughter, and was much vex'd and diſappointed at her having married againſt his Conſent. But, ſurely, his Sorrow was not very extreme, if the Effects of it only added one Year to his Age. Others have complain'd, of bringing their grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave. Our *Cymbeline* ſeems a more temperate Mourner. But we muſt correct, as my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me,
A yare *Age on me.*
i. e. a ſudden, precipitate, Old Age. For the Word ſignifies not only *nimble, dextrous*, as it is many times employ'd in our Author; but likewiſe

That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yare age on me.
Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not your ſelf with your vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.
Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my Queen.
Imo. O, bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my Throne
A Seat for Baſeneſs.
Imo. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Poſthumus:*
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.
Cym. What!—art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt, Sir; heav'n reſtore me! would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh Thing;——
They were again together, you have done
Not after our Command. Away with her, [*To the Queen.*

likewiſe, as SKINNER expounds it, *fervidus, promptus,* præceps, *impatiens.* The Miſtake might ariſe, in the firſt Editors, from the bad Orthography of thoſe Days, they writing *Yeare* for *Yare.* And ſo, in ſome Editions of CHAUCER, in his Legend of *Philomela,* we find it ſpelt.

This Tereüs *let him make his Shippés* yeare,
And into Greece *himſelf is forthe yfare.*

Shippes yeare, *i. e.* yare, nimble, light Veſſels, fit for Sailing.

And

And pen her up.

Queen. Beſeech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t' our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie, you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? what news?

Piſ. My lord your ſon drew on my maſter.

Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?

Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir! ——
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My ſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?

Piſ. On his Command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.

Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray you, ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholſome as That you vent.

Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it—— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith: Not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carkaſs, if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt, it went o'th' back-ſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, toward your face. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your Having, gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had meaſur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!——

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'would, there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip.
Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.
2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Imogen, *and* Piſanio.

Imo. I Would, thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o'th' haven,
And queſtion'd'ſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?
Piſ. 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Piſ. And kiſs'd it, Madam.
Imo. Senſeleſs linnen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Piſ. No, Madam; (6) for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of's mind

(6) ——— ——— *for ſo long*
As he could make me with his *Eye or Ear*
Diſtinguiſh him from others,] But how could *Poſthumus* make himſelf diſtinguiſh'd by his *Ear* to *Piſanio?* By his Tongue he might, to the other's Ear: and this was certainly *Shakeſpeare*'s Intention. We muſt therefore read, as Mr. *Warburton* hinted to me;
As he could make me with this *Eye, or Ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others.
The Expreſſion is δεικτικῶς, as the *Greeks* terme it: The Party ſpeaking points to the Part ſpoken of. So *Polonius* in *Hamlet*;
Take This *from* This, *if This be otherwiſe.*
i. e. take my Head from my Neck; Both which *Polonius* points to, whilſt he ſpeaks: So, *Hector* to *Æneas*, in *Virgil.*
——— ——— *Si Pergama dextrâ*
Defendi poſſent, etiàm hâc *defenſa fuiſſent.* Æneid. II.
And, ſo, in *Terence*;
Soſ. *Satin' hoc certum eſt?*
Ge. *Certum*; hiſce *oculis egomet vidi, Soſtrata.* Adelph. *A.* 3. *S.* 2.
And a Multitude of Inſtances might be quoted to prove this Uſage.

Could

Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.
Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.
Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—— But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?
Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter me with oriſons; (for then
I am in heaven for him;) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Deſires your Highneſs' company.
Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.
Piſ. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. BElieve it, Sir, I have ſeen him in *Britaine*; he was then of a creſcent Note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *Items*.

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with That which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, (wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing. *French.*

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans.*

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay, it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have ſain both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our Country miſtreſſes: This Gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſt, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptable than any the rareſt of our Ladies in *France.*

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Poſt. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy.*

Poſt. Being ſo far provok'd, as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profeſs my ſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany*. If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld, I could not believe, ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her; ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken; the one may be ſold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you:——

Poſt. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtoln too; ſo of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail and the other caſual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail; I do nothing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair Miſtreſs; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.——

Iach.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation: And to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion; and, I doubt not, you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's That?

Poſt. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born; and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: (7) my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

(7) Poſt. ——— ——— *my Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.*

Iach.] *You are* a Friend, *and therein the wiſer.*] I am ſure, *Iachimo* talks like none of the *wiſeſt*, in this kind of Reaſoning. But what Ideas, in the Name of Nonſenſe, could the Editors entertain of *Poſthumus* being *a Friend*, becauſe he would not venture to wager his Ring? I correct, with Certainty;

You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*

What *Iachimo* ſays, in the Cloſe of his Speech, determines This to have been our Poet's Reading.

But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

Iach. By the Gods, it is one. If I bring you not ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your Miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours: ſo is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you ſhall anſwer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe; for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britaine*, leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Poſth. *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a Viol.*

Queen. WHile yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers:
Make haſte.— Who has the note of them?
1 *Lady.* I, Madam.
Queen. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, maſter Doctor, have you brought thoſe drugs?
Cor. Pleaſeth your Highneſs, ay; here they are, Madam;
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence,
(My conſcience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt pois'nous compounds?
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly.
Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a queſtion; have I not been
Thy Pupil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea, ſo,
That our great King himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unleſs thou think'ſt me dev'liſh,) is't not meet,
That I did amplifie my judgment in
Other concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their ſev'ral virtues, and effects.
Cor. Your Highneſs
Shall from this Practice but make hard your heart;
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noyſome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring raſcal, upon him [*aſide.*
Will I firſt work; he's for his maſter's ſake
An enemy to my ſon. How now, *Piſanio?*
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam: [*aſide.*
But you ſhall do no harm.
Queen. Hark thee, a word. ——— [*To* Piſanio.
Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature. Thoſe, ſhe has,
Will ſtupifie and dull the ſenſe a while;
Which firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.
Queen. No further ſervice, Doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy Maſter; greater; for
His fortunes all lye ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?

Who

Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—— Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio *looking on the Viol.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a farther Good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thy ſelf:
(8) Think, what a change thou chanceſt on; but think;——
Thou haſt thy Miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my Son;
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then my ſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my Women——
[*Exit* Piſa.
Think on my words.—A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord.—I've giv'n him That,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of leidgers for her Sweet; and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done;
The violets, cowſlips, and the prim-roſes,

(8) *Think what a* Chance *thou* chanceſt *on*, ———] I hardly think, our Author would have expreſs'd himſelf thus baldly, on no Neceſſity. Both the old *Folio*'s read,

Think what a Chance thou changeſt *on*,

But I ſuſpect, there is ſtill a ſlight Error made by the firſt Tranſcriber. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

Think what a Change *thou chanceſt on*,

i. e. if you will fall into my Meaſures, do but think how you will chance to change your Fortunes for the better, in the Conſequences that will attend your Compliance.

Bear to my closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for You. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd — O, that husband!
My supream Crown of grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it —— had I been thief-stoln,
As my two brothers, happy! (9) but most miserable
Is the desire, that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Pisanio, *and* Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

(9) —— —— *but most miserable*
Is the Desire, that's glorious.] Tho' This connects perfectly well both with what goes before, and what follows, yet it is obscure enough to deserve a short Comment. " Her Husband, *she says*, proves her su-
" pream Grief. She had been happy, had She been stoln as her Bro-
" thers were: but now She is most miserable, as all those are, who have
" a Sense of Worth and Honour superiour to the Vulgar: For This oc-
" casions them infinite Vexations, with the worthless and envious Part of
" Mankind. Had She not had so refin'd a Taste, as to be only con-
" tented with the superiour Merits of a *Posthumus*; but could have ta-
" ken up with a *Cloten*; She might have escap'd all these Vexations.
" This Elegance of Taste, that always discovers an Excellence, and
" chuses it, She calls with the utmost Stretch of the Sublime, —— *the*
" *Desire that's glorious.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Iach.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare, [*aſide.*
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the *Parthian*, I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' reſt, and takes it thankfully.——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt Lady.——
What! are men mad? hath Nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, (10) and the twinn'd ſtones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

(10) ——— ——— *and the twinn'd Stones*
Upon the number'd *Beach.*] I have no Idea, in what Senſe the Beach, or Shore, ſhould be call'd *number'd.* I have ventur'd, againſt all the Copies, to ſubſtitute
Upon th'unnumber'd Beach.
i. e. the infinite, extenſive Beach, if we are to underſtand the Epithet as coupled to That Word. But I rather think, the Poet intended an *Hypallage,* like That in the Beginning of OVID's *Metamorphoſes:*
(In nova *fert Animus* mutatas *dicere formas*
Corpora,)
And then we are to underſtand the Paſſage thus; *and the infinite Number of twinn'd Stones upon the Beach.* The Poet has given them the ſame Epithet before, in his *Lear.*
——— *The murm'ring Surge,*
That on th' unnumber'd *idle Pebbles chafes,*
Cannot be heard ſo far.

Imo.

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other:) Nor i'th' judgment;
(For Ideots, in this caſe of Favour, would
Be wiſely definite:) Nor i' th' appetite:
(Slutt'ry, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
(11) Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.)
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, (that tub,
Both fill'd and running;) ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage —
Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?
Iach. Thanks, Madam, well — Beſeech you, Sir,
[*To* Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ſtrange, and peeviſh.
Piſ. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a Stranger there
So merry, and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The *Britaine* Reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,

(11) *Should make Deſire vomit* ev'n *Emptineſs.*] None of the old Books acknowledge this Monoſyllable, *ev'n*; and therefore I have caſhier'd it. Mr. *Pope* inſerted it; and thought, no doubt, he was doing eminent Service to the Verſe. He did not know, or obſerve, that the Poet intended here to make *Deſire* a *triſyllable*; as he perpetually almoſt extends *fire* and *hour*, in Scanſion, to *two Syllables*.

An

An eminent Monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
(Your Lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries
Oh!——
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman:* but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's Bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, Sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck diſcern you in me,
Deſerves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and ſolace
I'th' dungeon by a ſnuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your—— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.
Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than

Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born;) diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe ev'ry touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour;
Then glad my ſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain.*

Iach. And himſelf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his Change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſtned to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! —— with diſeas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd, if this be true?

(As

(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe;) if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it:——
I dedicate my ſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that Runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What ho, *Piſanio!*——
Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.
Imo. Away,——I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio!*——
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court to mart
As in a *Romiſh* Stew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio!*
Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay;
The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit! bleſſed live you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his Miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt-manner'd, ſuch a holy Witch,
That he enchants ſocieties into him:

Half

Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a deſcended God;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal Seeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i'th' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my ſelf, and other noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Beſt feather of our wing,) have mingled ſums
To buy a Preſent for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My Lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my Return. From *Gallia*,

I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to morrow?
Iach. O, I muſt, Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night.
I have outſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our Preſent.
Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exe.*

ACT II.

SCENE, CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two lords.*

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the Jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whorſon jack-an-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*aſide.*

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpos'd to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord: nor crop the ears of them. [*aſide.*

Clot.

Clot. Whorſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? would, he had been one of my Rank.

2 *Lord.* To have ſmelt like a fool.—— [*aſide.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, —a pox on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my Mother; every *Jack*-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*aſide.*

Clot. Say'ſt thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordſhip only.—

Clot. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to Court to night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*aſide.*

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* what I have loſt to day at bowls, I'll win to night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clot.

That ſuch a crafty devil, as is his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs! — a woman, that

Bears

Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. —— Alas, poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
(12) More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'ld make. — The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unſhak'd
That Temple thy fair Mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd Lord, and this great Land!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it, a large trunk.*

Imogen *is diſcover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen?*
Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam ——
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed —

(12) *More hatefull than the foul Expulſion is*
Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
Of the divorce ——— *he'll make the Heav'ns hold firm*
The Walls of thy dear honour, &c.] What perpetual Proofs occur of theſe Editors' ſtupid Indolence! They cannot afford even to add, or tranſpoſe, a Stop, tho' the Senſe be never ſo much concern'd in it. How would *Cloten*'s Sollicitations, if I might ask theſe wiſe Gentlemen, make the Heavens keep firm *Imogen*'s Honour? Would the Speaker imply, that this Wooer was ſo hateful, worthleſs, a Creature, the Heavens would purpoſely keep her honeſt in Contempt of him? The Author meant no ſuch abſurd Stuff. I dare be poſitive, I have reform'd his Pointing, and by That retriev'd his true Senſe. "This Wooer, *ſays the Speaker*, is "more hateful to her than the Baniſhment of her Lord; or the horrid "Attempt of making that Baniſhment perpetual, by his marrying her "in her Lord's Abſence." Having made this Reflexion, he ſubjoins a virtuous Wiſh, that Heaven may preſerve her Honour unblemiſh'd, and her to enjoy her Husband back, and her Rights in the *Kingdom*.

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me —— ſleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me, beſeech ye. [*ſleeps.*
[Iachimo *riſes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs it ſelf by Reſt: our *Tarquin* thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lilly,
And whiter than the ſheets! that I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs —— rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't! —— 'tis her Breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed lights, now canopy'd
Under theſe windows: white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct.— But my deſign's
To note the chamber — I will write all down,
Such, and ſuch, pictures — there, the window, — ſuch,
Th' adornment of her bed — the arras, figures ——
Why, ſuch, and ſuch — and the contents o'th' ſtory—
Ah, but ſome nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtifie, t'enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lye dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a Monument,
Thus in a chappel lying! — Come off, come off. ——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlipp'ry as the *Gordian* knot was hard. ——
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience do's within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I'th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law could make: this Secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en

The

The treaſure of her Honour. No more — to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? Sh' hath been reading, late,
The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough.—
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
(13) Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the Night! that Dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
Though

(13) *Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the Night! that Dawning*
May ope *the Raven's Eye.*] Mr. *Pope* has profeſs'd, that, in his Editions, "the *Various Readings* are fairly put in the Margin, ſo that "Every One may compare them; and thoſe he has prefer'd into the "Text are CONSTANTLY *ex fide Codicum*, upon Authority." I muſt own, I can't help ſuſpecting a little the Veracity of this Aſſertion; and I challenge him to produce any authentick Copy of *Cymbeline*, that gives Us this Reading;

——— *that Dawning*
May ope *the Raven's Eye.*

From the firſt *Folio*'s down to Mr. *Rowe*'s Impreſſion, we find it conſtantly;

——— *that Dawning*
May bear *the Raven's Eye.*

If I agreed with Mr. *Pope* in the Meaning of this Expreſſion, I could help him to an Emendation, with a very minute Change of the Letters:

——— *that Dawning*
May bare *the Raven's Eye.*

i. e. make *bare, naked:* And this would be a much more poetical Word than *ope.* Beſides, moſt Birds, as well as many Quadrupeds, have a Membrane for Nictation, call'd περιοφθάλμιον, which they can at Pleaſure draw over their Eyes, to defend them from too ſtrong a Light: and when this Membrane is withdrawn, the Eye may very properly be ſaid to be *bared.* ——— But, notwithſtanding all this, the old Books give us the genuine Reading; which, I'll be bold to ſay, Mr. *Pope* has rejected, becauſe he did not underſtand. Why ſhould the Dawn be ſaid peculiarly to open the Raven's Eye? The Lark has always been counted the earlieſt Stirrer amongſt the feather'd Kind. For the Dawn to *bear the Raven's Eye*, is, as Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly obſerv'd to me, a very grand and poetical Expreſſion. It is a Metaphor borrow'd from *Heraldry*; as, again, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing.*

So that if he have Wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear *it for a difference between himſelf and his Horſe.*

That the Dawn ſhould *bear the Raven's Eye*, means, that It ſhould riſe, and ſhew That Colour. Now the Raven's Eye is remarkably *grey:* and *grey-ey'd*, 'tis known, is the Epithet univerſally join'd to the Morning. Nor has our *Shakeſpeare* forgot to allude to the Morning being grey in other Paſſages.

Though this a heav'nly Angel, hell is here.

[*Clock ſtrikes.*

One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene cloſes.*

SCENE *changes to another Part of the Palace, facing* Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Cloten, *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* YOUR lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip; you are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would, this muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her muſick o' mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will

——— *and, look, the gentle Day,*
Before the Wheels of Phœbus, *round about*
Dapples the drowſie Eaſt with Spots of grey. Much Ado *&c.*

The Hunt is up; the Morn is bright and grey. Tit. Andron.

O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey *Lines,*
That fret the Clouds, are Meſſengers of Day. Jul. Cæſ.

And ſee, the Morn, in ruſſet *Mantle clad,* Hamlet.

For *ruſſet* is *dark-brown, grey.*

The grey-ey'd *Morn ſmiles on the frowning Night,*
Check'ring the Eaſtern Clouds with Streaks of Light.
&c. &c. &c. Rom. *and* Jul.

do,

do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus *'gins arise,*
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lyes:
And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone — if this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her Minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame your self
To orderly Sollicits; and be friended

With aptneſs of the ſeaſon; make denials
Encreaſe your ſervices; ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when Command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clot. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. So like you, Sir, Ambaſſadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receive him
According to the Honour of his Sender;
And towards himſelf, his goodneſs fore-ſpent on us,
We muſt extend our notice: ——— Our dear Son,
When you have giv'n good morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the Queen and us; we ſhall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen.
[*Exeunt.*

Clot. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lye ſtill, and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*
I know, her women are about her —— what,
If I do line one of their hands? —— 'tis gold,
Which buys admittance, (oft it doth,) yea, makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, yield up
Their deer to th' Stand o'th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes, hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe my ſelf.
By your leave. —— [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot.

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe tailors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: what's your lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clot. Your lady's perſon; is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clot. There is gold for you, ſell me your good report.
Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good? The Princeſs ———

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow, faireſt: ſiſter, your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clot. Still I ſwear I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clot. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me; —faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn (being taught) forbearance.
Clot. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin; (14)
I will not.

Imo.

(14) *To leave you in your Madneſs, 'twere my Sin;*
I will not.
Imo. *Fools* are *not Madfolks.*
Clot. *Do you call me fool?*
Imo. *As I am mad, I do.*]
But does ſhe really call him Fool? The ſoundeſt Logician would be puzzled to find it out, as the Text ſtands. The reaſoning is perplex'd in a ſlight Corruption; and we muſt reſtore, as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw,
Fools cure *not Madfolks.*

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners (15)
By being ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe my ſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boaſt.
Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The Contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th' Court,) it is no Contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties, (16)
(Yet

You are mad, ſays He, and it would be a Crime in me to leave you to yourſelf. —— Nay, ſays ſhe, why ſhould you ſtay? A Fool never cur'd Madneſs. —— Do you call me Fool? replies he, *&c.* All this is eaſy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the Poet's Word, I think is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately ſubjoins.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures *us both.*

i. e. If you'll ceaſe to torture me with your fooliſh Sollicitations, I'll ceaſe to ſhew towards you any Thing like Madneſs: ſo a double Cure will be effected, of your Folly, and my ſuppos'd Frenzy.

(15) *You put me to forget a Lady's Manners*
By being ſo verbal.]

This Reflexion of *Imogen* upon her own Sex, that it ill becomes a Lady to be loquacious, might very well be borrow'd from what *Ajax* ſays to *Tecmeſſa*, in *Sophocles*;

Γύναι, γυναιξὶ κόσμον ἡ σιγὴ φέρει. Ajac. Flagell. v. 295.
Woman, to Women Silence adds a Grace.

(16) *And tho' it be allow'd in meaner Parties,*
(Yet who than He more mean?) to knit their Souls
(On whom there is no more Dependency
*But Brats and Beggary;) in ſelf-*figur'd *Knot;*]

Tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, Mr. *Warburton* and I have both concurr'd in ſuſpecting that the Poet wrote

—— *in ſelf* finger'd *Knot*:

i. e. a

(Yet who than he, more mean?) to knit their ſouls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,) in ſelf-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o'th' Crown; and muſt not foil
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth;
A pantler; not ſo eminent. ——

Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be ſtil'd
The under-hangman of his Realm; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.

Clot. The ſouth-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men. How now, *Piſanio?*

Enter Piſanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil —

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hye thee preſently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe — go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm — it was thy maſter's. 'Shrew me,
If I would loſe it for a revenue

i. e. a Match made up without more Ceremony, than barely the Parties ſtriking Hands. It is our Author's Mode of Expreſſion. So in *Troil.* and *Creſſida.*

The Bonds of Heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſol-v'd, and loos'd,
*And with another Knot five-*finger-*tied*, &c.

And ſo, in the *Merry Wives* of *Windſor*;

No, he ſhall not knit *a* knot *in his Fortunes with the* Finger *of my ſubſtance.*

Of

Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiſſed it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiſs ought but him.
Piſ. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo; go, and ſearch.
Clot. You have abus'd me ——
His meaneſt Garment? ——
Imo. Ay, I ſaid ſo, Sir;
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meaneſt garment? — well. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Poſthumus, *and* Philario.

Poſt. FEAR it not, Sir; I would, I were ſo ſure
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Poſt. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh,
That warmer days would come; in theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Auguſtus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commiſſion throughly. And, I think, (17)
He'll

(17) —— —— *And, I think,*
He'll grant the Tribute, ſend th' Arrearages,
Or *look upon our* Romans, *whoſe Remembrance*
Is yet freſh in their Grief.]
What a ſtrange looſe Inference do the Editors here make *Philario*
guilty

He'll grant the tribute; ſend th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our *Romans*, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.
Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear (18)
The legions, now in *Gallia*, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people ſuch
As mend upon the world.

guilty of, that *Cymbeline* would do One Thing, or t'other; either ſubmit to pay Tribute, or diſpute the Demand at Sword's Point? Who doubts it? But this was none of the Speaker's Meaning: he would give it as his Thought, that the *Britains* would pay, *e'er* they would conteſt the Matter: and ſo I have reform'd the Text. I have ſhewn in my 21ſt Note on *Titus Andronicus*, from CHAUCER, and the Old Gloſſaries, that *Or* was formerly us'd fot *e'er*, *before*: but this Uſage, as I there obſerv'd, was become too obſolete for *Shakeſpeare*'s Days.

(18) ——— *And you ſhall hear*
The Legion *now in* Gallia *ſooner landed*
In our not fearing Britaine, *&c.*]

Poſthumus is ſaying, that the *Britons* are much ſtrengthen'd ſince the Time of *Julius Cæſar*'s Attack upon them: Would then the *Romans* think now of invading them with a *ſingle Legion*? The Poet certainly wrote;

The Legions *now in* Gallia, *&c.*

So, in four ſeveral Paſſages afterwards:

The Pow'rs, *that he already hath in* Gallia,
Will ſoon be drawn, *&c.*

To Them, the Legions *garriſon'd in* Gallia,
After your Will, have croſs'd *the* Sea;

And that the Legions *now in* Gallia *are*
Full-weak *to* undertake *our* War *againſt*
The fall'n-off Britains; *that we do incite*
The Gentry *to this Buſineſs.*

So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The Roman Legions, *all from* Gallia *drawn,*
Are landed on your Coaſt, with large Supply
Of Roman Gentlemen.

Enter

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See, *Iachimo.*——

Poſt. Sure, the ſwift harts have poſted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, Sir.

Poſt. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your Return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Poſt. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her Beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Poſt. Their tenour good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poſt. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

Poſt. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſie.

Poſt. Make not, Sir,
Your loſs your ſport; I hope, you know, that we
Muſt not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant,
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſs my ſelf the winner of her honour,

Together

Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Poſt. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion, (19)
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes
Your ſword or mine; or maſterleſs leaves Both
To who ſhall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumſtances
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber, ——
(Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but profeſs,
Had That was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* ſwell'd above the banks or for
The preſs of boats, or pride: — A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was ——
Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More Particulars
Muſt juſtifie my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.

(19) —— —— *If not, the foul Opinion*
You had of her poor *Honour*, &c.]
Thus, Mr. *Rowe*; and thus, Mr. *Pope* as judiciouſly, as ſervilely, after him: And yet he pretends to have collated the old Copies. But the two Elder *Folio*'s read, as I have reſtor'd,
You had of her pure *Honour*.

Iach

Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing; never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb, out-went her;
Motion and breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing, (20)
Which you might from relation likewiſe reape;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The roof o'th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Poſt. What's this t' her honour? (21)
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.

(20) *This is a Thing,*
Which you might from relation likewiſe read,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.]
To *read* from *Relation*, i. e. from Men's Reports *vivâ voce*, is a Figure, I am ſure, never us'd by *Shakeſpeare*; whatever, *reading* in any One's *Eyes*, might have been: But this again is the Manufacture of our modern Editors. The old Editions read, as I have reform'd the Text.

(21) ——— ——— This is *her Honour:*
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this, &c.]
Iachimo impudently pretends to have carried his Point; and, in Confirmation, is very minute in deſcribing to the Husband all the Furniture and Adornments of his Wife's Bedchamber. But how is fine Furniture any ways a Princeſs's Honour? It is an *Apparatus* ſuitable to her Dignity, but certainly makes no part of her Character. It might have been call'd her Father's Honour, that her Allotments were proportion'd to her Rank and Quality. I am perſuaded, the Poet intended *Poſthumus* ſhould ſay; " This particular Deſcription, which you " make, can't convince me that I have loſt my Wager: Your Memory " is good; and ſome of theſe Things you may have learned from a " Third Hand, or ſeen yourſelf; yet I expect Proofs more direct and " authentick". I think, there is little Queſtion but we ought to reſtore the place thus:

——— ——— What's This t'*her Honour?*

I propos'd this Emendation in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to embrace it in his laſt Edition.

Iach.

Iach. Then, if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: ſee! —
And now 'tis up again; it muſt be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.
Poſt. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: Is it That,
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, That:
She ſtrip'd it from her arm, I ſee her yet,
Her pretty action did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Poſt. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a baſilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above meaſure falſe! ———
Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable, ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath ſtoln it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo, I hope, he came by't; back my ring;
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this; for this was ſtole.
Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.
Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears; by *Jupiter* he ſwears.
'Tis true —— nay, keep the ring — 'tis true; I'm ſure,
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to ſteal it!
And, by a ſtranger! — no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore thus dearly;
There,

There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perſuaded well of. ——

Poſt. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt,
Worthy the preſſing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiſt it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?

Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Poſt. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the Turns: once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be ſworn ——

Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Poſt. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i'th' Court, before
Her father —— I'll do ſomething —— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? we are baſtards all;
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,

When

When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
The Non-pareil of this — Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn* —— that I thought her
As chaſte, as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour —— was't not? —
Or leſs: at firſt? perchance, he ſpoke not, but
Like a full acorn'd Boar, a *German* one, (22)
Cry'd, oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me — for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all. — For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them — yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray, they have their Will;
The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

(22) *Like a full-acorn'd Boar*, a churning *on*,]
This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading, without any Authority. *A* Jermen one, *in the firſt Editions*; (ſays He,) *ſince alter'd to a* German one. —— And why not, pray? Is not *Weſtphalia* a Part of *Germany?* And where are Boars more delicately fed, or more likely to be rank and hot after the Female, than *German* ones?

ACT III.

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at one door; and at another,* Caius Lucius *and attendants.*

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæsar,* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britain,*
And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan,* thine uncle, (23)
(Famous

(23) ——— ——— Cassibelan, *thine Uncle,*
- - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - *for Him,*
And his Succession, granted Rome *a Tribute*
Yearly three thousand Pounds; which by Thee *lately*
Is left untender'd.]

The Poet must mean, *thy* great *Uncle,* or Uncle once remov'd: For *Cymbeline* was the Son of *Tenantius,* who was the Son of *Lud:* and *Lud* and *Cassibelan* were Brothers. But, I have hinted in the first Note to this Play, that our Author frequently has made bold with his History. The Passage before us furnishes more than one Instance. It was in the 20th Year of *Tenantius*'s Reign, that *Augustus Cæsar* had a Design, for the Second Time, of invading us; and Ambassadors came to him at *Ariminum* from *Britaine* to sollicit a Peace. So that it was *Tenantius* more probably, who had withheld the Payment of the Tribute granted by *Cassibelan. Cymbeline,* on the other hand, 'tis said, was sent over in his Youth to *Rome,* received his Education there, was caress'd by *Augustus,* and call'd the *Friend* of the *Roman* People. Besides, that *Cymbeline* acquiesc'd to this Tribute, (as we have no Vouchers to the contrary in History;) may be gather'd from the old Coin with his Head on one side, and CUNOBELIN inscrib'd round it; and TASCHIA, on the Reverse, i. e. an *Impost,* or *Tribute.* For *Tascu* in the old *British* means, to *lay any Burthen.* So *Teska* among the *Sarmatians* and

(Famous in *Cæsar*'s praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
And his succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
Ere such another *Julius*: *Britain* is (24)
A world by't self; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my liege,
The Kings your ancestors: together with
The nat'ral Brav'ry of your Isle; which stands,

and old *Celts* signified an *Imposition* or *Grievance*; and from the old *Tascia* we derive our Words used at this day, *Tax* and *Task*. ——— But I shall have occasion in the sequel of this Scene to inquire into the precise Time, when our Poet supposes this War on *Britaine:* and from thence we shall easily glean his Trespass on Chronology.

(24) ——— Britaine *is*
A World by't self.]

In like manner, almost, has *Virgil* spoken of our *Britaine*;

Et penitùs toto divisos orbe *Britannos.* Ed. I.

And *Lucius Florus*, I observe, where he is mentioning what Conquests are reserv'd for *Julius Cæsar*, seems purposely to have copied this Description of the above quoted Poet; *Et quamvis* toto orbe divisa, *quî vinceret*, *habuit* Britannia. *Lib.* 3, *cap.* 10. *Claudian* likewise speaks of us as divided from the *Roman* World;

——— Germanaque *Tethys*
Paruit & nostro diducta *Britannia* mundo. *In Paneg.* Theod.

And *Horace* calls us a People situated in the Extremity of the Creation:

Serves iturum Cæsarem *in* ultimos
Orbis *Britannos.* Lib. I. Ode 35.

And *Servius*, upon the Passage in *Virgil*, has remark'd, that *Britaine* was call'd by the Poets *alter Orbis terrarum*. But our Poet, perhaps, might have none of these Classical Passages in View, but be alluding to what is recorded of *Cassibelan* in the Chronicles. When *Comius* of *Arras* came to him with a Message from *Julius Cæsar*, in which Homage, and Subjection, and a Tribute, were demanded, *Cassibelan* reply'd; "*That the Ambition of the* Romans *was insatiable, who would* "*not suffer* Britaine, *a* new World, *placed by Nature in the Ocean, and* "*beyond the Bounds of their Empire, to lie unmolested.*

As *Neptune*'s Park, ribbed and paled in
With oaks unskaleable, and roaring waters;
With Sands, that will not bear your enemies boats,
But ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of Conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*. With ſhame,
(The firſt, that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, 'twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point (25)
(Oh, giglet fortune!) to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword,
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britains* ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*; other of them may have crook'd noſes, but to own ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*; I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.— Why, Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? if *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from us with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,

(25) *The fam'd* Caſſibelan, *who was once at point*
(Oh, giglet Fortune!) to maſter Cæſar's *Sword,*]
The Poet is here alluding to a private Matter of Fact, tho' he takes the Liberty to put a Change on the Parties concern'd in it. The *Britiſh* Hiſtory (as *Holingſhead* lets us know,) has recorded, that *Nenius*, the Brother of *Caſſibelan*, in one Engagement fought hand to hand againſt *Cæſar*; who driving a furious Blow at him, fix'd the Blade of his Sword in *Nenius*'s Shield: by which, *Cæſar* was in very eminent Danger: but he happily diſengag'd his Weapon, and acquitted himſelf ſo manfully, that *Nenius* dy'd within 15 days of the Wounds receiv'd in that Encounter.

'Till

'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This tribute from us, We were free. *Cæſar*'s ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th' world, againſt all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
Our ſelves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, who (26)
Ordain'd our Laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the firſt of *Britain*, which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar*, that hath more Kings his ſervants, than
Thy ſelf domeſtick Officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then. — War and Confuſion
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my ſelf.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;

(26) *Our Anceſtor was that* Mulmutius, *who*
Ordain'd our Laws, &c.]
Mulmutius Dunwallo, (or *Dunvallo Molmutius*, as he is otherwiſe call'd) obtain'd the Dominion of *Britaine* about 436 Years before the Birth of *Chriſt*, and 414 before the Beginning of *Cymbeline*'s Reign. He is ſaid to have held his Government 40 Years: and built the Temple of *Peace*, where he was afterwards buried, in *London*, (then *Troynovant*) ſo often quoted by *Britiſh* Chronologers. He compiled a Set of wholeſome Laws, that took their general Name from him; which were ſaid to have been turn'd out of the *Britiſh* Speech into *Latine* by *Gildas*; (who was born, A. D. 493.) and, long after, out of *Latine* into the *Saxon* Idiom by King *Alfred*. He made himſelf of ſuch Reverence and Authority, that, by the Conſent of the Grandees of the Land, he obtain'd a Crown of Gold; and caus'd himſelf with great Solemnity to be crown'd, according to the Cuſtom of the *Pagan* Laws then in uſe. And becauſe he was the Firſt, who wore a regal Crown here, he is by ſome Writers nam'd the Firſt King of *Britaine*: All before him being ſtyled only Rulers, Dukes, or Governors, ſaith HOLINGSHEAD.

Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again perforce, (27)

(27) ——— ——— *Of him I gather'd Honour;*
Which he to seek of me again perforce,
Behoves me keep at Variance.]

This is Sense, but it is one of those Sophistications of the Text, which Mr. *Pope*, notwithstanding his Assertions to the contrary, has obtruded upon us, without any Countenance or Authority from the old Books. And why, forsooth, but because he did not understand the genuine Reading? All the Copies, that I have seen, read;

Behoves me keep at Utt'rance.

i. e. at all Hazards, at the utmost Extremity of Peril. *Utterance*, Extremity; says the old Glossary to CHAUCER: So, in a Poem prefix'd to that Poet's Works, and address'd to the King and Knights of the Garter;

Ye Lordis eke, shining in noble Fame,
To which appropred is the Maintenaunce
Of Christ'is Cause, in honour of his Name,
Shove on, and put his Foes to Utteraunce.

i. e. Extremity, *utter* Destruction. So in the *Three Sieges of* Troy, printed by *Winken de Werde*;

His Dolour and Pain grew and enlarged to the Utterance.

So Sir *Robert Dimock*, the Champion at K. *Richard* the 3d's Coronation, made Proclamation, as *Holingshead* tells us;

Whoever shall say, that King Richard *is not lawful King, I will fight with him* at the Utterance.

i. e. to the Hazard of Death. So, likewise, elsewhere in our own Author;

——— ——— *But he has a Merit*
To choak it in the Utterance. Coriol.

i. e. in the extreamest Point.

Rather than so, come Fate *into the List,*
And challenge me to th' Utt'rance. Macb.

i. e. to the utmost Peril, Death it self. And our Author frequently gives us the same Image, with a Variation in the Expression.

——— ——— *There I throw my Gage,*
To prove it on Thee to th' extreamest Point
Of mortal Breathing. Richard 2d.
For I will throw my Glove to Death himself:
Troil. *and* Cress.

——— ——— *will you, the Knights*
Shall to the Edge *of all* Extremity
Pursue each other, &c. Ibid.
So be it, either to the uttermost,
Or else a Breath. Ibid.

Behooves

Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect, (28)
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in arms: a Precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhew the *Britains* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: if you ſeek us afterwards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

(28) ——————— *I am perfect,*
That the Pannonians *and* Dalmatians, *for*
Their Liberties, are now in Arms.]
This Circumſtance is again repeated afterwards by a *Roman* Senator in this *Act*.

This is the Tenour of the Emp'rour's Writ;
That ſince the Common Men are now in Action
'Gainſt the Pannonians *and* Dalmatians, &c.

From this Particularity we may preciſely fix the ſuppos'd Date of this War on *Britaine*, for the Recovery of Tribute in Arrear to *Rome*; and, at one View, ſee, how our Author has jumbled Facts againſt the known Tenour of Chronology. In the 10th Year after the Aſſaſſination of *Julius Cæſar*, (Anno U. C. 719) *Auguſtus* had a deſign of making a Deſcent on *Britaine*: but was diverted from it by an Inſurrection of the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, in order to ſhake off their Subjection to *Rome*. Now this Period of Time was coincident with the 13th Year of *Tenantius*'s Reign, who was the Father of *Cymbeline*: and *Tenantius* reign'd 9 Years after this.

Again, we find, from the very opening of our Play, that *Cymbeline* had been at leaſt 23 Years on the Throne: for it was twenty Years ſince his two Sons were ſtoln, and the eldeſt of them then was at leaſt 3 Years Old. Now the 23d of *Cymbeline* falls in with the 42d of *Auguſtus*, the very Year in which *Chriſt* was born. So that our Author has confuſedly blended Facts at 32 Years diſtance from each Other. Whether he was aware of, or neglected, this Diſcordance in Time, it has contributed to another Abſurdity. It is ſaid more than once in our Play, *That the Remembrance of the* Romans *is yet freſh in the* Britains' *Grief*: i. e. that they ſtill felt the ſmart of their Overthrow. Now *Julius Cæſar* ſubdued *Britaine*, 11 Years before his Aſſaſſination, in the Year of *Rome* 698. This War on *Cymbeline* cannot be before the 42d Year of *Auguſtus*: (U. C. 751) ſo that here is an Interval of 53 Years, a Time ſufficient to eraſe the Memory of the moſt dreadful Enemy; eſpecially in a People, who are boaſting of the ſtrength they have acquir'd ſince their Defeat.

Luc. So, Sir. ——

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remain is, Welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Piſanio, *reading a Letter.*

Piſ. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not,
What monſters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
Oh maſter, what a ſtrange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what falſe *Italian*,
(As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready Hearing! — Diſloyal? no,
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes
More Goddeſs-like, than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue. Oh, my maſter!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I ſhould murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy Command! —— I, her! —— her blood!
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. —— How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't* —— *the letter,*
[*Reading.*
That I have ſent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. — Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble!
Art thou a fœdarie for this act, and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Piſanio?*

Piſ. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who! thy lord? that is my lord *Leonatus:*
Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtronomer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the Future open. —— You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content; —— (yet not
That

That we two are aſunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them, (29)
For it doth phyſick love;)—— of his content,
All but in that.—— Good wax, thy leave.—Bleſt be
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You clasp young *Cupid*'s tables: good news, Gods!

[*Reading.*

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his Dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me; but you, oh the deareſt of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, *at* Milford-Haven*: what your own love will out of this adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love;*

Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* read and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I

(29) *Some Griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,*
For it doth phyſick Love of his Content,
All but in That.]

Thus Mr. *Pope* has wiſely pointed this Paſſage in his 4to Edition of our Poet: by which it is demonſtrable, he did not underſtand it. If Grief *phyſicks Love of his Content*, then it purges his Content away, which is by no means our Author's meaning. All the Editions have confounded the Senſe by a bad Pointing: I have reform'd the whole Context; and will ſubjoin a ſhort Paraphraſe by way of Explanation. "*Imogen*, before ſhe opens the Letter, prays, that the Contents of it "may ſhew that her Lord ſtill loves her; that he is in Health; and that "he taſtes Content. Yet (ſays ſhe, as it were correcting herſelf;) let him "not taſte a full and abſolute Content; let it give him ſome Grief that "Fate has divided him and me; for that's a Grief, which will be me-"dicinable, will exerciſe and ſupport his Love: but in ev'ry other "Circumſtance let him enjoy Content at Heart." —— I gave this Explanation, and reform'd the Pointing, in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſaf'd to embrace my Correction in his laſt Edition.

Glide

Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio*,
Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,
(Oh, let me bate) but not like me; yet long'ſt, —
But in a fainter kind —— oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond — Say, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of Hearing
To th' ſmoth'ring of the Senſe —— how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford*: and, by th' way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T'inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
Till our return, t'excuſe —— but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born, or ere-begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go bid my woman feign a ſickneſs, ſay
She'll home t'her father: and provide me, preſent,
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A *Franklin*'s houſewife.

Piſ. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here, (30)
Nor

(30) *I ſee before me, Man, nor here, nor here,*
Nor what enſues; but have a Fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'.]

Where is the Subſtantive, to which this Relative plural, *them*, can poſſibly have any Reference? There is None; and the Senſe, as well as Grammar, is defective. I have ventur'd to reſtore, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies,

—— —— *but have a Fog in* Ken,
That I cannot look thro.

Imogen would ſay, "Don't talk of conſidering, Man; I neither ſee "preſent Events, nor Conſequences; but am in a Miſt of Fortune, "and reſolv'd to proceed on the Project determin'd. *In Ken*, means,

in

Nor what enſues, but have a fog in Ken,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Foreſt with a Cave, in* Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A Goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that Giants may jet through
And keep their impious Turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We houſe i'th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which leſſens and ſets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war;
That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,

in proſpect, within Sight, before my Eyes. So, afterwards, in this Play;

——— ——— Milford,
When from the Mountain-top Piſanio *ſhew'd thee,*
Thou waſt within a Ken.

So, in 2d *Henry* IV.

For, lo! within a Ken *our Army lies.*

And in many other Paſſages.

Than

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd; no life to ours.
Guid. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know,
What air's from home. Hap'ly, this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known: well correſponding
With your ſtiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed,
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*? how,
In this our pinching Cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing;
We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,
Is certain falling; or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſie at the cenſure:— Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd

With

With *Roman* ſwords; and my Report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans:* ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. —— But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o'th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Guid. *and* Arvir.
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little, they are Sons to th' King;
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.
They think, they're mine; tho' trained up thus meanly (31)

I'th'

(31) —— —— *tho' trained up thus meanly*
Here *in the Cave*, wherein *their Thoughts do hit*
The Roof of Palaces. ——]

Thus Mr. *Pope*; but the Sentence breaks off imperfectly. The old Editions read,

I th' Cave, whereon the Bow *their Thoughts do hit*, &c.

Mr. *Rowe* ſaw, this likewiſe was faulty; and therefore amended it thus:

I'th' Cave, where, on *the Bow*, *their Thoughts do hit*, &c.

I think, it ſhould be, only with the Alteration of one Letter, and the Addition of another;

I'th' Cave, there, *on the* Brow, ——

And

I'th' Cave, there, on the Brow, their thoughts do hit
The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*, (32)
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!* ——
When on my three-foot-ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, " thus mine enemy fell,
" And thus I ſet my foot on's neck" — even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words — The younger brother *Cadwall*,
(Once, *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd. ——
Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conſcience know,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her Grave;
My ſelf *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

And ſo the Grammar and Syntax of the Sentence is compleat. We call the *Arching* of a *Cavern*, or *Overhanging* of a *Hill*, metaphorically, the *Brow*; and in like manner the *Greeks* and *Latines* uſed ὀφρὺς, and *Supercilium*.

(32) *This* Polydore,] Tho' the Name be ſeveral times writ thus in the Old Books, I am perſuaded it is not as the Author intended. It is a Compound purely *Greek*, without the Turn or Foundation of a *Britiſh* Name. The firſt Time this Name is mention'd in both the old *Folio*'s, it is written *Paladour*, as I have reform'd the Text; becauſe this, as well as *Cadwal*, is of the *Britiſh* Caſt. What *Pala* in the firſt Name, or *Wal* in the other, may ſignify, I am not deep enough in *Cambrian* to know; but *dour*, or *dhŭr*, means, *profluens aquæ*; as *Câd*, does, *Caput*.

Enter

Enter Piſanio, *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now ——— *Piſanio*,
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thy ſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtayder ſenſes ——— what's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be ſummer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

THY miſtreſs, Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed: the teſtimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou*, Piſanio, *muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Piſ.

Pif. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. — No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the Grave
This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, madam?
Imo. Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry my ſelf awake? that falſe to's bed!
Pif. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I falſe? thy conſcience witneſs, *Iachimo*, —
Thou did'ſt accuſe him of incontinency,
Thou then lookd'ſt like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy* (33)
(Whoſe mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:

(33) ——— *Some Jay of* Italy
(*Whoſe* Mother *was her* Painting,) *hath betray'd him.*]
This Paſſage has ſtrongly lain under my Suſpicion, tho' I have not ventur'd to give it an Emendation. If the Text be genuine as it ſtands, it ſeems to me to have this Senſe, *whoſe Mother was a Bird of the ſame Feather*; i. e. ſuch another gay Strumpet: which is ſevere enough. I have imagin'd, the Poet might have wrote;
(*Whoſe* Mother *was her* planting)
i. e. was *Bawd* to her, and *planted* her on *Poſthumus*: which is ſtill more ſarcaſtical. Again, Mr. *Rowe* gives us a Reading, which I ſhould very eagerly eſpouſe, were I ſure the Word were ſtandard, and that it were not coin'd by the caſual Inverſion of an *M* into a *W*:
(*Whoſe* Wother *was her* Painting)
i. e. whoſe chief Beauty was her artificial Face, her falſe Complexion. For Mr. *Gildon*, in his ſhort Gloſſary prefix'd to *Shakeſpeare*'s Poems, comes and boldly tells us, *Wother* ſignifies *Merit*, *Beauty*, &c. But I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, he ſtruck out theſe Interpretations to ſort with the Senſe of the Reading he found in Mr. *Rowe*; and truſted implicitly to his Theme being genuine. But I have ſearch'd in vain, and can find no ſuch word as *Wother*. SPELMAN in his Gloſſary has ꝑ ꝺ (i. e. *Woth*) which he expounds, *Eloquentia*, *facundia*, eloquence. But this, I am afraid, in no kind will ſerve our Turn.

Poor

Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Mens vows are womens traitors. —— All good Seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villany: not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.
Piſ. Madam, hear me ——
Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Sinon*'s Weeping;
Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou, *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword my ſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his Bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.
Piſ. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart —
(Something's afore't —— ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breaſt.*
Obedient as the ſcabbard! —— What is here?
The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*
All turn'd to Hereſie? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*

Corrupters of my faith! you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: tho' thoſe, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou, *Poſthumus*,
That ſet my diſobedience 'gainſt the King,
And mad'ſt me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve my ſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſ-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.——Pr'ythee, diſpatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.

Piſ. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Piſ. I'll break mine eye-balls firſt.

Imo. Ah, wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe Return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak.
I've heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom That. But, ſpeak.

Piſ. Then, Madam,

I thought

I thought, you would not back again.
Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Piſ. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you Both
This curſed injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan——
Piſ. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Piſ. If you'll back to th' Court——
Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, Nothing, *Cloten:*
That *Cloten*, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.
Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britaine* muſt you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britaine* all the Sun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britaine?* I'th' world's volume
Our *Britaine* ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee, think,
There's living out of *Britaine.*
Piſ. I'm moſt glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. (34) Now, if you could wear a Mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That,

(34) —— *Now, if you could wear a* Mind
Dark as your Fortune is,] But the Diſguiſe of her *Perſon* is the only Thing which *Piſanio* is here adviſing; not that She ſhould ſtifle any

That, which, t'appear it ſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his actions were not viſible,
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for ſuch means,
(Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't)
I would adventure.

Piſ. Well then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſawcy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: (35) nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
Expoſing it (but, oh, the harder Hap!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget

Qualifications or Beauties of her *Mind.* I therefore think, we may ſafely read;

—— *Now, if you could wear a* Mien
Dark as your Fortune is,

Or, according to the *French* Orthography, from whence, I preſume, aroſe the Corruption;

Now, if you could wear a Mine. Mr. *Warburton.*

I have ſhewn in a Note, upon one of the former Plays, that *Mien* ſignifies, not only *Mine du Viſage, oris Facies,* the Air and Turn of the Face; but alſo, *habitus, geſtus Corporis,* the Form and Geſture of the whole Perſon.

(35) —— —— *nay, you muſt*
Forget that rareſt Treaſure of your Cheek;
Expoſing it, (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack, no Remedy)] Now, who does This *harder Heart* relate to? *Poſthumus* is not here talk'd of: beſides, he knew Nothing of her being thus expos'd to the Inclemencies of Weather: He had enjoyn'd a Courſe, which would have ſecur'd her from theſe incidental Hardſhips. I think, common Senſe obliges us to read:

But, oh, the harder Hap!

i. e. the more cruel your Fortune, that you muſt be oblig'd to ſuch Shifts. Mr. *Warburton.*

Your

Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Piſ. Firſt, make your ſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. Would you in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelf, deſire his ſervice, (36) tell him
Wherein you're happy; (which will make him ſo,
If that his head have ear in muſick;) doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling That, moſt holy. Your means abroad,
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.
Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt

(36) ——————— *tell him,*
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his Head have ear in Muſick, doubtleſs
With joy he will embrace you;] Thus, all the Editions: But, ſurely, the Paſſage is faulty both in the Text and Pointing. *Which will make him know*, what? What Connection has This with the Reſt of the Sentence? *Shakeſpeare* can't be ſuſpected, certainly, of ſo bald a Meaning as this; *If you'll tell him wherein you are happy, That will make him know wherein you're happy:* and yet This is the only Meaning, I think, the Words can carry, as they now ſtand. I take the Poet's Senſe to be This. *Piſanio* tells *Imogen*, if She would diſguiſe herſelf in the Habit of a Youth, preſent herſelf before *Lucius* the *Roman* General, offer her Service, and tell him wherein She was *happy*, i. e. what an excellent Talent She had in Singing; this would make him happy, if he had an Ear for Muſick, and he would gladly receive her. For, afterwards, *Belarius* and *Arviragus*, talking of *Imogen*, give this Deſcription of her, whom they take for a Boy:

Bel. *This Youth, howe'er diſtreſt, ſeems to have had*
Good Anceſtors.
Arv. *How* Angel like *he* ſings!

I reform'd the Text in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to embrace my Correction in his laſt Edition.

I'm ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Piſ. Well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble Miſtreſs,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper —— To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace of* Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*

Cym. THUS far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence;
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoak; and for our ſelf
To ſhew leſs Soveraignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir: I deſire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewel, noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have croſt the *Severn.* Happineſs!
[*Exit* Lucius, *&c.*

Queen.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant *Britains* have their wiſhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;
The Powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britaine*.
Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation, that it ſhould be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*
Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the Exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your Majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is ſhe, Sir? how
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Serv. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.
Queen. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe;
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this

She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, That, which I fear,
Prove falſe! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I ſay, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after——
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus!*——
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing That; for he believes,
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? haply, deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*; gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour; and my End
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Britiſh* Crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*

Clot. I love, and hate her;——for ſhe's fair and royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſells them all: I love her therefore;——but,
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall——

Enter

Enter Piſanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither; ah! you precious pandar, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or elſe
Thou'rt ſtraightway with the fiends.
[*Drawing his Sword.*
Piſ. Oh, my good Lord!
Clot. Where is thy Lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Cloſe villain,
I'll have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus?*
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs, cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? when was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in *Rome.*
Clot. Where is ſhe, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her.
Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!
Clot. All-worthy villain!
Diſcover where thy Miſtreſs is, at once,
At the next word; no more of *worthy Lord.*
Speak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Piſ. Then, Sir,
This paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clot. Let's ſee't; I will purſue her
Even to *Auguſtus'* throne.
Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. } *aſide.*
Clot. Humh.
Piſ. I'll write to my Lord, ſhe's dead. Oh,
Imogen,
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again! } *aſide.*
Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Piſ. Sir, as I think.

Clot.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry; that is, what villany ſoe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honeſt man; thou ſhouldſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſ. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven?*—(I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon;) even there, thou villain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes—— (there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.) He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body;— and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd) to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpiſed me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter

Enter Piſanio, *with a ſuit of cloaths.*

Be thoſe the garments?

Piſ. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-Haven?*

Piſ. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelf to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Piſ. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly Bleſſings, on her! this fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Foreſt and Cave.*

Enter Imogen, *in boys cloaths.*

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd my ſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me. *Milford*,
When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken.—Oh *Jove*, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or tryal? yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fullneſs
Is ſorer, than to lie for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, than Beggars. My dear lord!
Thou'rt one o'th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was

At

At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to't — 'tis ſome ſavage Hold;
'Twere beſt, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend — ho! no anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavo'ry; wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelf!

Guid. I'm throughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i'th' Cave, we'll brouze on That,
Whilſt what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in —— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think,
It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an Angel! or if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divineneſs
No elder than a Boy.——

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,

I have ſtoln nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th' floor. Here's mony for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal; and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Mony, youth?
Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty Gods.
Imo. I ſee, you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven.*
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a Kinſman, who
Is bound for *Italy:* he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I'm faln in this offence.
Bel. Prythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould wooe hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome!
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends.
Imo. (37) 'Mongſt friends,
If brothers; — Would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons! then had my prize *aſide.*
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting

To

(37) Imo. ——— ——— *Mongſt Friends?*
If Brothers, would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my Father's Sons] I cannot think this the Poet's Pointing,

To thee, *Poſthumus*.
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
Guid. Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger, Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whiſpering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them; (38) laying by
That nothing-gift of defering multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain. — Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my Sex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;

ing, and therefore have ventur'd to reform it. *Arviragus* had ſaid, he would love *Imogen* as a Brother, gives her a Welcome as ſuch, and tells her, She is fall'n among Friends. —— Among Friends, indeed, replies She very naturally, if I am to ſtand in the Rank of a Brother. Then ſtriking into a private Reflexion on having loſt her own Brothers, She wiſhes, theſe Two kind Youths were but her Father's Sons. This Senſe is plainly confirm'd by What ſhe ſays in the laſt Scene of the Play, where they are diſcover'd to be really her Brothers.

—— *You call'd me* Brother,
When I was but your Siſter; I, you Brothers;
When ye were ſo, indeed.

(38) —— *laying by*
That Nothing-Gift of differing *Multitudes,*
Could not out-peer theſe Twain.] The only Idea, that *differing* can here convey, is, variable, changing Multitudes; as in the Prologue to 2 *Henry* IV.

The ſtill-diſcordant, wav'ring *Multitude.*

But then what is the Nothing-Gift which they are ſuppos'd to beſtow? The Poet muſt mean, that Court, that obſequious Adoration, which the ſhifting Vulgar pay to the Great, is a Tribute of no Price or Value. So in K. *Henry* V.

O Ceremony, *ſhew me but thy* Worth;
Art Thou Aught *elſe, but* Place, Degree, *and* Forme?

I am perſuaded therefore, our Poet coin'd this Participle from the *French* Verb, and wrote

That Nothing-Gift of defering *Multitudes,*

i. e. obſequious, paying Deference. —— Deferer, *Ceder par Reſpect à quelcun, obeir, condeſcendre* &c. RICHELET.

Diſcourſe

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.
Guid. I pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, less welcome!
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia* are
Full weak to undertake our war against
The fall'n off *Britains*; that we do incite
The Gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; (39) and to you, the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commends
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cæsar!*
Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the Forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia?*
1 *Sen.* With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your Commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time

(39) ——— ——— *And to You, the Tribunes*
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission.] Commands *his Commission* is such a Phrase as *Shakespeare* would hardly have us'd. I have, by Mr. *Warburton*'s Advice, ventur'd to substitute;
——— ——— *he* commends
His absolute Commission.
i. e. he recommends the Care of making this Levy to you; and gives you an absolute Commission for so doing.

Of

Of their diſpatch.

Tri. (40) We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the* Foreſt, *in* WALES.

Enter Cloten *alone.*

I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (ſaving reverence of the word,) becauſe 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman; I dare ſpeak it to my ſelf, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer in his own chamber;) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head,

(40) Tri. *We will diſcharge our Duty.*] Here the Third Act ends in the old Copies; and Mr. *Rowe* has follow'd that Diviſion. Mr. *Pope* has not only thought fit to degrade the preceding ſhort Scene; but alſo to tranſpoſe hither a Scene (lying in *Cymbeline*'s Palace) towards the Concluſion of the *Fourth* Act; and with that finiſhes the *Third*. This is done, without any Authority from the Copies; tacitly, and without any Reaſon aſſign'd for it: and, indeed, without any Thing in the Diſpoſition of the Scenary requiring it. If the bringing the Acts to a more regular Equality was the Ground of this Change, That's a Point we are not to tie our Poet up to. As the Liberty taken, therefore, is both needleſs, and arbitrary, I have choſe to follow the Order of more authentick Copies. Had Mr. *Pope* ſpar'd us a critical Note, to juſtify his Conduct in this Tranſpoſition; I might, perhaps, have ſubmitted to the Sagacity and Weight of it.

which

which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Front of the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the Cave.*

Bel. YOU are not well: remain here in the Cave;
We'll come t'you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here: [*To* Imogen.
Are we not brothers? ——
Imo. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in Dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you, truſt me here,
I'll rob none but my ſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
" My father, not this youth.
Bel. Oh noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of Greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle it ſelf, lov'd before me!——
'Tis the ninth hour o'th'morn.
Arv. Brother, farewel.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arv. You, health——ſo pleaſe you, Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what, lies I've heard!
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at Court:
Experience, oh, how thou diſprov'ſt report.—
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh;
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick—— *Piſanio*,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the viol.*
Guid. I could not ſtir him;
He ſaid, he' was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arv. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit* Imogen, *to the Cave.*
Bel. And ſhalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
Good anceſtors.
Arv. How angel-like he ſings!
Guid. But his neat cookery!
Arv. He cut our roots in characters;

And

And ſauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been ſick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh, as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile:
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a Temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.
Guid. (41) I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their ſpurs together.
Arv. Grow, Patience!
And let the ſtinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the encreaſing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away: who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. — I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the Son o'th' Queen; I fear ſome ambuſh —
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he: we are held as Out-laws; hence.
Guid. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch

(41) ——— *I do note,*
That Grief and Patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their Pow'rs *together.*] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his *Quarto* Edition, contrary to the Authority of all the Copies. And for what Reaſon? *He did not know there was any ſuch word in* Engliſh, *as* Spurs, in the Signification here requir'd. But *Spurs*, among other Acceptations, means, thoſe hair-like *Fibres* or *Strings*, which ſhoot out from the Roots of *Plants* and *Trees*, and give them a Fixure and Firmneſs in the Earth. Our Author has uſed the Word again in this Senſe, in his *Tempeſt*.

——— *The ſtrong-bas'd Promontory*
Have I made ſhake, and by the Spurs *pluck'd up*
The Pine and Cedar.

I reſtor'd the Reading of the old Copies in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has ſuffer'd himſelf to be inform'd, in his laſt Edition.

What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountaineers——
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. Cloten, thou villain.
Guid. Cloten, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I'm Son to th' Queen.
Guid. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clot. Art not afraid?
Guid. Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:

At

At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Die the death! —
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s town ſet your heads;
Yield, ruſtick mountaineer. [*Fight, and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world; you did miſtake him, ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute,
'Twas very *Cloten.*
Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay, he is ſo fell.
Bel. (42) Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear. But ſee, thy brother.

(42) ——— ——— *Being ſcarce made up,*
I mean, to Man, he had not Apprehenſion
Of roaring Terrors; for defect *of Judgment*
Is oft the Cauſe of Fear.] If I underſtand this Paſſage, it is mock-reaſoning as it ſtands, and the Text muſt have been ſlightly corrupted. *Belarius* is giving a Deſcription of what *Cloten* formerly was; and in Anſwer to what *Arviragus* ſays of *his being ſo fell.* "Ay, ſays "*Belarius*, he was ſo fell, and being ſcarce then at Man's Eſtate, he "had no Apprehenſion of roaring Terrors, i. e. of any thing that could "check him with Fears." But then, how does the Inference come in, built upon this? *For* Defect *of* Judgment *is oft the Cauſe of Fear.* I think, the Poet meant to have ſaid the meer contrary. *Cloten* was defective in Judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehenſions of Fear grow from a Judgment in weighing Dangers. And a very eaſy Change, from the Traces of the Letters, gives us this Senſe, and reconciles the Reaſoning of the whole Paſſage.

——— *For* th' Effect *of Judgment*
Is oft the Cauſe of Fear.

Enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *Head.*

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purſe,
There was no mony in't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in;
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And ſet them on *Lud*'s Town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loſe,
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear the law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on; but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. (43) Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worſe; yet not his frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,

(43) ——— *Tho' his* Honour
Was nothing but Mutation, &c] What has his *Honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this Sort? in his acting as a Madman, or not? I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *Humour,* againſt the Authority of the printed Copies; and the Meaning ſeems plainly This. " Tho' he was al-
" ways fickle to the laſt degree, and govern'd by *Humour,* not ſound
" Senſe; yet not Madneſs itſelf could make him ſo hardy to attempt an
" Enterprize of this Nature alone, and unſeconded." The like Miſtake, of *Honour* for *Humour,* had taken place in a Paſſage of The *Merry Wives* of *Windſor,* which I corrected from the Sanction of the old *Quarto* Impreſſions.

To

To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and ſwear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,
Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foreſay it; howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.
Guid. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the Queen's Son *Cloten*.
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, *Paladour*, thou hadſt not don't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed; I would, Revenges,
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us thro',
And put us to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,

I'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my self for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thy self thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
(Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale.——'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them; but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?
I have sent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the stream,
In embassie to his mother; his body's hostage
For his Return. [*Solemn musick.*

Bel. My ingenious Instrument!
Hark, *Paladour!* it sounds: but what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st Mother,
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?——
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion, in his arms,

Of

Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
Have skipt from ſixteen years of age, to ſixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.
Guid. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
My Brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelf.
Bel. (44) Oh melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh Carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in? —— thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows, what man thou might'ſt have made; but ah!
Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you ſee;
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber;
Not as Death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Guid. Where?

(44) *Oh, Melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy Bottom? find
The Ooze, to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh Care
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?] But as plauſible as This at firſt Sight may ſeem, all Thoſe, who know any Thing of good Writing, will agree That our Author muſt have wrote;
—— *to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh* Carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?
Carrack is a ſlow, heavy-built, Veſſel of Burthen. This reſtores the Uniformity of the Metaphor, compleats the Senſe, and is a Word of great Propriety and Beauty to deſign a melancholic Perſon.
Mr. *Warburton.*
The Word is us'd again by our Author in his *Othello*;
Faith, he to night hath boarded a land Carrack;
If it prove lawful Prize, he's made for ever.
And We meet with it likewiſe in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*;
But here's the Wonder, tho' their Weight would ſink
A Spaniſh Carrack, *without other Ballaſt*, &c.
Elder Brother.
Carraca, *Navis oneraria ingens.* SKINNER.
Carraque, *Navis ampliſſima.* RICHELET.

Arv.

Arv. O'th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd; I thought, he ſlept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Guid. Why, he but ſleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his Grave a Bed;
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.
Arv. With faireſt flow'rs,
(Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,)
I'll ſweeten thy ſad Grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of *Eglantine*; which not to ſlander,
Out-ſweet'n'd not thy breath. (45) The Raddock would,
With charitable bill, (oh bill, ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a Monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none
To winter-gown thy coarſe.——
Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. — To th' Grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground;

(45) ——— ——— *The Radock would,*
With charitable Bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd Moſs beſides. When Flow'rs are none
*To winter-*ground *thy Courſe* ——] Here, again, the Metaphor is ſtrangely mangled. What Senſe is there in *winter-grounding* a Coarſe with *Moſs?* A Coarſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick Clay. But the Epithet *furr'd* to *Moſs* directs us plainly to another Reading.
*To Winter-*gown *thy Coarſe.*
i. e. Thy Summer Habit ſhall be a light *Gown* of *Flowers*, thy Winter Habit a good warm *furr'd Gown* of *Moſs*. Mr. *Warburton.*

As,

As, once, our Mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.
Guid. Cadwall,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than Prieſts and Fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
Was paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our Song the whilſt: Brother, begin.
Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th' Eaſt;
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Guid. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o'th' Sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney ſweepers, come to duſt.
Arv. *Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,*
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

The

The ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.
Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ſtone.*
Guid. *Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers, muſt*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No Exorciſer harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghoſt, unlaid, forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
And renowned be thy Grave!

Enter Belarius, *with the body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obſequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more; The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'th' night, Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for Graves. — Upon their faces— You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo Theſe herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow. Come on, away, apart upon our knees ——— The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again: Their pleaſure here is paſt, ſo is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, *awaking.*

Imo. Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way? — I thank you ——— by yond buſh? —— pray, how far thither? ——
'Ods pittikins —— can it be ſix mile yet? ——
I've gone all night — 'faith, I'll lye down and ſleep.
But, ſoft! no bedfellow. — Oh Gods, and Goddeſſes!
[*Seeing the body.*
Theſe flow'rs are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't. — I hope, I dream;
For, ſure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honeſt creatures. But 'tis not ſo:

'Twas

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
(46) I tremble ſtill with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as ſmall a drop of Pity
As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man! —— the garments of *Poſthumus?*
I know the ſhape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
The brawns of *Hercules:* but his *jovial* face —
Murther in heaven? — how! —— 'tis gone! —— *Piſanio!* —
All curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou, conſpiring with that devil *Cloten*,
Haſt here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous! — Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath with his forged letters — damn'd *Piſanio!* —
From this the braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top! oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's That? ay me, where's That?

(46) —— *But if there be*
Yet left in Heav'n as ſmall a Drop *of Pity*
As a Wren's Eye, oh, Gods! a Part of it!]

So again, in *Othello*;

I ſhould have found in ſome Place of my Soul
A Drop *of Patience.*

Tho' this Expreſſion is very pathetic and fine in both theſe Places of our Author, it brings to my Mind a very humourous Paſſage in the *Acharnenſes* of *Ariſtophanes*. An *Athenian* Ruſtick, in Time of War, is robb'd of a Yoak of Oxen by the *Bœotians*; he has almoſt cry'd his Eyes out, he ſays, for the Loſs of his Cattle; and he comes to beg for a *Drop* of *Peace* in a Quill, to anoint his Eyes with.

Σὺ δ' ἀλλά μοι καλαμὸν εἰρήνης ἕνα
Εἰς τ' κολαμίσκον ἐνσάλαξον τυτονί.

Tho' I have tranſlated καλαμίσκον (which is a Diminutive from κάλαμος) a Quill: I know, it ſignifies, among the Surgeons, a *Probe*; an *Inſtrument* to convey Balſam into Wounds; *Specillum*. I am ſurpriz'd that neither *Heſychius* nor *Suidas* acknowledge the Word, which has ſo good an Authority as *Ariſtophanes*. —— But *Julius Pollux* quotes it; and brings the Paſſage from our *Comic* Poet in Confirmation.

Piſanio

Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left his head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio?* —
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' ſenſes? that confirms it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothſayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in *Gallia*,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ſhips:
They are in readineſs.

Luc. But what from *Rome?*

Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of *Italy*, moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

Luc. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpoſe?

Sooth. Laſt night, the very Gods ſhew'd me a viſion.
(I faſt, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I ſaw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From th' ſpungy ſouth, to this part of the Weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the ſun-beams; which portends
(Unleſs my ſins abuſe my divination)
Succeſs to th' *Roman* Hoſt.

Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe! — Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page! —

Or

Or dead, or ſleeping on him? but dead, rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.
Let's ſee the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it ſeems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this,
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? (47) who was he,
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy intereſt
In this ſad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes ſlain: alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, all good, ſerve them truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter in bleeding: ſay his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

(47) ——— ——— *who was He,*
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good Picture?] This is far from being ſtrictly grammatical. For the Conſtruction of theſe Words is this; *who has* alter'd *that good Picture, otherwiſe than Nature* alter'd *it?* But That is not the Poet's Meaning. He deſign'd to ſay, if the Text be genuine; *who hath* alter'd *that good Picture* from what *noble Nature at firſt* made *it?* By the Change of a ſingle Letter, we come at another Sentiment, which, I think, much ennobles the Paſſage; and, which, I have ſuſpected, was our Author's Reading.

——— ——— *who was He,*
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature bid,
Hath alter'd that good Picture?

i. e. The Laws of Nature being againſt Murther. But I ſubmit the Conjecture to Judgment.

Luc.

Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Luc. Thou doſt approve thy ſelf the very ſame;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Conſul to me, ſhould no ſooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the Gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies as deep
As theſe poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' ſtrew'd his Grave,
And on it ſaid a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettieſt dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A Grave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As ſoldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
Some Falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Piſanio.

Cym. AGain; and bring me word, how 'tis with her;
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time

When

When fearful wars point at me! her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent! it ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a ſharp torture.
Pif. Sir, my life is yours,
I ſet it at your will: but for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains; why, gone;
Nor when ſhe purpoſes Return. Beſeech your Highneſs,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.
Lord. Good my liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.
Cym. The time is troubleſome;
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our jealouſie
Do's yet depend.
Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The *Roman* Legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with large ſupply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate ſent.
Cym. Now for the counſel of my Son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.
Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put theſe Powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.— [*Exeunt.*
Pif. I heard no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe

To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betide to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work;
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find, I love my Country,
Ev'n to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd. [*Ex.*

SCENE *changes to the Foreſt.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. The noiſe is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt or for *Britains* ſlay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural Revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not known, nor muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a Render
Where we have liv'd: and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In ſuch a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.
Bel. Oh, I am known

Of

Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesie your cradle promis'd;
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your self
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like my self who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his best beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans!*

Arv. So say I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long: their blood thinks scorn
'Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born. [*Exe.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Field between the* Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Poſthumus, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſht,
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married Ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther wives much better than themſelves
For wrying but a little? oh, *Piſanio!*
Every good ſervant does not all Commands;
No bond, but to do juſt ones. —— Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more; you ſome permit (48)
To ſecond ills with ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift. ——

But

(48) —— —— *you ſome permit*
To ſecond Ills with Ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dread it, *to the* Doer's *thrift*] The Divinity-Schools have not furniſh'd juſter Obſervations on the Conduct of Providence, than *Poſthumus* gives us here in his private Reflections. You Gods, ſays He, act in a different manner with your different Creatures;
You ſnatch ſome hence for little Faults; that's Love;
To have them fall no more.
This ſeems a fine ſhort Comment on what St. *Paul* ſays to the *Hebrews*, Ὃν ἀγαπᾷ Κύριος, παιδεύει. *The Lord chaſteneth whom he loveth.* The Philoſopher *Seneca* is more ample upon the ſame Subject; *Hos Deus, quos* probat, *quos* amat, *indurat, recognoſcit, exercet.* —— Others, ſays our Poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increaſe in Crimes,
And make them dread it, *to the* Doer's *Thrift.*

Here's

But *Imogen*'s your own: do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt t'obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough,
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs: Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe *Italian* weeds, and ſuit my ſelf
As do's a *Britain* peaſant; ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
My ſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my Habits ſhew;
Gods, put the ſtrength o'th' *Leonati* in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o'th' world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* Britiſh *army at another:* Leonatus Poſthumus, *following like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh* Iachimo, *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs, and guilt, within my boſom,
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The Princeſs of this Country; and the air on't

Here's a Relative without an antecedent Subſtantive; and a Genitive Caſe Singular, when all the other Members of the Sentence run in the *plural*. Both which are a Breach of Grammar. We muſt certainly read,

And make them dreaded, *to the* Doers' *Thrift*.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one Crime with more: which Enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their Advantage. Dignity, Reſpect, and Profit, accrue to them from Crimes committed with Impunity.

——— *multi*
Committunt eadem diverſo crimina fato:
Ille Crucem precium ſceleris *tulit, hic* diadema. Juven. *Sat.* 13.

Criminibus debent *hortos, prætoria, menſas,*
Argentum vetus, & ſtantem extrà pocula caprum. Idem. *Sat.* 1.

Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn;
If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britains *fly*, Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his reſcue*, Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britains. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thy ſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Part of the Field of Battel.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* Britiſh *lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the Stand?
Poſt. I did.
Though you, it ſeems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: the King himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britain* ſeen; all flying

Through

Through a ſtraight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through fear, that the ſtraight Paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,
(An honeſt one, I warrant,) who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads, more like to run
The country Baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,)
Made good the paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled,
" Our *Britaine*'s Harts die flying, not our men; (49)
" To darkneſs fleet ſouls, that fly backwards! ſtand;
" Or we are *Romans*, and will give you That (50)

(49) *Our* Britaines Hearts *die flying, not our Men*;]
Thus all the Editions, and thus Mr. *Pope* in his *Quarto* Edition, moſt implicitly obſequious to Nonſenſe. I corrected the Paſſage in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, as I have now reform'd it in the Text, (and as Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſaw, it ſhould be;) and Mr. *Pope* has follow'd my Correction in his laſt Edition of our Author.

(50) ——————— *and will give you That*
Like Beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly and may ſave
But to look back in Front:]
Looking back in Front is a Phraſe, which Mr. *Pope*, if he pleaſes, may reſerve for his own Collection of Elegancies: but I can't admit it to be palm'd upon our Editor. We muſt read with the old Copies,
But to look back in Frown.
i. e. If you will but turn upon the Enemy, and ſhew them you can look angry. So, in the *Tempeſt*.
——————— *They being penitent,*
The ſole Drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a Frown *further.*
And ſo, in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*;
Good Brother,
Let me requeſt you off: our graver Buſineſs
Frowns *at this Levity.*

" Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
" But to look back in frown: stand, stand." — These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing;) with this word, stand, stand,
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks;
Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example, (oh, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began
A stop i'th' chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles: slaves,
The strides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some slain before, some dying; some, their friends
O'er-born i'th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
Those, that would die or-ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o'th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance,
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do but wonder at it; you are made (51)
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon't?

(51) *Nay, do* not *wonder at it; you are made*
Rather to wonder at the Things you hear,
Than to work any.]
Sure, this is mock-reasoning with a Vengeance. What! Because he was made fitter to wonder at great Actions, than to perform any, is he therefore forbid to wonder? I corrected the Passage in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Restor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has follow'd my Correction in his last Edition.

And

And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
" *Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy,) a lane,*
" *Preſerv'd the* Britains, *was the* Romans' *bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Poſt. Lack! to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhymes.
Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*
Poſt. This is a lord —— oh noble miſery,
To be i'th' field, and ask what news, of me!
To day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carkaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we
That draw his knives i'th' war —— Well, I will find
him: (52)

For

(52 —— *Well, I will find him:*
For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, *I've reſum'd again*
The Part I came in.]

This is a very obſcure Paſſage; and, without the Helps it would receive from the *Repreſentation*, wants a little clearing up. *Poſthumus* comes over with the *Roman* Bands; but, reſolv'd not to fight againſt his Country, he puts the Habit of a *Britiſh* Peaſant over his *Italian* Dreſs, and does Feats of Deſperation againſt the *Romans*, in hopes of meeting his Death from their Swords. The Fortune of the Day is turn'd, and the *Britons* gain the Field. Upon this, *Poſthumus* ſhifts back into his *Italian* Garb; ſays, he will find Death; for tho' he's now a Favourer to the *Britons* in Heart, he'll not confeſs himſelf of that Country, but yield himſelf a Priſoner to the meaneſt of the Victor-party, and ſo fall a Sacrifice to their Reſentment. For the Captives, we find, in the Sequel of the Play, were by the Cuſtoms of the *Britons* to be Victims to the *Manes* of thoſe ſlain on the Victors Party. That *Poſthumus* does again ſhift his Habit, is evident from this Circumſtance. The *Britons* ſurprize him, and asking who he is, he replies;

—— *A* Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.

Of

For being now a favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I've resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two British *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd! *Lucius* is taken!
'Tis thought, the old man, and his sons, were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?
Post. A *Roman*; ———
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his service,
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *and* Roman *captives. The captains present* Posthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Goaler. After which, all go out.*

Of the old *Britons* sacrificing Captives to *Andate*, their Goddess of *Victory*, many Authors have spoken; and of their Custom of burning Numbers in their great *Wicker Image*, *Holingshead* makes mention: but *Sammes*, in his BRITANNIA, is particularly copious upon it.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and two goalers.*

1 *Goal.* YOU ſhall not now be ſtoln, you've locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find paſture.
2 *Goal.* Ay, or ſtomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*
Poſt. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o'th' gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
T'unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks and wriſts; you good Gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument to pick that bolt;
Then free for ever. Is't enough, I'm ſorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. — Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfie, (53)

(53) ——————— *To ſatisfy*
If of *my Freedom 'tis the main part, take*
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.]
Nonſenſe has one happy Property, in That one needs not many Words to be made ſenſible of it; but 'tis, in this reſpect, like Light, perceiv'd as ſoon as ſhewn. Such is the glaring Nonſenſe of theſe Lines. What we can diſcover from them is this, that the Speaker in a Fit of Penitency towards Heaven, compares his Circumſtances with a Debtor's who is willing to ſurrender up all to appeaſe his Creditor. This being the Senſe in general, I may venture to ſay, the true Reading muſt have been thus.

——————— *To ſatisfy,*
I d'off *my Freedom*; *'tis the main part*; *take*
No ſtricter Render of me than my all.
The Verb *doff* is too frequently uſed by our Author to need any Quotations in Proof; and ſurely, here with peculiar Elegance. i. e. "To "give all the Satisfaction I am able to your offended Godheads, I "voluntarily diveſt myſelf of my Freedom: 'Tis the only Thing I "have worth offering by way of Atonement, take no ſtricter Render "of me than my All. Mr. *Warburton*

I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather, mine being yours: and ſo, great Powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. —— [*He ſleeps.*

Solemn muſick: Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round, as he lyes ſleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
That thy Adulteries
Rates and revenges. ——
Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.
Whoſe father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art;)
Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me my *Poſthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,

A thing of pity! ——
Sici. Great Nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one?
Sweet *Imogen!* ——
Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſie:
And to become the geek and ſcorn
O'th' other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely and were ſlain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.

Sici.

Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy Deity.
2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice flie.

Jupiter *deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh! — how dare you Ghoſts
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts.
Poor ſhadows of *Elyſium*, hence and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are ſpent;
Our *Jovial* ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be lord of lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein
[Jup. *drops a tablet.*
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away; — no farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine;
Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*
Sici. He came in thunder, his cœleſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, *Jupiter!*
Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His

His radiant roof: away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*
Poſt. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone —— they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake —— Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. — But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve;
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers;
As good as promiſe.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: (do either both, or nothing;—)
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for ſympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Poſt. So if it prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Goal.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too much; purſe and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he, that ſleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or to take upon your ſelf that, which, I am ſure, you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a goaler: no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Poſthumus *and Meſſenger.*

Goal. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a *Roman:* and there be ſome of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of goalers and gallowſes; I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, (54) but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and lords.*

Cym. STAND by my ſide, you, whom the Gods have made
Preſervers of my Throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor Soldier, that ſo richly fought,
(Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms; whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before ſhields of proof,) cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw (55)

Such

(54) *I ſpeak againſt my preſent Profit*, &c.] All this intermediate Scene, from the Inſtant that *Poſthumus* falls aſleep to the *Exit* of the *Goaler* here, I could be as well content, as Mr. *Pope* is, ſhould be left out. But as 'tis found in the earlieſt *Folio* Edition, tho' it ſhould have been an Interpolation, and not of SHAKESPEARE's Writing, I did not think, I had any Authority to diſcard it. I own, to Me, what *Jupiter* ſays to the *Phantoms* ſeems to carry the Stamp of our Author: if the other Parts of the *Maſque* appear inferior, I heartily wiſh, this were the only place where we have Reaſon to complain of Inequalities, either in Style, or the Matter.

(55) ——— ——— *I never ſaw*
Such noble Fury in ſo poor a Thing;
Such precious Deeds in one that promis'd Nought
But Begg'ry and poor Looks.]

But, pray, how can it be ſaid that one whoſe *poor Looks* promiſe *Beg-*

Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Luck.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Piſ. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cymb. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, (the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*;)
[*To* Bel. Guid. *and* Arvirag.
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we're honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Ariſe my Knights o'th' battel; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius, *and Ladies.*

There's buſineſs in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To four your happineſs, I muſt report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? but I conſider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her ſelf;

gary, ſhould promiſe *poor Looks* too? No; it was not the poor Look that was promiſed: That was viſible. We muſt read with Certainty;

But Begg'ry and poor Luck.

This ſets the Matter entirely right, and makes *Belarius* ſpeak Senſe and to the purpoſe. For there was the extraordinary Thing; he promis'd Nothing but *poor Luck*, and yet perform'd ſuch Wonders.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Who,

Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to her ſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd, ſhe never lov'd you: only
Affected Greatneſs got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your Place;
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs,
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew: yes, and in time,
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her ſon into th' adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs, deſperate; open'd, in deſpight
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes: repented,
The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected: ſo
Deſpairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been vicious
To have miſtruſted her. Yet, oh my daughter!

That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *priſoners*; Leonatus *behind, and* Imogen.
Thou com'ſt not, *Caius*, now for Tribute; That
The *Britains* have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their Captives, which our ſelf have granted.
So, think of your eſtate.
Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cool, have threatned
Our Priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can ſuffer.——
Auguſtus lives to think on't —— And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat; my boy, a *Britain* born,
Let him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like; let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your Highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.
Cym. I've ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To ſay, " live, boy: " ne'er thank thy maſter, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.
Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelf.
Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. What would'ſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's beſt to ask. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highneſs: who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?
Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: walk with me, ſpeak freely.
[Cymbel. *and* Imo. *walk aſide.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One ſand another (56)
Not more reſembles, than He th' ſweet roſie lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?
Guid. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm ſure,
He would have ſpoke t'us.
Guid. But we ſaw him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſ. 'Tis my miſtreſs —— [*aſide*

(56) —— —— *One ſand another*
Not more reſembles that *ſweet roſie Youth,*
Who dy'd and was Fidele.]

A ſlight Corruption has made ſtark Nonſenſe of this Paſſage. One Grain of Sand certainly might reſemble another; but it could never reſemble a human Form. I believe, I have reſtor'd the Poet's Meaning; The Verſe is none of the ſmootheſt; but, *reſembles*, muſt be pronounc'd as a *diſſyllable*.

Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [Cymb. *and* Imog. *come forward.*
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud.— Sir, ſtep you forth, [*To* Iach.
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our Greatneſs and the Grace of it,
Which is our Honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. — On; ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken That,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I'm glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus*' jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember, —— give me leave, I faint. ——
Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'ad rather thou ſhouldſt live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock,
That ſtruck the hour;) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt, (oh, would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus* —
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones) —— ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of *Italy* (57)
For

(57) *Hearing us praiſe our Loves of* Italy
For Beauty, *that made barren the ſwell'd Boaſt*
Of

For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd Boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for Stature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; beſides that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye ——
Cym. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly. — This *Poſthumus*,
(Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd-of kitchen-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity; — there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch! ——
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt This which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle

Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for Feature, *laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *or ſtrait-pight* Minerva,
Poſtures, beyond brief Nature; ———]

As plauſible as this Reading may appear at firſt View, I dare ſay, it is ſlightly corrupted. What! did they praiſe their Miſtreſſes for *Beauty*, and for *Feature* too? The Symmetry of Features is always one main part of Beauty. Then why ſhould Features be ſaid to *lame* a Statue, or the *Poſtures* of a *well-built* Goddeſs? We muſt certainly reſtore

——— ——— *for* Stature *laming*
The Shrine of Venus, *&c.*

This agrees perfectly well with, *laming*, *ſtrait-pight*, and *Poſtures*: and ſo the Lady is prais'd for her Beauty, her Shape, and her Temper of Mind.

Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of Hope, not Longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Moſt vilely: for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
(Oh, cunning! how I got it) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks, I ſee him now——

Poſt. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ay me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in Being,
To come——oh, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou, King, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy daughter:——villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than my ſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was ſhe, yea, and ſhe her ſelf.——
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o'th' ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy leſs than 'twas!——Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen!*

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Poſt. Shall's have a Play of this?

Th ou

Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part.
[*Striking her, ſhe falls.*
Piſ. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your miſtreſs —— Oh, my lord *Poſthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now —— help, help,
Mine honour'd lady ——
Cym. Does the world go round?
Poſt. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?
Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs!
Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.
Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?
Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where Princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*
Piſ. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.
Cym. New matter ſtill?
Imo. It poiſon'd me.
Cor. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.
Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*
Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no eſteem; I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ſeize
The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys, there was our error. ——
Guid. This is, ſure, *Fidele.*

Imo.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.
Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?
Imo. Your Bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To* Guid. Arvir.
Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm ſorry for't, my lord.
Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Piſ. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went,
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to *Milford*:
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.
Guid. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.
Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Guid. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a Prince.
Guid. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs, he did me,
Were

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
Could it ſo roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By taſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he ſpake too far.
Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My Sons, I muſt,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our Good, his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou hadſt, great King, a Subject, who was call'd
Belarius.
Cym. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed, a baniſh'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt pay me for the nurſing of thy Sons; And

And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my Sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy; here's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my Sons,
Then ſpare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen, that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my iſſue?
Bel. So ſure as you, your Father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
It ſelf, and all my treaſon: That I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle Princes,
(For ſuch and ſo they are,) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurſe *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my Baniſhment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For That which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your Sons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
The benediction of theſe covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.
Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my Children —
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier Sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while ——
This Gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius:*
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,

Your

Your younger princely Son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the birth of three! ne'er Mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'aſt loſt by this a Kingdom.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me Brother,
When I was but your Siſter: I, you Brothers;
When ye were ſo, indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good Lord.
Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continu'd ſo, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* Captive?
How parted with your Brothers? how firſt met them?
(58) Why fled you from the Court? and whither? —
Theſe, And

(58) *Why fled you from the Court, and* whether *theſe?*] By a ſtrange Negligence, in all the Editions, this Paſſage is ſtark Nonſenſe. One Part of the Miſtake made is in the Word, *whether*; and another, is, in the *falſe Pointing*. It muſt be rectified thus;

Why fled you from the Court? and whither? *Theſe*, &c.

The King is asking his Daughter, how She has liv'd ſince her Elope-
ment

And your three motives to the battel, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other Bye-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her Brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is ſev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoak the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother; ſo we'll hold thee ever. [*To* Bel.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save theſe in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.

Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn Soldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Poſt. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The Soldier, that did company theſe three,
In poor Beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finiſh.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but, your Ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt Princeſs,
That ever ſwore her faith.

Poſt. Kneel not to me:

ment from the Court; when She enter'd herſelf in *Lucius*'s Service; how ſhe met with her Brothers, or parted from them; why She fled from the Court, and to what Place: And having enumerated ſo many Particulars, he ſtops ſhort, and cries, "All theſe Circumſtances, and the Motives of "*Belarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus* to the Battle, together with a "Number more of Occurrences by the Bye, I want to be reſolv'd in."

The

The power, that I have on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poſt. Your ſervant, Princes. Good my lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothſayer:* as I ſlept, methought,
Great *Jupiter* upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN *as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britaine *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous Daughter,
[*To* Cymb.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier:* which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This hath ſome Seeming.

Sooth.

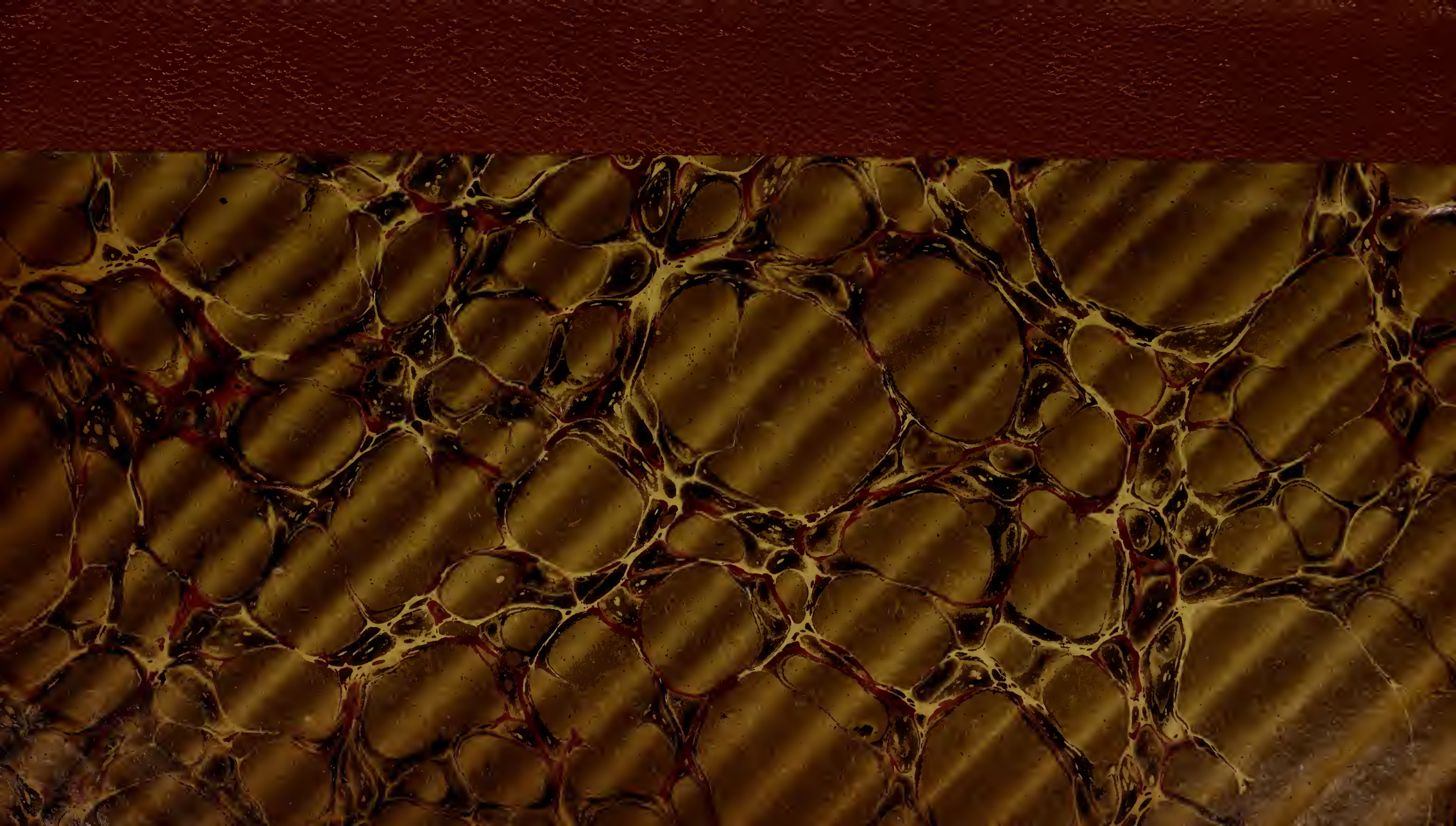
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Perſonates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two Sons forth: who, by *Belarius* ſtoll'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe Iſſue
Promiſes *Britaine* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promiſing,
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's juſtice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the viſion,
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battel, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
From South to Weſt on wing ſoaring aloft,
Leſſen'd her ſelf, and in the beams o'th' Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our princely Eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the Weſt.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked ſmoaks climb to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt altars! publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* Enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s town march:
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on, there: Never was a War did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Sixth Volume.

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